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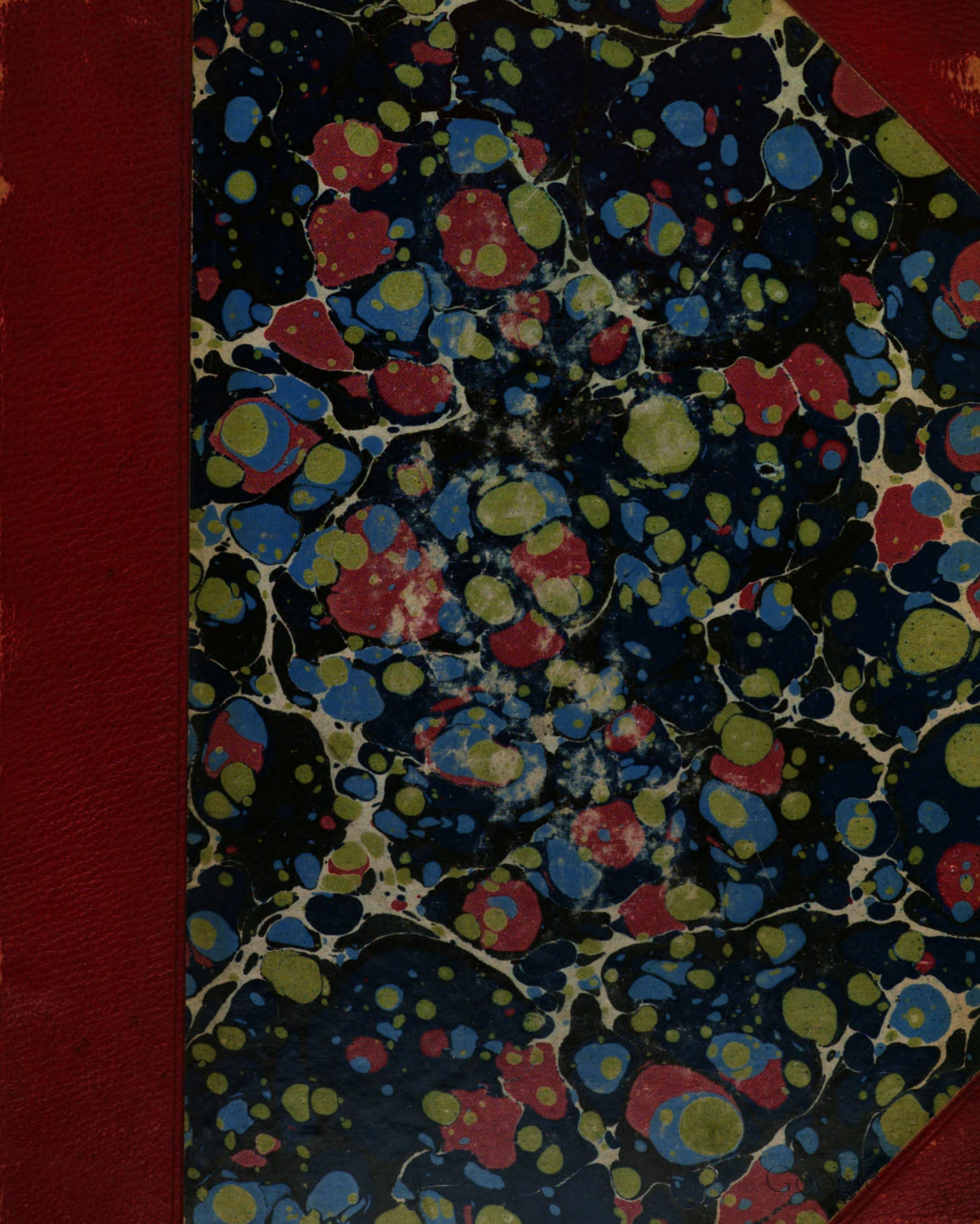
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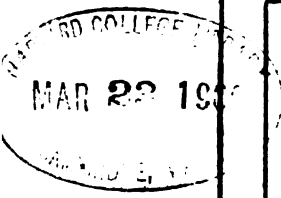
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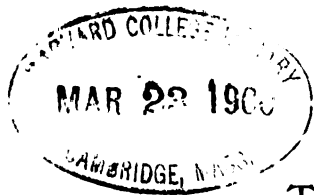
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No. I.

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*THE DECAY OF LATIN.*

THE Latin tongue, which has had more phases of actual and post-humous life than any other language, seems to be undergoing the last transformation it can suffer before that final disappearance to which, together with all human things, it is probably destined. Latin was at first the language of a district, then of an administration; only after its golden age was past did it become the language of half an empire. At the time of Cicero it was still local; for in defending the right of the Greek poet Archias to the protection of the laws and to the sympathies of a Roman court, Cicero tells us that while the Greek writings were read nearly everywhere the Latin were current only within the borders of Latium, truly a narrow sphere: *Graeca leguntur in omnibus fere gentibus, latina suis finibus, exiguis sane, continentur.*

The Latin of republican times, therefore, although a noble and majestic language, had as yet neither the prevalence nor the literature which could entitle it to be a special object of study for posterity. The literature soon arose; but its singular importance to mankind has been due rather to its function as a vehicle of Greek culture than to its own merits, great and inimitable as these merits are. What made Latin the mother-tongue of Western Christendom was its gradual spread in imperial times throughout the countries north and west of Greece, from Dacia to Africa; its survival as the language of the Catholic Church after the conquests by the barbarians; and its subsistence in all the Romance languages as their common substratum. The preëminence of

Latin comes from its historical position rather than from its literary treasures; and had it not been the language of the learned during the first fifteen centuries of our era it would now have small claims to our special attention: for the best part of its message could be gathered directly from the Greeks, while the tradition would not exist which has made the Latin classics the staple of our education and the models of our literature.

It was accordingly a historical accident that made the Latin language the vehicle by which ancient civilization reached the Christian mind; being such a vehicle, Latin, although dead to every nation, could not be foreign to any cultivated man. Latin poets and orators lived in the common memory, were intelligible, quotable, beloved. Latin literature gave a kind of reverberating charm and distinction to the discourse that imitated its forms and appealed to it for an occasional ornament; it was the pass-word of gentility, the instrument of naturalization in the republic of letters. To whatever province of Christendom a man's body or heart might belong, his intellect still felt its imperial affinities and could say: *civis romanus sum*.

The prodigious revolution in human affairs which has marked and filled the nineteenth century has carried with it, among many greater changes, the undermining of the privileged position held by the Latin language. Latin is still studied but no longer known. It is not merely dead; it is strange and foreign; its cadences and the native force of its structure no longer live in the mind. It is an *abracadabra*, fragmentarily mastered and soon obliterated, a dry spring from which nothing can bubble up to the lips. It remains the common burden of childhood but has ceased to be an appreciable bond between mature minds.

This change was naturally involved in the others which the century has witnessed. Romanticism, democracy, the recrudescence of national passions, the authority acquired by natural science, all have tended to weaken the vitality of the Latin tradition, to diminish its importance, and to disparage its influence. Men have felt the necessity of training themselves to a style of thought more stimulating to an ignorant and

emotional public; they have felt the contagion of popular authors. There was once a certain dignity in a book: a certain Latin habit of mind was brought to its composition. Now a flood of more pressing matters and more sentimental tastes absorbs our attention and diverts it from the old channels; our ancestors' classicisms and gentilities of speech are out of fashion. We do not seek the advantage of training, or the charm of propriety and ideal truth, so much as the luxury of self-expression; and in this haste to write, to read, and to decide everything we cannot stop to master laborious things. Latin is *frozen out*; we cannot learn it well for lack of time and concentration, and we cannot enjoy it for lack of knowledge. To quote Latin nowadays is too often to bore the many who don't understand you and to scandalize the few who do.

This loss of familiarity with the language has made possible another change which has vastly accelerated its decay. The eminence of Latin was traditional; its familiarity came from the fact that it was no foreign tongue, but an ancestral one. When you studied it you did not go afield to something alien; you merely strengthened your grasp and extended your knowledge of a substratum of your mother-tongue. The more this derivation and affinity were felt the more vitality did the ancient language retain. It was absolutely essential to this vitality that the pronunciation of the ancient language should be traditional and as congruous as possible with those elements in the vernacular which were derived from it. So every European nation pronounced Latin by a traditional method which followed the general analogies of its own speech. These pronunciations were often barbarous, especially so the English, which changed the vowel-sounds in a manner very disturbing to continental ears and certainly contrary to the genius of the older language. But even this English pronunciation left Latin utterable and facile, did not rob it of its natural rhythm, and made it a possible means of communication by word of mouth. It still had a physiognomy and a euphony of its own. Now, with the lapse of Latin from the cultivated consciousness and its removal to the philological museum of antiquities,



has come one of the most astonishing triumphs that pure pedantry has ever had in the world. The German philologists—whose native language, we may observe, has but a small and unessential Latin element—conceived an idea which has found acceptance in several quarters in proportion to the weakness of classical traditions there, and chiefly, therefore, in America. This was the idea of establishing an archaic pronunciation of Latin, hypothetical and reconstructed in the closet, and of substituting this archaic utterance for the various traditional pronunciations.

To know how Cicero pronounced, when Latin was confined to Latium, or how Numa pronounced when he lisped pious nothings to his Nymph, would indeed be interesting if it were possible; and no doubt various indications, survivals, and analogies can reasonably convince us that certain Roman letters were originally sounded in certain ways; and the approximate date of some changes may even be made out with plausibility. But when all is said and (for the sake of courtesy) when all is granted, the fact remains that we cannot know how Latin was really spoken, or what the quantity, phrasing, elisions, nasalizations, accent and general euphony of the spoken language may have been in primitive times. Imagine a reconstruction, I will not say of English, but of a comparatively regular language like French, made more than a thousand years after the last French nurse or the last French master had disappeared from the earth; imagine the ludicrous blunders, the abominable consistencies, the intolerable *a priori* perversions which that exquisite speech might suffer at the hands of the philologists of Central China! Would not the most corrupt Canadian or New Caledonian patois, if by chance it survived, be a better guide to the genius of French than that work of egregious pedantry?

Of course: and what is more (for we don't expect to carry on conversations with Virgil even in the other world unless, as in the *Divine Comedy*, he conveniently adopts a modern language for the purpose), the illusion that our grotesque archaic mouthings would be intelligible to the ancients is dearly bought at the price of actual dumbness and unintelli-

gibility among ourselves. To rest speech on anything but tradition is a notion that could only enter minds as devoid of literary feeling as of a sense for the reality of things. Continuity, imitation, the contagion of accent and expression are the soul of speech: Volapük has as much life in it as a Latin whose pronunciation is invented. Letters and syllables are elements of written words, but they are abstractions from the words as thought and spoken; to be alive, words must recur to the mind imbedded in sentences; they must be traversed indistinguishably in the arrow-like movement of thought. Thus if one say, having repeated the phrases from childhood, *sursum corda* or *non omnis moriar*, the phrases come whole without a consciousness of cases or endings or letters of the alphabet, or of anything but the meaning, for they are cries of the soul; but if we are to put together laboriously what mortal ear never heard and mortal tongue never uttered in the unpremeditated expression of ideas, then our language is dead, not merely because no nation now habitually speaks it, but because such a jargon never has been nor can be a language, and because as we ourselves blunder and scramble through it, we have really ceased to talk in the effort to articulate and to remember.

In the innocence of their hearts our archaic grammarians had indeed imagined that they might create a new tradition. The state of Latinity at Harvard College, and, I dare say, at the other American Universities, is disproof enough of that hope. The illusion was like that of the religious reformers who fancy that by subverting the Christianity of the modern world they can rejuvenate the Christianity of the apostles, or such a Christianity as the apostles would have professed if they had been disciples of Kant and Darwin. It lies in the nature of both reforms that only the first part of their programme can be executed. The tradition may be abandoned; nothing is easier in these days. But when the tradition is broken the life is fled; the organic impulse is exhausted in changing its own direction; the old wine is turned to vinegar while being poured into the new bottles. We have a purified Christianity without authority and a scientific Latin without a function —

a scientific Latin which no one knows or cares about except those whose business it is to teach it.

Scientific Latin! To an inmate of our colleges there is some sarcasm in that phrase. Polite language will not serve to describe our Latinity: it must be left to describe itself. A hopeless uncertainty as to the sound of letters has settled down permanently among us, and in our perplexed inconsistencies the worst possibilities or impossibilities seem to get the upper hand. A man may hesitate whether to say *Æneas* or *I-ne'as*, but a correct and consistent pronunciation will never enter his mind. I shall never forget the scorn with which a young purist of my acquaintance, now an instructor in Harvard College, spoke of some actor of the old school who said *Coriōlānus*; the only right pronunciation, my friend knew, was *Coreeolahnus*; but in his zeal to make two of those vowels intensely Roman he forgot the others, and left his *us* plain and unregenerate English. Or, to take a more familiar example which, although not Latin, illustrates the same confusion, the names of our Greek-letter societies are now usually pronounced *Phi Bayta Kappa*, *Pi Ayta*, *Zayta Psi*: a sound of *i* which is absolutely peculiar to English is retained, but at the same time the English sound of *e*, which in this case happens to be Greek also, is abandoned for a diphthonged sound of the English *a*.\*

This case is typical of our inevitable bungling. The restoration of single primitive sounds, could they be imbedded in a fluent and settled speech, would do no great harm. An archaic hard *c* or *æ* might even give an air of scholarly distinction to a Latin articulation otherwise already perfect. But the grotesqueness of our official method comes from the fact that everything in the utterance, accent, and intonation remains Yankee, except these little islets of conscious pedantry sticking out of a sea of barbarisms. Thus we have abandoned a traditional modification of Latin which was consistent with scholarship and with intelligibility for a thousand hap-hazard modifications of it which are inconsistent with both.

---

\* Long *a*, *i*, *o*, and *u* in English are each really a succession of two different sounds.

For to the muddle about particular sounds our current Latinity adds a total insensibility to quantity and accent. Rarely does our student venture in single combat into the shadowy region of the classic tongues; but if he does his courage is seldom rewarded with victory. In a recent Hasty Pudding play there were two Latin phrases; one was called *deus ex mashee'na* and the other *angina pecto'ris*. These gems, which were far from being intentionally humorous or from being appreciated by the audience, passed all the rehearsals and all the performances with their lustre undimmed. A candidate for the degree of doctor of philosophy spoke last year (not referring to his classical studies) of a *terra-rr-incog-nee'ta*, thus adding to his idiosyncrasies in quantity the connecting *r* of the local dialect. This practice might be expressed in the precept: on terra's head terrors accumulate. Another graduate of theological propensities has lately repeatedly warned me in a ponderous thesis against pursuing the *ignus fatuus* of materialism. Of graduates, perhaps, it would be unfair to expect too much, for they are absorbed in special research; but a Senior, seeing the other day in the representation of a triumphal arch the following inscription,

PACIS  
CVLTO  
R I,

placidly inquired, "What's this Packy's Culto, Rhode Island?" I dare say there was a twinkle in his eye; but he could no more make out the inscription than if it had been in Arabic. And the reader may judge by his own case whether this Senior, in spite of his helplessness in the face of the simplest Latin, might not be a perfectly normal and intelligent man. No doubt he passed his entrance examination with ease or even with credit. A sense for the dative case is not so deeply ingrained in us in these days that it can survive three years of youth and of the elective system.

To such vagueness and slovenliness, which may be due after all merely to early sins of omission, there is added, however, a positive

abuse, all the more irritating in that it is intentional and often countenanced by high authorities. This is the habit of scanning verse when it is read or recited. A clumsy artifice, excusable in the school-room to indicate to beginners the division of a line into feet, thus survives as a settled method of recitation and comes at length to be identified with the essential music of Latin verse. To make up for the sense of quantity, lost to all moderns, and for the sense of measure, which most of us have never possessed, we mark the division into feet by a brutal stress, often contrary to the natural accent of the words, which are thus disfigured and made unmeaning. This method of scansion by beats, as every scholar must know, is peculiar to English and German. Even the modern Latin languages, although without quantity, are not dependent on accent for the structure of their verse. They depend on measure—on the number of syllables and the *caesurae*—and the play of accent, quite independent of the division into feet, is a chief source of harmony and variety in their prosody. To make the ictus change the natural accent of a word is a violence so grotesque and unmusical that the idea of it could not enter the mind of anyone to whom the Latin languages were native. Yet this puerility is not thought too crude for classic Latin itself, in which quantity still existed, and our boys are taught to say, and keep saying with an air of virtuosity which makes them really ridiculous,

Sponte su-a' car-men' nume-ros' veniebat ad aptos  
et' quod temp'-ta-bam' dicere versus e-rat'.

If we protested that a *Rat* had nothing to do with the matter and that *Car-men'* was unknown to the Muses before the days of Prosper Mérimée and of Bizet, we should doubtless be told that if we read the lines as they were written and so that they might be understood, they would be indistinguishable from prose. That is a disconcerting answer; it reveals a state of feeling that seems to offer no foothold for argument. There is no proving to those to whom a language is radically alien what its genius and motion must be. I once knew a poetical and studious youth, a graduate of Yale, who recited Dante with a rapt expression and

almost with tears, while he unflinchingly accented every other syllable, regardless of sense and melody. Otherwise the lines would have sounded to him exactly like prose! If so ruthless a blunder can be made in a living language, and defended, what may we not expect when a dead language is reconstructed, in defiance of tradition, by people entangled in the habits of their own wholly different speech? In vain will you point out that the whole virtue and force of the couplet just quoted, and especially of the second line, consists in an exquisite naturalness, in the bubbling up of the words unbidden so that they achieve the most perfect melody unawares.

"I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came," says Ovid here: but the numbers could not have "come" if, to be numbers, they had to assume an artificial accent which the words never could have had in conversation. In vain will you assert, on the authority of your own consciousness and of the whole Latin-speaking world, that the words, pronounced as if they occurred in prose,

et quod temptabam dicere versus erat,

make a most obvious and delicate verse, that the measure is filled out simultaneously with the sense in an exquisite little cadenza, the chief charm of such pentameters, and that the value of the syllables can be felt in their natural groupings, without the aid of a false accentuation added to the musical division and balance of the line. People will continue to declare that, read straight, classic poetry is nothing but prose; and they will not listen to Tennyson (a greater authority in such a matter than all the philologists) when he says, showing at the same time what kind of music such verse really has:

"These lame hexameters the strong-winged music of Homer?

No—but a most burlesque barbarous experiment.

When was a harsher sound ever heard, ye Muses, in England?

When did a frog hoarser croak upon our Helicon?

Hexameters no worse than daring Germany gave us.

Barbarous experiment, barbarous hexameters."

Let us confess, then, that we are miserable sinners and that there is no Latin in us. But what can be done? Should we incarcerate the free-mannered, free-minded youth of America in old-fashioned grammar-schools, to be drilled under the ferule in prosody and inflections? They might then be able at sixteen to turn out moderately correct and perfectly useless Latin verses. But what would be the advantage of that? None, surely: the thing is not only impossible but undesirable. Our life is full of other matters. Our education should prepare the temper and intellect for contact with a many-sided civilization. We can no more afford to banish modern studies from the schools than sports from the play-ground. But we should confess the consequence of this situation; we should publish the fact that our boys have no time to learn Latin.

Of course, the conservative instinct which clings to Latin as the staple of a liberal education has a rational justification. Acquaintance with the classic world, an acquaintance that should enable a man to spend his life in the felt presence of antiquity, is an indispensable condition of culture. Without a consciousness of the past there can be no just or reasoned appreciation of things modern, no ability to grasp, from the point of view of a steady experience and a normal humanity, the meaning of our religions, politics, and arts. Never was the assimilation of antiquity more necessary than at the present time. But this assimilation, in so far as it exists at all, is not produced by the study of the classic languages themselves but by the other ingredients of our classical training. The languages are expected to introduce us to those other more substantial studies; but as the majority of youths who work over these languages never learn them, they cannot use them as instruments of further culture. The only benefit they derive from the grammar and dictionary is the benefit of being kept innocently busy until they are old enough to apply themselves to something real. At the same time it is remarkable that the general curiosity about ancient art, religion, and institutions has increased while linguistic knowledge has so shockingly deteriorated; and this circumstance seems to point out a way to a solution of our difficulty.

The Bible has long been efficacious in a world generally ignorant of Hebrew; might we not accustom ourselves to the idea that Homer, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Sophocles, Plato, Virgil, Cicero, Cæsar, Plutarch, and a host of others, should become a sort of human Bible for us, and be studied in translation, accompanied by the comments of competent scholars? A direct and thorough study of originals would still be possible for those whose vocation was literature; only the masses of supposedly educated people would no longer be stranded in the elements of a dead language which they never master in the vain hope of attaining a genuine appreciation of a literature which they never read. For it is from his *pony* and from his teacher, not from his text, that the ordinary school-boy gets his notion of his author. The classics, moreover, are not in the position of the Bible, which stands practically alone as the interpreter of the prophetic mind: to the classic genius we have other avenues of approach; the plastic arts bring us allied messages which touch the heart unmistakably without the intervention of interpreter or grammarian. If to the study of translations and monuments were added instruction in the history and religion of the ancients we should have, I venture to think, a much greater residuum of real knowledge and an infinitely greater imaginative stimulus than is now furnished by a loose knowledge of grammar and the blind translation of a few originals.

Such a revolution would be only the extension of one that has already taken place. To accomplish it we need not disturb the position or relative weight of classical instruction, but merely modify its contents. Instead of dealing with Latin and Greek words we should deal with Greek and Latin things. The introduction of historical and philosophical matter into classic courses, the study of ancient history in the schools, the shifting of attention from the minutiae of grammar to the interpretation of the general sense of the author and of the ideal value of his work, all this is in the inevitable direction. The change has carried with it scandalous inaccuracy in scholarship of which we have been speaking; but this effect may be regarded as incidental to a



transition from the study of the language of the classics to the study of their subject-matter. When the transition is complete the scandal will have been obviated; for the pretension to teach the dead languages will have been abandoned. Imagine the change frankly accomplished: imagine an entrance-paper in the Iliad made out like one in Shakespeare: imagine the content of such courses as Latin 10 and Greek 10 and 11 required for admission to college instead of the present syntax and inflections—and you would have a knowledge of what was ideal and memorable among the ancients made the foundation of a possible future study of their languages. We should not have to wait to read our human Bible until we had passed through a philological seminary. The efficacious part of our classic inheritance, the part which is capable of entering into our life and thought, would thus be preserved for the mass of educated men who, in this country at least, are now without it; while the linguistic part, which has a scientific and literary value only, would be reserved for the learned, for the philologists and critics. A sacrifice is at any rate involved: had we all infinite time and opportunity such a sacrifice would not be necessary; but, as it is, would not some such division of labour be better than what we have at present, with so much time wasted for the many and too often with so barren and abstract an accomplishment for the few?

It is a sad thing, I confess, to break a bond that binds us to so many past generations and their delights. It is a pity to deprive our children of the privilege of belonging to the goodly company of those who have read Horace. The old order changes unwillingly; mortality remains sad, however perpetually we may adjust ourselves to it.

*Sunt lacrimæ rerum ac mentem mortalia tangunt.*

But the loss, regret and postpone it as we may, must come and has virtually come already. The practical question is not how to prevent it but how to balance it with the greatest possible gain in some other quarter, how to console ourselves for our defunct Latinity with some living and equivalent inspiration. The lovers of the humanities should

work with this object. Leave the Latin language to the philologists; so wretched and grotesque a shadow as is the Latin now in the average mind is not worth fighting for. It may even be a positive obstacle to such appreciation of the ancient world as would still be generally possible if the time given to the language were devoted to less futile exercises, and if the illusion of knowledge were removed and the distaste avoided which many a man carries from the school-room, fancying he knows what the classics are and that there is nothing in them. Latin studies would take, in the new curriculum, a place secondary to the Greek, a place they have already taken in the general estimation. That is but just; yet even in their subordinate position they would serve to keep alive among us a due memory of the "greatness that was Rome." That greatness is a chief portion of an all-governing past, knowledge of which is not merely the essence of culture but a prerequisite for the intelligent mastery of this moving world, where nothing present would ever possess significance but for the absent things that envelop it on every side.

*G. Santayana.*

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### THE USURPER OF THE RANGE.

OLD BRINDLE was a stately matron of three hundred cattle roaming over the southern prairies of the "East range." As the cattle fed in the face of a morning breeze, the old long-horn would go grazing at their head with a dozen or so of the older cattle close by her side. After the cattle had had their fill, and the sun was nearing the zenith, they would lazily drop in behind their leader heading for a willow creek. Wherever the old cow was, whether she stamped dozingly in the sparing shade of the silvery, crackling leaves of tall cotton-woods, or was down in the hollows among the high reeds brushing off the black, stinging flies, there, or near by, the herd was sure to be.

Brindle had a trick, when a new-born calf of hers was able to walk, of slipping out of the herd by night and coming to the ranch, twelve miles away. The fourth time that Brindle had done this thing was in a second week of May, on the night when we had just come in from the Spring round-up. A full, round moon, high in the heavens, went floating in and out of slowly drifting clouds. As the night was warm and the "dog shanties" seemed close and musty, we had spread our tarpaulins on the soft, new green before the foreman's cabin. Murmuring winds were moaning over the plains from the south. Except for the merry tinkle of pony bells in the pasture, and the joyful or plaintive whinny of a mate calling to another, all was silent in the camp.

All of a sudden the fence creaked, then an upper rail toppled over, falling to the ground with a heavy bump.

"Hay, you, git away from 'em saddles!" yelled a cowboy, thoroughly waking everyone else with a ringing oath.

"*Ma-a-a-ah*," came an answer in a low, muffled, rasping moo from a long-horned creature peering above the blankets that lay spread over the saddles.

Dick, our foreman, was first at the fence.

"Well," we presently heard him drawl with a merry laugh, "well, Brindle, ole gal, ef 'taint you sho's I'm livin'! What you nosin' roun' yar for anyhow?"

When a half dozen of us had joined him, we found the old brindle cow craning her neck over the fence and begging for salt by lapping her trowel-like tongue over the palm of his outstretched hand. And it was not long before Fanny, his little girl of nine, came bounding out of the cabin and perched herself upon a top rail.

"Daddy! Oh, daddy!" she suddenly exclaimed excitedly, as she flung her left arm about her father's neck. "What's 'at down thar in front of ole Brindle's feet! Down thar in the dark! In the corner whar the moon ain't shinin'!"

"Bless your sweetness, dearie," answered Dick, climbing over the fence with his girl, "ef Brindle ain't fetched home 'nother doggie!"

Instantly up sprang a white-faced, red-coated calf, staggering, and bracing himself upon four limber legs.

"Bet a hoss, you're King Baldy's kid," chuckled the foreman as the little fellow slipped under the mother's belly to evade Dick's gentle pat on the head.

"I'll sure eat my gun ef 'at sneakin' little doggie ain't the juiciest what Brindle's come to camp with yet," yawned a sleepy, bare-headed cowboy.

"An' a rollickin' bull, too!" added another who, straddling the calf, held it fast between his legs. After holding it a while for Fanny to fondle, he gathered the soft, velvet-skinned creature in his arms, and we all went down to the cow lot, Brindle following at our heels.

We stood for a while outside of the corral, after Dick had slammed the ponderous bars back into place, and watched the other two cows in the lot rise to their feet to welcome the old cow with her calf. They were young brindle cows, one four, the other three years old. Both were daughters of old Brindle. Although they were brindle-brown like her, they had not horns so long and so broad as hers. Kind and gentle like the mother, they were, with her, the only milch-cows taken from all the cattle of the range. We left the happy family group standing there in the moonlight, the two daughters standing face-to before the mother. All three cows were contentedly chewing their cuds, while the calf plunged and dived for his milk as if to butt over the mother.

In the morning Dick pulled down Brindle's big cow-bell from a dingy rafter of the "dog shanty." Dick had unbuckled the bell from the old cow's neck every Fall on turning her and her grown-up calves loose together. So once more Dick strapped on the bell, and let down the bars. She passed on out, the young brindles following, and swung up the lane, stepping to the rhythmic ding-a-dong of the bell. When the foreman put up the bars, the calves moved up; and poking their noses through the same opening, they watched the "hang arounds," the fat, lazy cattle that always browsed about the ranch, follow, one behind the other, the old bell-cow out on the prairie beyond the end of the lane.

Then the two little cousins sauntered off toward the pony pasture by way of the bars at the lower end of the corral. They stopped just outside of the bars when they saw that the little stranger was not coming. Then they coaxed him on by blatting together a "*bur-ur-ur-ur*." The little bull turned his snow-white face toward them in an indifferent sort of way, then walked slowly over to the shade of a hay-covered booth and lay down like a dog, planting his nose snugly in the soft lap of his flanks.

In the course of a week, the Kid — for somehow the name had by that time fastened itself upon him — became more responsive to the friendly offers of the two little heifers. So every morning after the cows had gone, the three calves fed off down the pasture, in the direction of the willow creek, and arrived there in the shade of the willows about the time when the scorching heat of the sun began to pour from the leaden skies. And while the sun was nearing the crests of the red sand hills that jutted along the fringe of the western horizon, the calves fed slowly back to the corral. They took their places, side by side, at the bars, and gazed longingly up the lane. Then followed the burst of a blatant chorus that would break forth at the sight of the old bell-cow and her herd turning into the lane!

The small measure of milk Lena used in the cooking was all that Dick ever robbed from the calves. Such fun it was for Fanny to watch the calves after their supper have out their little play with the mothers. Oftentimes she had her mother and father wait before going up to the cabins with the milk to watch the calves standing face-to-face before the mothers, slightly tipping their heads and blissfully closing their eyes as the cows lapped their faces. Brindle, in particular, would lap long and soothingly the beautiful, white face of her son, smacking her tongue as if the little head were as delicious as a lump of salt.

Then the calves would have their turn at being let loose into the lane. Away they would go with a blat, kicking up their heels as they dashed into the herd of the dozing "hang arrounds." The older, sedate heads, lazily chewing and gulping their cuds as they lay in the road on

their sides, barely ever more than winked an eye when the three milch-cow calves clattered past, trailing behind them a whirl of dust. But the "hang-around" calves were never loath to bounce to their feet and join in the joyful frolic.

By the time the Kid was a month old, the little heifers had chosen him leader, choosing him according to a code known only to calves that grow up on the plains of the Southwest. And not until the Kid had become their leader did the two cousins ever venture to explore the strange, mysterious expanse that stretched away from the end of the lane. And so, on many an evening, the Kid, in big-boy fashion, would lead his happy playmates up the road. Where the road leaves the lane, and where the cow-paths branch off from the road, there the Kid would halt. The little party would then bunch together, and while facing the plain before them, would put their heads together, doubtless whispering in the ears of one another the tales their mothers told them of the hungry wolf that roamed yonder through the gloom of the silent prairies in search of little calves such as they. When a coyote suddenly yelped near by, the calves would turn tail and come bolting back in a body, the Kid doing his best to hold the lead.

One evening, Fanny and Dick were fondly cuddling the Kid at the bars before letting the calves out for the night. Just then King Baldy swung into the lane, chewing and mumbling to himself a heavy bass "*bu-wu-wu-wu-wu*." Now and again he stopped to paw showers of sand and earth over his shoulders. Then he lifted his upturned nose, pointing it toward the "East range," and bellowed a slogan pitched to a yell.

"Hear your daddy, babe?" chuckled Dick, spanking the Kid with a gentle slap as he passed out of the bars. "Trot 'long now," added Dick, putting up the bars, "an' tell the ole man, 'howdy.'"

The calves nosed about the fence for a minute, then started off up the lane. They stopped after going twenty yards or so, and shot back and forth their outstretched ears at the sight of the big bull striding among the "hang arounds." Although the Kid seemed curious to get a nearer view of the stranger, he was quite unwilling to take the lead.

One of the heifers nudged him softly on the hip with her nose, and started him going, at first slowly and with a cautious step. Coming finally within four steps of where the bull towered over three cows that lay chewing their cud at his feet, they stopped, and sniffed inaudibly their gently bobbing noses as they eyed the stranger from horn to hoof. There was something mysterious, something curious, in the big, dirty-white face of the bull which particularly caught the Kid's fancy. His curiosity went even so far as to see if the blunt, black-leathery nose felt as tender as his mother's. Cautiously putting one foot forward at a time, the Kid craned his neck, and felt his way toward the stranger's nose. He was bracing for a final effort when an ugly shake of the shaggy head suddenly whirled him tail to from the bull. The Kid then called to his companions, and the three gambolled off into more agreeable company.

In the morning, King Baldy followed the milch-cows and the "hang arounds" out on the prairie. That evening Brindle failed to come up as usual with her brindle daughters. The Kid was not let out with the other two calves. Then the great big calf, now five months old, bawled a deep, hoarse blat the whole night long. And his two friends would not desert him, joining even at times from their place outside the bars in the blatant wail.

The Kid was turned loose with the young brindle cows on the morning of the third day. He passed out of the bars at the top of his speed, dodging from cow to cow in the herd of the "hang arounds," as he searched in vain for his mother. In the middle of the afternoon, the Kid came trotting down the lane, the foam dripping in web-like shimmering threads from his mouth. Dick met him at the bars and let him in. He hurried through the corral into the pasture and found his play-mates feeding down by the willow creek. Then the three calves met and "*ba-a-a-ah*-ed" in chorus into one another's faces.

A week later, on an afternoon when we were fighting a prairie-fire on the "East range," we came across old Brindle feeding with her herd. Dick lassoed the cow and took off the bell, letting her be where she was.

Holding the cattle on our own unburned ranges kept us in the saddle during most of the murky, hazy-blue days that now followed. So the brindle-cows were turned loose with their calves, and the Kid along with them.

During that mild winter the Kid fed with the ponies among the haystacks, feeling quite at home with the hornless, bushy-tailed creatures. In the Spring, he joined the herd of the "hang arounds." He kept with them all the while we were out on the Spring round-up. He continued to come up regularly every evening while we were branding the Spring calves. But when we were off on the trail with the beeves, he began to stay out a night, two nights, and then a week at a time. Finally, when we were branding the Fall calves, he went off for a whole month.

Dick had grown so fond of the Kid that he had let him go well on toward his second year before thinking seriously of branding him and of marking his ears. And this was a privilege never before given an animal of the Turkey Track ranch. But the possibility of the pet wandering off on another range, and there being "stringed for a maverick," troubled Dick the more he thought on it.

Accordingly, one evening when the Kid came sniffing round the fence with several lazy, fat "hang arounds," he was enticed into the corral. He licked salt from a board at his feet without so much as a glance at the fire which was heating the branding-iron. He did raise his head, however, when Dick dropped the loop of a lasso about his stubby horns. When the noose tightened, the Kid, like a kitten begging for a caress, came and rubbed his white head against the leather leggins of the old cowman. Dick dropped the lasso. Leaving the branding to the men, he left the corral that he might not see it done.

At first it was tame and clumsy. It was mingled with mirth and pathos, like butchering a sheep that will not show a wink of fight. The Kid grunted very uncomfortably as he lay on his side with all four feet tied together. Finding himself "hog tied" when he tried to rise, he began to sniff nervously and roll those big, round, glistening eyes beseechingly up at the men. The Kid twitched when the heated iron



singed his hair, but he bellowed with all his lungs when the branding-iron roasted the sign of a turkey-track into the skin of his left side. Clots of blood smeared the snow-white face when a cowboy took a knife and "under cropped" his ears. The Kid was then untied and the men took to the fence. He rose to his feet with a snort and hooked the air savagely. Then he trotted out of the bars. He went on past the cattle in the lane, turned to the left on reaching the plain, and made straight for the "West range."

Not once in all that winter, the next summer, and the winter following did the Kid show up at the ranch. Often in summer, while riding the western range, we found him with the wildest long-horns that roamed among the sand hills and the stripling shrubs of black-jack oaks. And in winter he was seen feeding among the tall reeds of the low river-bottoms. There he found shelter from the piercing winds of the north, and occasionally nibbled a sweet bite of green, tender blades of grass.

We were rounding up the whole range the summer when the Kid was four years old. Cow-outfits from various parts of the Territory came to drive away their cattle that they found in our herds. We began first with the "East range," gathering the cattle together on the salt-grounds that lay by the Chisolm trail in the lap of three high-prairie hills.

By the sunrise of one morning, two hundred cowboys were scattered in every direction over the prairies, riding over butte and into hollow, and starting cattle streaming towards the salt-grounds, sending them off with a lively yell and with the pop of a six-shooter. Some of the cattle bolted along in closely packed bunches; others strung out in broken lines. Again, a herd of a dozen cattle was jumped at the head of a dry-weather creek. In its course down stream over buttes and prairies, it gathered to itself herd upon herd, so that by the time it arrived at the round-up ground, it was swollen into hundreds.

Thus the cattle kept pouring in till the shadows of the horses lay directly under their bellies. Bulls were pawing the sand and bellowing wildly. Cows lowed themselves hoarse as they wandered aimlessly through the squirming mass of cattle in search for their lost calves.

Calves blatted till they frothed at the mouth. And the steers, tossing up their long horns, mooed in deep, solemn voices. In and out and round this herd of three thousand cattle swung the gigantic form of King Baldy. When he could, he strode forth to meet every herd that came in, "sp'ilin'," as Dick said, "for a fight." Not a bull in the last five years had been able to withstand his savage rushes.

The men were riding up with fresh mounts and circling the herd for the "cutting out," when old Brindle, with her herd from the south, popped into view over the hill. Out went King Baldy to meet her. Fifty yards away he stopped, and while Brindle's herd streamed into the bellowing din of the other, he pawed and hooked sand over his shoulders as a challenge to any bull in her herd.

All at once the old bull pricked up head and tail at the sight of a white-faced, red, round-bodied bull dropping from the rear and pawing up the sand with a belching roar. Old King Baldy bellowed at the stranger, and the stranger bellowed back. Then the bulls edged side-wise toward each other, their heads close to the ground and their necks swelling all the while. Fifteen feet of each other, each bull pulled himself into a hump and gathered all four legs close together. Suddenly a knot as large as a man's head bulged quiveringly up in the back of each bull's neck.

At this moment a cowboy dashed at full speed past the bulls and dropped his sombrero in the grass between their noses. Instantly both bulls bumped heads, crashing like the pop of a gun as they locked horns. The stranger had "got the jump," and at once had the old bull going backward on the run. Then the King got tangled in the paths of the Chisolm trail. The next thing he knew he was set flat on his haunches, and then with a bellowing groan was sent sprawling over on the back and sides. In the nick of time the cowboys dashed up with a whoop, swinging lassoes or popping six-shooters as they came, and drove the stranger off before he could gore the King.

Dick sat thoughtfully in the saddle as he watched the old bull pick himself up and skulk sullenly off on the plain, alone and apart from

everything. But his square, sun-burned face lit up with an expanding beam as his eyes followed after the victor making straight for the herd, the cattle giving way to him as he entered.

"Well, well," muttered the old cowman, fingering his chin, "I reckon it's a case o' the Kid a-grabbin' the old man by the seat of the pants an' gettin' a down-hill pull on him. You're the ram-rod, Kid, o' this range."

And within a week the old King had joined the lazy "hang arounds," leaving the son lord of the eastern range.

*W. Jones.*

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*ON THE ALLEGED DESUETUDE OF UNDERGRADUATE  
READING.*

I<sup>N</sup> memoirs of undergraduate life at Harvard one occasionally finds tagged to the complacent mention of the literary influence dominant here sixty years ago a supercilious allusion to the present unreading generation. Presumably none of us sincerely enjoys a disparaging comparison with his ancestors: from such allusive admonition we are moved instinctively to dissent. And yet, when we attempt to phrase our objections, we find the facts strangely reluctant to our purpose. In vain we protest that the example of incipient genius since become famous ought not to be set forth as typical of the college at large; we are credibly assured that in Lowell's time literature was as truly the fashion at Harvard as athletics is now. Besides, we must yield the point that we cannot quote Swinburne and Rossetti and Whitman so volubly as the undergraduate of sixty years ago quoted Shelley and Keats. Whatever we may choose to discern in the signs of the times, whether we be persuaded that we are an unliterary and unprofiting generation, or whether we discover reason in our manifold folly, we must confess to the change. Undergraduate life has ceased to be a saturated solution of books.

Sixty years ago, the vital literary principle permeated thoroughly the atmosphere at Harvard. Speaking of Lowell's undergraduate days, Dr. Edward Everett Hale says: "Let it be remembered that the whole drift of fashion, occupation, and habit among the undergraduates ran in lines suggested by literature. Athletics and sociology are, I suppose, the fashion now at Cambridge. But literature was the fashion then. In November, when the state election came around, there would be the least possible spasm of political interest, but you might really say that nobody cared for politics. Not five men in college saw a daily newspaper. . . . The books which the fellows took out of the library, the books which they bought for their own subscription libraries, were not books of science nor history nor sociology nor politics; they were books of literature. Some Philadelphia publisher had printed in one volume Coleridge's poems, Shelley's and Keats's—a queer enough combination except for its chronological fitness. And you saw the book pretty much everywhere." When Emerson returned from England he brought with him a volume of Tennyson's poems. Lowell borrowed it, and passed it about among his friends. So eagerly was it received that men who could not wait for the American edition industriously copied out the verses in manuscript. The reading of the undergraduates was faithfully reflected in *Harvardiana*, a college magazine that ran from 1834 till 1838. There were ponderous reviews of Crabbe and Byron and Scott in the style of *Blackwood's*; and poetry that mimicked Byron and Campbell in defiance of the reviews. There were sketches in imitation of Irving that somehow never strayed far from Irving's country; essays in Addison's vein on the cardinal virtues, and an occasional far cry from the Latin poets, who still enjoyed the thrill of quotation; causeries that chatted of "retired life" and "poking the fire," after the fashion of Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt; "chapters" on "rain" and "noses"; and, at rare intervals, a story that always was oppressively horrible like one of Charles Brockden Brown's. Except for some roguish verse of Lowell's that used to appear under the beguiling title of *Skillygoliana*, everything written was unblushingly imitative. The undergraduate

would seem to have become so steeped in the reviews and so sluggishly involved in his reading that he could only stew in the classics when he came to write.

Several reasons for this absorption in literature suggest themselves. Doubtless the dominant cause was the virile literary tone of contemporary society. At that time, the accepted standpoint from which to regard life was essentially literary. The literary point of view lorded it over all the rest. Literature was a shibboleth; and a confiding public accepted an aspect as genuine only when it bore the authentic literary hall-mark. The force of this example must have made itself distinctly felt in the college. But in no small degree the undergraduates were drawn for recreation toward serious reading because of the peculiar curriculum. There were then no courses in English literature; languages and mathematics and rhetoric were taught pretty thoroughly; but the study of philosophy and economics meant a mere reading acquaintance with Paley and Say. The text-book system with its drowsy routine of recitations flourished in all its blessed simplicity. When the student had finished his stint of four hours' preparation for recitations, scarce any of which concerned literature and the things that the outside world cared so much for, it were no wonder that he dipped pretty deeply into books. Very naturally, he eked out an education meagre in belles-lettres by browsing through a library of English classics.

Altered conditions, however, made inevitable a change in undergraduate reading. A less reverential attitude of the world toward the dilettante art of letters, a more inclusive curriculum which turned to some academic account the manifest inclinations of the student, and, flowing from these two causes but more important than either, an increasing wholesome interest in practical affairs;—all these began to work a transformation. The change was first betrayed in the college magazines: in place of swallow-flights into the classic poets and ornate preachments after the manner of the English essayists, there are dispassionate critical articles, all pertinent to undergraduate thought,

some relentlessly introspective, and many confessing an acrid discontent with lapsing ideals that contrasts grimly with the fervency and boyish optimism of a former period. Someone writing in 1857 in the *Harvard Magazine* laments the decay of the reading habit, and analyses the situation with appropriate gravity. Many Freshmen come to Harvard, he says, "who can discourse learnedly about Niebuhr and Grote," and all blindly admiring Cooper and Scott and Bulwer. In the Sophomore year, "Dickens is undoubtedly the favorite. It has become an extraordinary thing to find anyone who will acknowledge to not having read nearly everything he has written. De Quincey and Irving and all writers whose aim is to amuse without too much exciting the brain or requiring too much attention from it,—these are the authors that Sophomores form a taste for. . . . It is strange, however, that so little poetry is read, and that what is read is so little appreciated. The idea seems to prevail that poetry is only versified prose, the only merit of which is a quick jingle of rhyme and here and there a striking simile or a vivid description. For this reason Scott's poems are always the most popular, unless, perhaps, Macaulay's ballads come in occasionally for a share of praise."

Somehow the students gradually improve. "They are learning to criticise and really do sometimes hit the right track. They have at last yielded to the steady pressure of this literary atmosphere." In the Junior year, "Novels are still read, but now it has become the fashion to admire Thackeray, to talk over *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis*, and to study the *Book of Snobs*. Macaulay's *Essays* become popular because they are useful in writing themes. Juniors are ashamed of their ignorance of Shakespeare, and dislike to show it. They pick up odds and ends of knowledge, and claim to have read books when they have looked over the table of contents. They write articles for the *Harvard Magazine* on newly published works or on very thread-bare topics. They sneer at James's novels and the equestrian accompaniment. . . . They try to form a style, commonly after Macaulay, which they practise in their letters to their fathers and mothers. They are very fond of rounding

off their periods and in their letters often fall into a mournful frame of mind, and, of course unconsciously, compose after the manner of I. K. Marvel."

Slowly, the authentic type of reader is being evolved: "Perhaps during some of the dreary nights in March, if we enter a Senior's room we may find him studying *Sartor Resartus*, and at last beginning to find out the meaning of those strange combinations of words. Or, even in a few solitary cases, it is possible to find him striving to fix his attention on a volume of Gibbon. On the table, almost certainly, will be found some work by Thackeray. Shakespeare covered with dust and nearly hidden by text-books is on the shelf. Macaulay's *Essays* are somewhere in the room." But many a student, we are hastily warned, never gets so far; not one in — ever so many, protests the writer breathlessly, ever reads the *Spectator*, or *Paradise Lost*, or the *Divine Comedy*; and excessive ignorance of the history of the United States flaunts unabashed.

To us, who recognise in this period the transition from old conditions to modern, the diagnosis of symptoms which still persist is naturally edifying. The simple device of arranging the undergraduate body according to classes into four evolutionary grades of reading is certainly very graphic; and the recurrent promotion, *en masse*, to the next higher grade, taking place precisely at every second semester, must have been a very comfortable mode of progress. But progression toward one's degree and progression toward one's proper reading are no longer coincident; the college calendar is not an almanac to prognosticate one's tastes in reading. As to the results of this ingenious analysis, we find reason solemnly to felicitate ourselves on certain evidences of change: Freshmen no longer prate of Grote and Niehbuhr; Cooper and Bulwer have lost their partisans; with some academic assistance, we have rescued Shakspeare from his dust and contrived, with more frequent precision, to "hit the right track" in criticism.

A recollection of the old conditions should now suggest by contrast the essential nature of the new. What has brought about the change in leisure reading at Harvard is, in a word, the elective system; — connot-

ing in the term the influence of a closer contact of the University with the world that is both cause and effect of a more comprehensive curriculum. Formerly, men who sought an acquaintance with history, or philosophy, or literature, had to make these subjects their leisure reading; now, men whose tastes are for such things elect courses in these subjects and count their reading toward their degree. Sixty years ago,—even forty years ago,—the mental bias of the undergraduate could be inferred only from the scope of his casual reading. However approximate to fairness this rule-of-thumb method was then, it certainly is untrustworthy now. To-day, whoever would guess the mental texture of the undergraduate must examine not only his occasional reading but also the courses which he elects. By itself leisure reading is a fallible sign because of the manner of conducting the modern lecture course;—because, in short, less time is left the student for reading, and a compelling interest in matters of current interest directs the disposal of what little time remains. In order to meet the requirements of a course in history or philosophy one must explore a wide field of prescribed reading, perhaps even venture into the region of suggested reading; once tolerably interested in the subject, one assiduously reads its literature instead of indulging in the general literature of culture. After accomplishing the prescribed reading, one is not fit for that intellectual effort toward a broader culture that the undergraduate of several generations ago cheerfully put forth. Leisure is the necessary condition for the development of one's tastes in reading; and it is just this leisure that our system of prescribed reading does not provide. A few resolute spirits, indeed, read where they choose, and a few gratify a serious bent for literature quite independent of their perfunctory reading. But only the few are so happily secure in their tastes. By far the greater number must plod drearily through their prescribed reading, deviating from their regular work only to read the newspapers, and magazines, and such novels as lie nearest at hand.

Rather laboriously it has been set forth that the two tests of the undergraduate's attitude toward literature are his choice of courses and



the nature of his leisure reading. In his choice of courses we discover a lively interest in history, acquired, we may civilly assume, since 1857; an eagerness for philosophy and economics that was unknown sixty years ago; and a distinct fondness for literature quite as zestful and probably more wisely indulged than that of a former generation. One could ask for no tendency more gratifying: not only is there evident a sound curiosity in the political and social problems about which the world is now most concerned, but also there is conserved in substantial study that zeal for culture which sixty years ago ran riot in a library. Leisure reading, so far as it is any index of undergraduate thought, is far more elusive and baffling in significance. The undergraduate reads little better than the outside world; he cares just as little for poetry and offers about as much lip-service to popular literary gods. On the other hand, he reads less dotingly and more discriminatingly; and his likes and dislikes differ from those of the world in degree if not in kind. Just now he probably reads more of Kipling than of anyone else; but he reads with greater understanding of what the man is about. One trait he has that certainly was not evident when "not five men in college saw a daily newspaper": that is, a healthy sympathy with the every-day life about him. He seeks an intimate knowledge of practical affairs, not only in newspapers and magazines, but also in the more comprehensive record of books. His reading, so far as it has any salient characteristic, is marked by a persistent selection of books of vital public interest. And this is only another phase of that subtly constraining sense of affinity for the world which we found betrayed in his choice of courses. Both his elective system and the scope of his reading are but manifestations of the same palpable, all-pervasive influence.

Never before has the world been so close to the University; and never was contact so perilous. When the world was great, and strong, and prophetic, so also was the University. To-day, the world is big and rough and engrossing; but so must never be the University. Matthew Arnold has complained of his own Oxford: "Forty years ago, when I was an undergraduate at Oxford, voices were in the air there which haunt

my memory still. Happy the man who in that susceptible season of youth hears such voices! they are a possession to him forever. No such voices as those which we heard in our youth at Oxford are sounding there now. Oxford has more criticism now, more knowledge, more light. But such voices as those of our youth it has no longer."

The plight threatened us is plainly difficult to avoid: even now some proclaim that the moving voices which Arnold heard are stifled with criticism and knowledge. But he who listens may still hear them sounding, albeit in the courses that we count toward our degrees. And so long as their humanising power is here, Harvard never will become a mere technical school for turning out staunch manipulators of the machine of life. Of this we may be certain.

*G. H. Montague.*

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### A CHILD OF "ALL-FOOLS."

THE shade of the great elms at the gate, that hot June day, caused me to tumble from the saddle and stretch out comfortably on the springy turf. To me, straightway, came crooked, talkative, old William Williams, keeper of the lodge at the Manor of Glendower, with many offers of hospitality. He left me in a wide arm-chair, to gaze out on the dusty road, and the glaring stretch of the Severn beyond, and disappeared in the inner regions of the lodge, where, presently, arose much bustle and whispering. At length he returned, bearing a curious, old pewter tankard, brimming and frothing with brown, home-brewed ale.

Having thus provided for my comfort, he established himself in another chair, the twin of mine, and began pulling at his little, black, clay pipe. For a moment we sat in quiet, enjoying the sleepy breeze that came creeping down from the hills of southern Wales. But very little silence was enough for William, and he soon broke out,

"I never could see, sir, what a young gentleman would want to be out a-riding for a day like this, a-getting hisself all choked up with dust."

"Oh! I'm young, William," I answered. "Besides, it's not so bad; old Davies there doesn't seem to mind it."

William cast a glance at a little, wrinkled man who was huddled on the high seat of the gig that came rattling down the drive. "Lor', sir," he observed, "Davies is so dried up a'ready, the dust can't hurt him any."

As the gig passed the gate, Davies touched his hat clumsily to me, but as he caught sight of William, his back stiffened, and he drove by with no salute.

"Davies doesn't seem to be a great friend of yours," I said. There was a twinkle in William's shrewd, grey eye.

"No, not just what you'd call a friend," he admitted. "He was born on All-Fools' Day."

"And you really think that the day he happened to be born on could affect him any?"

"Well, maybe not, sir," said William, slowly. "And maybe — anyone would know it's a bad sign to be born on All-Fools, sir."

"What's that to do with it? He doesn't blame you?"

"Oh, no! Not exactly blame me," said William. "I feel as if he'd best blame his mother. But she did her best, poor woman, and her six other sons had nothing to complain of. It just happened, David was born on All-Fools' Day, plump at noon. Looked as if there wasn't any accident about it, and he was meant for a real fool. All the neighbors were sorry for his mother. Maybe it was their saying how the ways of God are mysterious, you know, and all that, that stirred her up. Mistress Davies was a — well, you might say, determined woman."

"She set about giving Davy a fair start while he was still in the cradle. The seed fell on good ground, as Parson would say, and in time Davy came to be the sharpest little lad on the estate. Some thought Mistress Davies had overdone it. There was one Midsummer Day,

Squire gave a party up at the house for all the children on the place. Mistress Davies dressed her boy in his best, and sent him early, so he wouldn't have to run and get heated in the sun. There came up a big shower, and when it was over little Davy appeared.

"Squire says to him, 'Were you out in the rain, little fellow?'"

"'Yessir,' says Davy, ducking.

"'But your clothes are dry,' says Squire.

"'Yessir,' says Davy, ducking again. 'Please, sir, I sat on 'em.' Next day he was in bed, and some thought it wasn't so easy to get away from being born on All-Fools' Day after all.

"Mistress Davies wasn't discouraged, though, and Davy kept on getting cautious. The day he was one-and-twenty, Squire gave him the Home Farm. 'You're young for it, Davy,' he says to him; 'be careful.' 'Yessir,' answers Davy, 'I'll be careful, sir.' And he was.

"There's a bit of wet land on Davy's farm, all grown over with cress and weeds. The bailiff was looking at it one day.

"'Davy,' says he, 'this place ought to be drained. Just put in a ditch here,' he says, 'and another here, and you'd have it as dry as a bone. I'll speak to Squire about it, if you like.'

"'Well,' says Davy, nibblin' a sprig of cress, 'maybe you're right. But ditchin' costs a good bit of money, you know, and the land might not be so good, after all. I'll just be thinking over it first.'

"'Nothing venture, nothing gain,' says the bailiff. 'You'd best do it, Davy.'

"'Thank you kindly,' says Davy, 'I'll be thinking of it.'

"While Davy was a-thinking, sir, there was a call for cress up in London, or somewheres, and just as sure as that road leads to Cardiff, he sold the cress on that bit of land for enough to pay his rent. Davy's no fool — as far as farming goes.

"There was one of the maids up at the house, as pretty a lass as you'd want to see. I was a groom then, and whenever I got a chance, I'd be over to the house, just to speak a word to her. But, Lor', sir, I didn't have no chance, for the other lads were all the same way, and

we'd set there looking at our boots, while Mary, that was her name, 'ud poke fun at all of us. We couldn't make out which one of us she liked. One day we tried to decide it—in a box stall—but we got nothing for that except a dressing-down from the coachman.

"Things went on that way, unsatisfactory, till one Sunday Davy walked home with her. Then we saw it was all up with us, because of course she wouldn't take a groom, when she could have a rich young farmer. So we kept away, and Davy walked home with her every Sunday, till we began to look for the banns to be read any day.

"One morning I was grooming Prince, you remember him, sir,—but how should you? He died before you were born. Prince were Squire's favorite hunter, and I was going over him careful, when Davy steps up to the door of the box.

"'Mornin', Willum,' says Davy.

"'Mornin', Davy,' I answers, an' goes on brushing out Prince's mane.

"'That's a fine colt,' says Davy. 'How much do you think he's worth, Willum?'

"'Oh! a matter of two hundred pound,' says I, pulling out his forelock.

"'Two hundred pound,' says Davy. 'An' I saw Squire, t'other day, riding him over the hedges as if he was only a cart-horse. Think of the risk.'

"I said nothin', and Davy chewed a straw for a bit. I could see he were troubled about something.

"'By the way, Willum,' he said, after a while, 'I want some advice. You're the only man I ever asked for advice, Willum.'

"I was pouring a drop of oil on Prince's off fore-hoof. 'Fire away,' says I.

"'Mary's a fine girl,' says he.

"'I've heard so,' says I, polishing the hoof.

"'But marryin's a solemn thing, Willum.'

"'To them that's married, yes,' says I. 'It's not so bad for Parson.'

"'But it's worth a little risk,' says he. 'Whoso findeth a wife — you know, Willum.'

"'She'll make a good wife,' says I, digging a bit of dirt out of Prince's hoof.

"'I'm wondering if she might not be a bit spirited,' said he.

"'I've heard the lass has a devil of a temper,' says I, goin' on with the grooming.

"'Still a man could curb that,' said he, 'with a strong hand, Willum. I mean to be master in my own house,' said he, brightening up.

"'What won't bend must break,' says I. 'But she'll be wild at first, Davy; I hear she shied a plate at Buttons t'other day. But she'll make a good wife when you've trained her,' says I.

"'Yes,' says he, a bit slow. 'Willum, did you ever think the lass might be somewhat over fond of ribbons?'

"'Girls are expensive when they're young. When a man marries — you know, Davy. But she'll make you a good wife.'

"'Ye-es,' says Davy, feelin' the weave of a saddle-cloth that was hanging there. 'Two hundred pound, you said, Willum?'

"'Yes,' says I.

"'What a risk,' says he. 'Supposing he should break a leg. Willum, what do you think of widows?'

"'I never think of 'em,' says I, 'when I can think of anything else.'

"'Well, it's my opinion,' says he, 'that widows is valu'ble creeturs. They've had experience,' says he, 'in making men happy. What's more, they've learned to save,' says he, 'and some of 'em has a few pound of their own, Willum.'

"'True,' says I.

"'And being used to mourning, they don't care about ribbons. But Mary's a fine lass.'

"'She is,' says I, 'for all she's a bit high-spirited, and what you might call fond of dresses. She'll make you a good wife, Davy.'

"'Hm,' says Davy, starting away. 'Two hundred pound in one bit of flesh. What a risk.'

"Next Sunday, Parson read the banns of David Davies, bachelor, farmer, and Mrs. Janet McTavish, widow, and housekeeper of the Manor of Glendower. There was no one had any objections, and next month they were married. Davy took to chewing straw then, because he said smoking was bad for his liver. He was a changed man every way, never what you'd call cordial with me after that, as long as I stayed in the stable. I got a nasty fall, and Squire—"

"Yes," broke in Mrs. Williams, who had been listening at the window. "Squire held a meet, sir, and Miss Bettie's horse ran away, and Willum he caught the bridle and stopped him. When he got well, Squire—"

"I'd forgotten that," said the brazen Willum. "Well, after that fall—I remember—she"—he pointed carelessly with his pipe-stem at the peaceful face beneath the snowy cap—"she nursed me till I got well—the doctor gave me up. And then Squire, seeing I was all twisted up and good for nothing about the stable, he gave me the lodge. She came with me, and we've been here fifty years now."

"But what became of the pretty housemaid?" I asked.

"Lor', sir," said Willum, with a chuckle, "I'm thinking she must have brewed that very ale you're a-drinking. But Davy hasn't got so he's real cordial—yet."

*Rowland Thomas.*

*THE FRENCH DRAMA OF TO-DAY.*

IT has long been apparent that the French drama of to-day is scarcely known in America. One sometimes hears people speak of Dumas Fils as representing the modern movement in France — one might as well speak of Tom Robertson in England. We frequently have, to be sure, opportunity of seeing French farces. In France, however, the line is very clearly drawn between what is literature and what is not. No one, I fancy, would seriously maintain that *On and Off* or *The Girl from Maxim's* is on the literary side of that line. Then we have occasional productions of Sardou — as Sir Henry Irving's of *Robespierre* — and have lately had a version of a farce by Meilhac, *The Cuckoo*. Both Meilhac and M. Sardou, however, are essentially dramatists of the sixties. They hold much the same position in the French drama of to-day as Mr. Gilbert in the English. Thanks to Miss Arthur and Mr. Mansfield we have seen also plays by MM. Rostand and Bergerat. *Cyrano de Bergerac* and *Plus que reine*, however, do not really belong, any more than the plays of Meilhac or M. Sardou, to the French drama of to-day. They are examples of the later attempt at a Romantic revival, forerunners of the French drama of to-morrow. But of the French drama of to-day, meaning the *Nouvelle Comédie* as written by MM. Lemaître, Hervieu, Porto-Riche, Donnay, Lavedan, De Curel, and Brieux, the only example we have had is the not particularly salient one of *Catherine*. Finally, we have seen *Zaza*, which represents to some extent the French drama of to-day in its life-likeness if not in relentlessness of logic. *Zaza*, however, is just far enough removed from a typical French play of to-day to make misconception possible. Hence it is important that an attempt should be made to present the salient French drama of to-day as it really is.

One sometimes hears that Naturalism on the French stage began in 1851 with Dumas Fils. Just how, frankly I cannot see. Surely the most



noticeable quality in Naturalism as it began in Gustave Flaubert was logic. What made *Madame Bovary* and *L'Education sentimentale* starting-points in European literature was the inevitable development of Emma Bovary's degeneration and of the wearing away by life of Frédéric Moreau. How different the case of Dumas Fils. M. Zola, who has no love for Alexander the Greater, has summed him up, I fancy, in that respect. Dumas Fils, says M. Zola, never hesitates between theatrical effect and reality; he always wrings the neck of reality. That great dramatist was indeed fond of invoking, as he himself says in the preface to *L'Etrangère*, the aid of the *deus ex machina*. He takes a character like Séverine or Denise or Francillon, and develops it very strongly along a certain line. Then suddenly, in order to bring about the desired happy ending, he changes the character to a completely new line of development. This lack of logic is still more apparent when one comes to his treatment of love. Dumas, as has been pointed out by M. Bourget, was preëminently the portrayer of certain types of Parisian love; but he rarely carried his pictures to their logical end.

In Dumas' great contemporary, Augier, one does find logic: Augier's best characters, such as Giboyer or Guérin, are developed with striking logic; when one compares, however, these characters with the intriguing plots in which they are placed, one realizes that Augier was also the author of that exceedingly vulgar play, *Les Fourchambault*. M. Lemaître discovers in Dumas and Augier a trace of Scribe; I fancy one can even discover a trace of Beaumarchais.

The change from Dumas Fils to the *Nouvelle Comédie* was made under the influence of Naturalism. Nearly all the great Naturalists tried their hand at plays—beginning in 1865 with the De Goncourts' *Henriette Maréchal*. None of them, however, had any great success. Their plays as a rule were, moreover, by no means masterpieces; *Musotte* is scarcely worthy of Guy de Maupassant, or *La Lutte pour la vie* of Alphonse Daudet. Even the one dramatic masterpiece of the Naturalistic novelists, M. Zola's *Thérèse Raquin*, did not for some reason found a school. The Naturalists, however, discovered the theories which

were later to develop into the *Nouvelle Comédie*. The plays of Dumas and Augier, with their epigrammatic skyrockets, were left far behind. The effort was to write a play in such speeches as the characters would actually use, and one which should work out to its logical conclusion without regard for happy ending or convention. Above all, the Naturalists broke a road for a new drama with their novels. It was impossible for a public educated on *Madame Bovary* and *Germinie Lacerteux*, *L'Assommoir* and *Numa Roumestan* and *La Maison Tellier*, to stomach for long Augier and Dumas.

In the late eighties the Naturalistic school began to have actual dramatic effect. This came first through the one real dramatist of Naturalism, Henry Becque. *Les Corbeaux* and *La Parisienne*, Becque's two great comedies, did not have popular success, but they had great influence on the younger writers. M. Filon tells us that when he left Paris for London in the early eighties, Becque was sneered at; when he returned in the nineties, Becque was placed as a dramatist in the line of Molière. At the same time M. Antoine was founding his Théâtre-Libre and bringing out Tolstoi's *Dominion of Darkness* and Ibsen's *Ghosts*. These plays were a revelation to France. It had hitherto been possible to say that Naturalism was unsuited for the drama. Here, however, were two plays of the new school which stood on the same level as its great novels.

In the "New Comedy," which developed about 1890 under these influences, the very construction of the play was changed. In the plays of the Scribe school everything about the characters was told us in the first act; the action gradually progressed until the end of the third; the fourth was generally an act of bustle, as the ball-scene in *La Dame aux camélias*; the last, with many turnings, brought the play to its conclusion. The drama was a catch-who-can of exciting turns of fortune. In the new school this has all been changed. The first act generally sketches the environment, and from this on the action proceeds with deliberate formlessness. There is not the slightest attempt at exciting interest by

turns of fortune. There is not the slightest regularity. Fancy the amazement of a partisan of the old technique when he does not learn until the third act of M. Maurice Donnay's *La Douleureuse* that Helène Ardan has had a lover. Some of us, on the other hand, find it a very charming attempt at "the irregular rhythm of life."

In language as in construction the effort is all for simplicity. One must have noticed in *Zaza* that the dialogue is such as would be actually spoken in the rather low theatrical Bohemia it depicts. Even more strikingly is this true of M. de Curel's *L'Envers d'une sainte*, produced at the Théâtre-Libre in 1892, and significant as being the first play of the man whom such critics as M. Lemaître and M. Lanson consider the greatest living French dramatist. There is no more epigrammatizing. The scene is laid in a provincial group of religious French *bourgeois* and — with a method of which the nearest English parallel is probably *Esther Waters* — the dialogue consists entirely of little commonplace speeches such as would really be spoken by the characters. Anyone, I am sure, who knows M. de Curel's play, will agree with me that tremendous force and passion are gained by this realism.

The most striking technical development of the new school is, however, the ending, of which we had a very good example in *Catherine*. One comes, I fancy, to realize more and more that the dramas of real life do not end with the completeness of *Rosmersholm* or *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. This has been obvious to the novelists since Thackeray and Flaubert. Only of late, however, has it occurred to the dramatists, and nowhere so strongly as in France. The French dramatists have developed what one may almost call a method of ending a play with a perception of the true sequence of life. There is no death or anything violent. Their characters are left in the midst of life, but we are given a perspective of the long years.

When one turns from the exterior to the interior of modern French plays, the first thing that one notes is the logic. This change is apparent even in comedy. Compare in this respect Dumas' *Francillon*, with its shifty ending, and such a comedy as M. Lavedan's *Viveurs*. In that

play we have presented a group of exceedingly modern and exceedingly fast pleasure-seekers. For a moment some of them, with a faint perception of a better life, pause. The current, however, of their past lives is too strong for them, and drags them relentlessly on. That comedy, which was one of Mme. Réjane's greatest successes, has a power of conception and inevitableness of execution worthy of George Eliot. Compare again with Dumas Fils, M. Lemaître's masterpiece, *Le Pardon*. M. Lemaître's play, which sets forth the proposition that it is easier for a husband to forgive his wife when he too has sinned, is a marvel of literary grace. Underneath its grace, however, the play has a perfect logical structure. A logical structure is something the plays of Dumas rarely possess; they have only dramatic technique.

Still more apparent is the change in modern love-plays. I have spoken of Dumas as a portrayer of Parisian love. M. Géorge de Porto-Riche is in that respect Dumas' successor. M. de Porto-Riche, who is much older than the other writers of the new school, even retains the mid-century love for epigram. *La Chance de Françoise* and the French *Tyranny of Tears*, *Amoureuse*, which has been for ten years one of Mme. Réjane's greatest successes, differ from the plays of Dumas in carrying their pictures through without faltering. M. de Porto-Riche has caught the everlasting uncertainty which lies at the root of the type of love which both he and Dumas sought to portray. Françoise has made a plucky fight to keep her husband, and has kept him. Neither she nor the audience, however, is in the least certain that she will retain him. The egotistical man of letters and his annoyingly loving wife in *Amoureuse* finally become reconciled. They do so, however, with a brooding sense that they are destined to be unhappy. Take again M. Maurice Donnay's *Amants*, which ran at the Renaissance for months in the season of 1894-95. An African explorer and a beautiful and sentimental *demi-mondaine* meet and fall in love. They enjoy a brief honeymoon by a Swiss lake; then the explorer leaves for Africa. On his return they meet again in Paris at a ball. Claudine is to marry the count whose mistress she has been, and the explorer is betrothed to a

young girl. They wonder why they ever met. "Life," says the explorer, "is, after all —" Then the guests in the chain one forms in the lancers break in and sweep them away.

The logical development is, however, most noticeable, as might be expected, in the thesis-plays of the new school. In every thesis-play a great deal depends on the premises. M. Hervieu, for example, in *Les Tenailles*, and M. Briex in his *Le Berceau*, given last season at the Théâtre-Français, have treated with equal power exactly opposite sides of the questions of divorce. What one does find in the plays of M. Briex and of M. Hervieu, as in the thesis-plays of Herr Sudermann and Mr. Pinero, is a perfectly logical development from the assumed premises. Unfortunately, the recent production in Boston and New York of *Les Tenailles* by the Independent Theatre, did little for a better knowledge of the French drama. An otherwise excellent production was unjustifiably marred by the substitution of an exceedingly weak, illogical ending for one of the strongest and most logical endings in the modern drama; and by this change a wrong was done to M. Hervieu and to the whole French dramatic movement.

Personally I do not believe in the thesis-play. I quite accept the famous remark about the distinction between a *dénouement* and a conclusion. Plays of such striking logic and power, however, as *Les Tenailles* and *Le Berceau* compel my admiration, as do *Heimat* and *A Doll's House* and *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*.

Thus far we have seen those phases of the new school which are derived from Naturalism. We should now see the point in which the young dramatists break away from Naturalism — their love of psychology. Mr. Henry James has pointed out in his essay on M. Pierre Loti the little regard paid by the Naturalists to things of the soul as compared with things of the senses. In the late eighties, however, a psychological reaction began, whose leader has been M. Paul Bourget. Of this reaction the young dramatists have formed an important part. One is tempted to say that the only thing for which they care is *états d'âme*. Take M. Lemaître's great play *manqué*, *Les Rois*. *Les Rois*, which was produced

in 1893 by Mme. Bernhardt, is supposed to take place in 1900, the scene is a small German Kingdom, the theme is the struggle between monarchy and democracy. Just think how Dumas or Augier would have treated the subject. He would surely have tried to prove the justice of democracy, and we should have had several long speeches from a *raisonneur* on the evils of monarchy. M. Lemaître passes over such matters as ephemeral. All he cares for are the soul-histories of his prince Hermann with longings for democracy, and of Hermann's wife, Wilhelmine, with her belief in ultramontane despotism. Most striking is the psychology in the plays of M. François de Curel, of whom I have already spoken as the most powerful dramatist of the new school. M. de Curel has discovered a most interesting psychological process; as the title of his first play indicates, M. de Curel gives the *Envers* of his characters. That is to say, he takes a person with strong passions, places him in a position where his character superficially changes, then shows him again in a position where we see that the original passion is as strong as ever underneath. Julie Renaudin in *L'Envers d'une sainte* has attempted to murder the wife of the man she loves. The generosity of her rival, who does not denounce her, stirs her to piety, and she enters a convent. Years after, she returns and finds that apparently her lover, Henri, has died forgetting her. She at once attempts to win his daughter from her rival, and to carry her back to the convent. Then she discovers that Henri had spoken of her on his death-bed, and gives up the attempt. Once more she becomes a saint and returns to her convent. Anna de Grécourt, in *L'Invitée*, disgusted by her husband's infidelity, has left her husband and daughters and returned to her Viennese home. She has deliberately killed her mother's love, and thought of nothing but pleasure. Years after, when her daughters are full-grown, she accepts jestingly her husband's invitation to visit him. Once there, her mother's love revives, and she takes her daughters away with her from the detestable environment in which their father has been bringing them up. Jean de Sancy, in M. de Curel's *Le Répas du lion*, produced in 1897 by M. Antoine, has his deepest aristocratic sensibilities

hurt by an attempt to ruin his father's forests by a great coal-mine. Young boy as he is, he lets water into the mine. Unfortunately a workman is killed. Jean's conscience is aroused, and he resolves to devote himself to the cause of labour. He becomes one of the great leaders of the Catholic Socialist movement. Then his aristocratic instincts are aroused, and he becomes an ardent believer in a state led by a militant nobility with strong wills. The labourers consider themselves betrayed, and one of their leaders shoots him. Leaving this class of M. de Curel's plays, the change of attitude from Dumas Fils is even more strikingly indicated in his *Nouvelle Idole*, which I hope the Independent Theatre will give us. *La nouvelle Idole* treats of the dispute between science and religion. M. de Curel, like M. Lemaître in *Les Rois*, does not seek to prove anything; he is interested exclusively in the soul-states of Albert and Maurice, Antoinette and Louise. He even brings at the end the scientist and the believing peasant-girl to the same height of self-sacrifice. In Dumas Fils one would merely be all black, the other all white.

The French drama of to-day is scarcely on a level with the English, to say nothing of the German. M. de Curel is a most interesting genius, but I should scarcely rank him with Mr. Pinero. Nor does the drama as a whole seem to me to have the vitality of our English drama, which has rushed in ten years from nothing to excellence. On the other hand, the French drama has several important advantages. The long-run system is not so established; as a consequence, a playwright may do more delicate work. The Parisian public, too, has been trained by Racine and Molière to care for psychology. One of the reasons given for the failure of Mr. Jones' *Michael and His Lost Angel* was that it was "talky-talky." What would New York or London think of the very successful plays of M. Donnay? Most important of all, the French drama shares with the German a fuller treatment of life. The English dramatists, as Mr. Archer has lately been complaining, treat only Mayfair. The French drama takes in everything. In that respect, it is even in advance of the German drama. The Germans, excepting Herr Sudermann and Herr

Max Halbe, treat only the labourers and the *bourgeoisie*. The French give us pictures of the old aristocracy of birth and the new one of wealth, the middle class and the *demi monde* and the poor. However one may rank the modern school, one finds in it many interesting pictures of phases of our modern life.

*James Platt White.*

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THE RIPPLE-SONG: A LULLABY.

WHISPERING, whispering, whispering, whispering,  
 Still we go over the water so ceaselessly;  
 Plashing and glimmering, flashing and shimmering,  
 In the long light of the lingering day.

Silently, silently, silently, silently,  
 Glide we among the tall reeds by the rivulet;  
 Dancing and tapping, and glancing and lapping,  
 We rock the low shallop at moor in the bay.

Anon we go out to the billowy deep,  
 Where, dreamily rocked by the swell of the wave  
 And the sea-wind far-wafted from over the water,  
 The sunshiny ripple is lulled to its sleep.

In peace then we rest  
 On ocean's full breast:  
 So sleep, thou weary one,  
 While by thy side the ripples run;  
     So sleep,  
     So sleep.

*R. M. Green.*



**Editorial.**

ON March 22, the anniversary of Goethe's death, we shall witness a performance of his *Iphigenie* by the actors of the Irving Place Theatre in New York, under the direction of their generous manager, Mr. Heinrich Conried. The opportunity is unusual. Very seldom does the chance come of seeing such a masterpiece upon the stage at all, and still more seldom are the actors in such a performance as able and experienced professional actors as those under the direction of Mr. Conried. In bringing his company to Cambridge, as he does, without compensation, Mr. Conried gives an even more striking instance of his devotion to scholarship and art than he does steadily in his New York theatre. He desires that the projected Germanic Museum shall receive the greatest possible financial benefit from the performance. This generosity will meet with a warm response, and will but quicken our impulse to take advantage of such a notable artistic treat.

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WITH ever more rigid consistency successive generations of Harvard men have been holding closely to the line of ideal sportsmanship in all athletic affairs, modifying rules, methods, practices, and, as far as possible, external conditions, to bring particular contests into accordance with the highest ethics of gentlemanly sport. The spirit that demands fair, clean playing, that is concerned more with excellence of play and development of a sport than with merely winning a contest, that maintains that by healthy development is meant interest and participation of large numbers rather than attainment of a remarkably high degree of skill by only a few,—this spirit has grown more effectual in Harvard athletic management, and more evident in our policy. Accompanying

this spirit has been a growing discontent with the prominence of the financial element in athletics (the matter of gate receipts and large expenditure for training), an element which is necessary, to be sure, but which tends to bring in its train a swarm of mean, petty abuses, harmful to the best sport.

The desire for wide participation has just been strikingly indicated in the completed rowing plan, which aims mainly to keep as many men rowing as possible and to give them frequent races in evenly divided crews. The fact that there are now about eight hundred men practising regularly for various teams shows clearly the extent of present interest and the success of efforts for wider participation.

More significant, even, is the effort to modify the financial evil as well as to extend the hold of outdoor sports upon the students that is manifested in the comprehensive membership scheme lately set forth by the Athletic Committee. For the same sum formerly required to purchase a season ticket to the ordinary foot-ball games and a seat at the "big" game in Cambridge, students are now enabled to attend *all* games held in Cambridge (base-ball, foot-ball, and track), have full membership privileges in one of the boat clubs, and first opportunity to secure seats for contests away from Cambridge. The scheme is bold, far-reaching, and, in its way, complete. It recognizes the fact that intercollegiate contests can be of real value and importance only as they are based on widespread interest and extensive participation in a sport; it emphasizes the truth that such contests are primarily the concern of college students.

In proposals such as this we readily perceive the influence of competent advisers and devoted adherents of the best ideals of sport. To these men, and especially to Professor Hollis, who is with reason acknowledged as their leader, and the exponent of Harvard athletic principles, we all gladly express complete appreciation and sympathy.

**Book Notices.**

"A MAN'S WOMAN." By Frank Norris. New York: Doubleday and McClure Company.

Vastly different is the general impression left upon a reader by *A Man's Woman* from that aroused by Mr. Norris's earlier work, *McTeague*. The setting, the type of characters, and the plot are far removed from those of *McTeague*. Instead of the sordid littleness of San Francisco poor quarters, we travel in the mysterious, frozen North and dwell awhile in the better parts of a large City and in its pleasant suburbs; instead of narrow, more or less brutish specimens of low city population, we have for chief characters a group of Arctic explorers, brave, interesting fellows inspired by a strong, indomitable leader, and also devoted city doctors and nurses, of whom the chief figure is a beautiful heiress who has founded a nurses' home, and is herself a nurse. Yet not to difference in material only are our different impression and estimate of the new work entirely due. We are conscious of a change in spirit and purpose.

In the MONTHLY for last April we read that "*McTeague* is the product rather of method than of temperament. Its author is distinctly a young man with a method; by which, one may add, he accomplishes a great deal in the way of powerful, relentless reality." This comment must be greatly qualified to be applied accurately to *A Man's Woman*. Method is, to be sure, much in evidence in this later book. It is really more accurate to speak of methods than of method, for Mr. Norris is not entirely consistent in his manner of treatment, nor does he in portrayal hold invariable the proportions to fact and reality. He has, we may say, one method for describing physical surroundings or narrating incidents directly connected with material forces, and quite another method (or at least a method that does not produce as exact and complete portrayals) in his characterization of people. In description and more objective narration he depends for effect on minute and relentlessly accurate transcription of detailed appearances and events. At times such treatment is most effective, as in the first two chapters, which contain an account of the terrible hardships and eventual rescue of the Polar Expedition led by the hero, Bennett. But in some places, method gets in the way of narrative, clogs the wheels of dramatic action (for there are many incidents essentially dramatic), and obstructs the presentment of

the main conception. Such is the case whenever the narrative permits the description of a surgical operation or an account of the minutiae of a nurse's duties.

Method in characterization and in accounts of mental and emotional changes varies in accordance with his conception of the person, which is generally intense, logical, and limited. He selects the salient traits and the dominating qualities, generally connects them with prominent physical peculiarities, and in narration and portrayal repeatedly emphasizes those qualities and features. His hero and heroine are thus described: "Bennett was an ugly man. His lower jaw was huge almost to deformity, like that of the bull-dog, the chin salient, the mouth close-gripped, with great lips, indomitable, brutal. The forehead was contracted and small, the forehead of men of single ideas, and the eyes, too, were small and twinkling, one of them marred by a sharply defined cast."

"She was tall and of a very vigorous build, full-throated, deep-chested, with large, strong hands and solid, round wrists. Her face was rather serious; one did not expect her to smile easily; the eyes dull blue, with no trace of sparkle, and set under heavy, level eyebrows. Her mouth was the mouth of the obstinate, of the strong-willed, and her chin was not small. But her hair was a veritable glory, a dull-red flame, that bore back from her face in one great solid roll, dull-red, like copper or old bronze, thick, heavy, almost gorgeous in its sombre radiance. Dull-red hair, dull-blue eyes, and a faint dull glow forever on her cheeks, Lloyd was a beautiful woman."

At every point in the narrative that is pregnant with action and significance he refers again to the appearance of Bennett's huge jaw, narrow forehead, and small, twinkling eyes, marred by a cast; or else to Lloyd's dull-blue eyes, dull-red hair, and obstinate mouth; in each case the expression of the feature indicates the working of the compelling emotions. The characterization, however, is sufficient for the mere purposes of the story. The personages are in a measure convincing and act with rigid consistency. They lack the little touches of human inconsequence and complexity which would make them seem people in a world and not characters in a book, and they haven't a trace of humor. Yet one feels that with the maturing of Mr. Norris's powers, and the development of his method, he will portray characters that are individual, complete, and attractive aside from their functions in a story.

This book deserves consideration not merely as a product of method, correct or false, well or ill applied, but also as a work in which tempera-

ment and purpose have modified the treatment of the material. There is, too, distinctly an effort at comprehensiveness of conception and at interpretation of significant aspects of life. The effort is well-sustained, and the result far less disappointing than would be naturally expected from the treatment of such a theme as the relations of *man and woman and their work*. The persons and circumstances are unusual, but the problem is universal. It is impossible here to discuss fully the merits of Mr. Norris's treatment of his main theme. A short quotation from an appeal by the old ship-master to Lloyd, urging her to send back to his work Bennett, to whom she is now engaged, will indicate the author's conclusion: "The danger don't figure; nothing in the world don't figure. *It's his work*; God A'mighty cut him out for that, and he's got to do it. Ain't you got any influence with him, Miss? Won't you talk good to him? Don't let him chuck; don't let him get soft. Make him be a Man and not a professor."

We may conclude, then, that *A Man's Woman* is an advance beyond *McTeague*. Faults there are, and glaring ones: we meet occasional slovenliness in style; the last two chapters may well be neglected, they are simply clap-trap. Still, the book is well worth reading, and it is a sign of promise for the future. It shows that Mr. Norris has cut loose from his masters in method, is looking at life with his own eyes, and portraying it with skill and dexterity modified by temperament. To one, at least, it seems to be the earnest of later work that may be heralded with unqualified praise.

W. M.

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### Books Received.

"INTERPRETATIONS OF POETRY AND RELIGION." By George Santayana.  
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

(To be reviewed next month.)

"PENNSYLVANIA STORIES." By Arthur Hobson Quinn. Philadelphia:  
The Penn Publishing Company.

"TRUSTS OR COMPETITION?" By A. B. NETTLETON, A. M. Chicago:  
The Leon Publishing Company.

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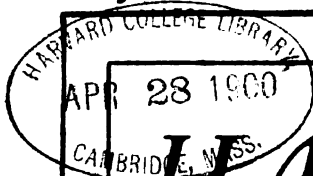
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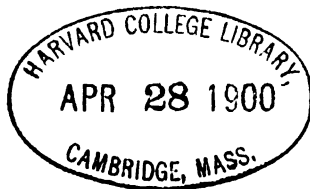
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THE  
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No. 2.

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*THE THREE-YEAR PLAN.*

THE remark of Dean Briggs in his last annual Report that "for better or for worse, the three-year degree is close upon us," calls the attention of the public to a matter which has long been the subject of earnest consideration and debate in the Faculty of Arts and Sciences. For many years President Eliot has wished to lead the University to a distinct statement in favor of three years as the normal length of the undergraduate term of residence, and probably a majority of the Faculty would support him in this policy at any time; but the conservative attitude of the Overseers has prevented such a declaration.

The argument in favor of shortening the college course has been especially strong in the case of students looking forward to courses in professional schools, the graduation requirements of which have risen very much in the last twenty years. It is probable that a proposition to reduce the college course to three years for those entering, and spending a certain time in, the Harvard Law School, Medical School or Divinity School, would long ago have commanded such a majority in the Faculty as to have carried it through the Overseers, if those especially in favor of the three-year course had been willing to accept this compromise; but they were not. Accordingly, this proposition, though more than once made, has failed; and the Faculty remains without any other declared policy in regard to the three-year degree than that of making such a degree easily possible for students of industry and good capacity. But during the last ten or twelve years a number of changes has been made,

by dropping courses previously prescribed, in Physics, Chemistry, and English, always at the recommendation of the Department especially concerned, and never, perhaps, with much reference to the three-year question; and these changes have made it progressively easier to shorten the college course. Moreover, the practice of allowing leave of absence during the fourth year, to those who have completed a certain number of courses at the end of the third year, has grown more and more liberal — or loose — as the feeling of the Faculty in favor of a shortened term of residence has grown stronger; and, in a word, the barriers across the short cut to the A. B. have been in various ways, intentionally or unintentionally, whittled away, until those most in favor of the three-year course profess themselves content with the present state and tendency of things, and propose to let the matter settle itself by the general movement of public opinion, as expressed in the ever-growing number of those taking the shorter course.

As to those who have steadily opposed the three-year proposition when presented to them in formal shape, they must see that the current is against them, and that the comparatively slow change which is now going on is likely to be accelerated rather than retarded by any further open contest on the general question. There is, therefore, a state of truce, if not of peace, as to this issue at present.

But there is one aspect of the situation which causes uneasiness to some on both sides of the general question. This is the inevitable tendency to substitute courses of study for time of study as a measure of the requirement for the A. B. At first thought this change seems altogether desirable. The object of a college career is to attain results, not to spend time. If the results can be reached in a shorter time, so much the better. True enough; but what are the desirable results? And are they most surely reached by counting courses? If the object of the college is to give each student a certain amount of training and information, to make each as nearly as may be equal to another at graduation, the method of counting by courses is evidently the proper one; but if the object is rather to bring out the best there is in every student,

each working according to his individual ability, it seems probable that a prescription with the emphasis on time is better than a prescription with the emphasis on courses. I am so fully convinced of the necessity of allowing for great differences of scholarly ability, that I do not very greatly deplore the glaring inequality of our elective courses in amount of work required. The mere A. B. of Harvard College, or of any other college, though it may give conclusive evidence as to opportunities enjoyed, gives only *prima facie* evidence as to attainment. What the youth really is will be seen later. There is no great harm in giving the A. B. to a dull fellow after a certain time, provided he has done his best during that time; but there is harm in saying to the bright and able student, "You have done as much in three years as your dull classmate will have done in four; therefore your task is ended; anything more would be superfluous." Now there are some who believe that our present practice does say this, or something very like it, and say it more and more plainly every year. It is true that President Eliot brings figures to show that the three-year men get rather high marks as a rule; but there are some, probably many, in the Faculty, who do not accept these figures as conclusive in regard to the main point at issue, whether the three-year men are doing the best thing for themselves, or whether we are doing the best thing for them in permitting or encouraging the taking of the A. B. in three years under present conditions. There is a feeling, probably a very general one, in the Faculty, that the present system does harm in the following ways: first, lowering the individual standard of every three-year man as to what thoroughly good work is; second, leading able men to the choice of easy courses as such; third, lowering or tending to lower the general standard of all elective courses.

It is likely that the existence of the first two effects here enumerated would be generally admitted. Difference of opinion exists, however, as to the magnitude of the evil in each case. As to the reality of the third effect there is debate. Mr. Eliot maintains that the general establishment of the three-year A. B., as the regular practice, will in no

wise lower the standard of that degree. But there are members of the Faculty who suspect that a lowering of the standard of elective courses at Harvard, or at least a reduction of the amount of work required to succeed in these courses, is now in progress, and that it is in great measure due to the growing practice of carrying a large number of these courses each year, in order to shorten the period of undergraduate residence. It is curiously difficult to get at the facts of the case.\* Every instructor endeavors to improve his methods of teaching from year to year, and likes to think that he succeeds; but whether his students are as a whole doing more and better work now, or less and poorer work, than similar students were doing ten years ago, he may find it hard to say. Marks tell very little about the matter. The students have quite as much to do with setting and maintaining the standard of a course as the instructor has. No man, unless he uses practically the same questions from year to year, knows just what his class will do or ought to do with a given examination. If the class does remarkably well, the examination is too easy; if remarkably ill, the examination is too hard; in either case allowance must be made in the marking. Accordingly, there is reason to apprehend that, when the practice of graduating in three years shall have become general, the significance of the average elective course will have been materially reduced, unless the number of courses required for the degree shall have been reduced in proportion.

But what harm would come from this reduction of the course unit, if it should really occur? This; that it would increase still further the ratio, already too great, as many believe, which the time spent by the student in attending lectures and recitations bears to the time spent by the same student in work by himself. Four courses a year, unless some of them are laboratory courses, require, as a rule, twelve hours a week of attendance at lectures. Five courses would require fifteen hours a week to be spent in the same way. Now it may well be asked whether

---

\*It is a remarkable fact that no one has anything better than a vague notion as to the average amount of work done by students in their courses. Would it not be possible to get valuable information on this question from some class just graduating?

these extra hours of attendance at class exercises, exercises of a very passive sort on the part of the student, a kind of mental massage, would not stand directly in the way of that aggressive individual work from which the student must derive the greater part of his discipline.

From one point of view, therefore, the matter may be summed up as follows: the general prevalence of the three-year residence at Harvard is on some accounts desirable; in any case it is inevitable; whatever the number of courses required for the three-year A. B., the amount of work required for it in college will be about three-fourths of what it would be if the four-years residence continued to prevail; the requirement for the degree, for one entering with the ordinary preparation, should be stated as three years of study, accomplishing at least a certain stated amount of work reckoned in courses; the number of courses required should be so small as to make the ordinary number of lectures, or other like exercises, for each student not more than it was under the old system, thirteen or fourteen a week.

*Edwin H. Hall.*

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### *TWO'S COMPANY.*

HOWARD and I were sitting at the windows of our room watching the afternoon parade of mountaineers and strollers. There is nothing quite so cosmopolitan as a Swiss mountain resort, nor any better time to see all the types and nationalities than when everyone is returning from expeditions and drives. Below us was a constant stream of walkers, treading painfully over the round cobble-stones, now and then pressing close to the walls to let by a carriage through the narrow street. There were English Tourists, the men with norfolk-jackets and ice-axes, the women with round backs and large feet, wearing blue spectacles, and

straw hats down to their ears. There were families of Germans, clad fantastically in Tyrolese fashion, and all carrying the inevitable alpenstock, the favorite Teutonic weapon for use on high-roads. There were also well-dressed French and Americans, some vulgar, others highly respectable, who generally drove sedately in *einspänner*s. In fact, snatches of conversation of every sound and dialect imaginable floated from time to time to our ears.

Above the sound of talking and the incessant scraping of hob-nails over the stones, one could hear the jingle of bells on the carriage-horses, and the intermittent lowing of cows returning to their stables in the village. No one hurried or seemed to have any definite purpose: over everything there was an air of calm and contented indifference.

I was following with interest the career of a belated cow, that had stopped to gaze with its mild eyes into a souvenir-shop and was terrorizing an old lady at the door, when a five-horsed travelling-carriage, with a pile of trunks strapped to the back of it, passed by and drove to the door of the hotel. Arrivals, when one is miles away from a railroad, are always worth noticing. This particular carriage held four ladies, two of whom I could see from my window to be elderly and uninteresting; the other two had masses of dark hair, and, from a distance, offered possibilities of being young and pretty.

From the other window came a whistle.

"Did you see those?" Howard exclaimed with admiration. "I wonder who they can be?"

The two young ladies jumped gracefully from the carriage, and patted the dust from their skirts. They seemed to have good figures. At that moment the loud clanging of a bell reminded me that I was not yet dressed for dinner, and interrupted for a while my examination of the new guests.

After *table d'hôte*, while we were taking coffee in the large hall of the hotel, they came in; — rather, three of them did; the fourth, I concluded, must be the maid. They bore a strong family resemblance to each other: the eldest — doubtless the mother — was a thin, sallow little

woman, with a nervous and irritable expression; the daughters were tolerably good-looking, and followed their mother with a stately and languid step. Some Neapolitan minstrels were playing in a corner of the hall, and the ladies had favorably timed their entrance to the soft music. They showed no nervousness at the scrutiny of the crowd, but had the self-assurance that belongs only to seasoned hotel-livers. All three looked bored.

"I wonder what their name is," said Howard, suddenly.

"Whose?" I asked, for I had been trying not to stare.

"Those people you've been looking at for the last half-hour," he answered.

"Better look in the Hotel book," I advised him.

Howard rose and went to the office, leaving me to gaze undisturbed. The taller and prettier of the girls was glancing at the various groups seated round the little tables. Her roving look went from place to place, and finally settled on me. I was embarrassed, for she had really very fine eyes. In a moment, however, she had turned away, and I noticed that she was taking stock, in the same way, of every man there. Howard returned.

"Oppenheim," he said shortly.

"What!" I said in dismay. "They don't look it."

"They can't be," he answered. "Look at those snub noses. They registered from Boston. I don't believe they can be respectable, though; I've never heard of them."

Howard was a pure-blooded Bostonian, so I was obliged to accept his decision.

"However," he added with condescension, "they're not so bad to look at. We might talk to them, you know."

"You can play with the little one then," I said. "I've chosen the other."

Howard looked at them awhile, and seemed to be making mathematical comparisons.

"All right," he said, cheerfully, at last.



Breakfast at our hotel was a sort of Alice's tea-party. One long table was used, laden with butter, honey, and all manner of breads. People, as they came down, filled the vacant seats, and took their chance as to the cleanliness of their predecessors and the manners of their neighbors. When I appeared the next morning, at a fairly late hour, I found it was possible to sit opposite my Miss Oppenheim. At first there seemed no opening for conversation. Near us, a little old lady in cap and shawl was trying to explain to a deaf clergyman the difficulty of getting her eggs cooked right. Somehow, it suggested the honey.

"It's better than that red jam," I said, as I passed it to Miss Oppenheim.

She thanked me in words and with her useful eyes, and there followed a short pause.

"This is a great place for climbing, isn't it?" the young lady asked.

I assented. "But there are lots of easy walks about here," I added significantly.

We drifted, with the skill of hotel practice, from one commonplace to another, and I discovered that the Oppenheim family was familiar with most of the great *table d'hôtes* of Europe. At the end of breakfast I offered to point out to her from the balcony the principal peaks of the snow group that towered above the hotel.

During the day I saw Miss Oppenheim again, and our conversation began to take on a slightly more personal note. Howard I did not find until the evening, when he came up to me and said gleefully:

"The little one's name is Louise."

"I see you're progressing," I put in, perhaps a little enviously.

"Oh, fairly well," he answered modestly.

But we soon discovered that the Oppenheims did not use their charms on us alone. Two days later, Louise was walking with an Englishman, and her sister with a sinister-looking Austrian. After a week, they had a charming look for every man in the hotel, including the manager. Nevertheless, as each of us went on the principle of not giving the other too much of his company, Howard and I persevered in

our attentions. The Oppenheims may have been impossible in Boston, but Howard certainly found them more to his taste than the English parson's three daughters, who persistently turned up wherever we went; and I, too, found their company not altogether unpleasant. Mrs. Oppenheim, who was an invalid, worried more about herself than about her daughters, and though occasionally she complained that this or that was not "quite right," she had no visible influence on their actions. Most of her time she spent in making herself agreeable to any elderly gentleman who came across her path.

As rivalry for the privilege of accompanying Miss Oppenheim on expeditions grew more intense, my interest in the game increased. It was possible to get tired of her languorous eyes and murmured phrases, but there was a certain unending satisfaction in getting in the way of the seedy foreigners who followed her about.

One day Miss Oppenheim — I had discovered that her name was Irene — announced to me that she was going up a real mountain.

"Can't I go with you?" I asked, innocently.

"Well, I guess not! 'Mommer' would never allow such a thing," answered the young lady.

"May I ask who is going with you?"

"Louise. And we're going to take that dear old guide with the big grey beard: Hans Something-or-other-mann is his name, I think. We're going up the 'Grey Flower,' — at night, — to see the sun rise."

"I hope you have a good head for heights; there are some rather hard places."

"Oh, my, yes! heights don't worry me one little bit. I talked it all over with Mr. Jones, who knows an awful lot about mountains."

Further advice from me seemed uncalled for; so I changed the subject to topics more interesting than Mr. Jones and his mountains.

Later in the evening, I found Howard full of excitement.

"The girls," he said, "are going up the 'Grey Flower' to-morrow night, at twelve. Louise told me all about it."

"Yes," I answered quietly; "I saw Irene."

"Well," he said, in a tone that implied great density on my part, "let's follow behind them, and meet them at the top."

"They want to go up alone."

"Oh, I know they wouldn't mind. They'd go with us if the mother would let them."

I was unwilling at first, but Howard soon persuaded me. We agreed to start about an hour after them, so as to give them every chance of reaching the summit. The 'Grey Flower' was an easy mountain, famous for its view: the community, careful of its patrons, had marked out the way and put up iron bars and ladders in all the risky places: so as we had a little experience, we decided to go up alone.

The Oppenheims chose their evening well. A late moon rose about midnight, while the sky, but for a few fleecy clouds, was perfectly clear.

At one o'clock we started, walking silently, at a moderate pace, to avoid catching the others. The moonlight made the way perfectly clear, and cast long, queer shadows over the rugged landscape. As we climbed higher and passed the tree-line, the valleys below broadened out dark and mysterious, and the chasms and rocks took on all sorts of strange, uncanny shapes in the semi-darkness. Then the snow peaks appeared one by one, clear against the deep blue of the sky. There was no sound but the continuous, far-away roar of the glacier-torrents, and the occasional light murmur of a stream that we passed. I almost forgot our mischievous plan in the fantastic and impressive beauty of the scene.

It was impossible to see clearly anything more than a few yards off, and I was suddenly startled by something black in the path ahead. It turned out to be a browsing goat, that scampered away, tinkling its bell, but it made us more careful not to overtake the party in front.

When we reached the rocky foot of the peak itself, the day was already breaking. The moon was less radiant, and the snow points took on a cold, white tint. With the dawn an icy wind sprang up, which moaned through the crags, and set us shivering. Not far from the top we came suddenly on Hans, the guide, seated snugly between two large

rocks, and eating bread and cheese. When he saw us he uttered a gurgling sound that might have been a chuckle. I asked him, in broken German, if the ladies were ahead. He assented, smiled strangely, and resumed his meal. I didn't like the man's impertinence: to begin with, he ought to be with his party, and anyhow, it wasn't any business of his if we did join it. We walked on, Howard ahead. He had just reached the crest of a little ridge that led to the summit, when he stopped short, and beckoned to me to approach quietly.

I joined him and looked over. Not fifteen yards from us, sheltered from the wind in a little hollow, and sitting at close quarters, were Louise and Mr. Jones, the expert climber, his Alpine cloak thrown over her shoulders. Hans' strange behavior was explained.

"Great Scott," I exclaimed under my breath. "That was their game, was it?"

It would have been easy to turn back then, and no one but Hans could have been the wiser, but a sneaking curiosity about Irene impelled me on. We left the couple in blissful ignorance of our presence and reached the top. In another sheltered spot, facing the brightening east, also at close quarters, sat Irene, attended by the sinister Austrian. We gazed awhile at the contented pair, when my foot dislodged a stone. It started slowly, and gathering others in its course, sent a miniature avalanche past them. Irene turned and looked up, and then stood up hastily when she saw us standing there,—two foolish silhouettes against the sky. The sinister Austrian also rose, looking sheepish.

"Miss Oppenheim had the vertigo," he explained.

I could not resist. "I think your sister has it, too," I said to Irene. But Irene was angry, and saw no humour in the remark.

"Why did you come?" she asked, stamping her foot. "I told you not to."

"You said you were coming alone," I corrected. It mattered little what I said now. "You didn't tell me it was going to be a mixed foursome. If I'd known you had invited this gentleman,"—

"I didn't! He came."

"I wish we'd got here first," Howard whispered in my ear.

Jones and Louise had heard the voices, and hurriedly joined us. Howard saw them, and promptly said to the girl:

"May I have the last half of this sunrise?"

Louise was also angry, and the position seemed a little delicate. I concluded that Jones and the Austrian may have received the straight tip to follow behind, or perhaps it had not occurred to the ladies to expect any more callers after the first two. The whole thing was perplexing, but, somehow, I felt I was no more to blame than anyone else. The sun meanwhile was climbing above the horizon, and enjoying the situation quite unobserved, when over the summit two more men appeared.

"Heavens!" I heard Irene mutter, when she recognised them, "can't I tell people I'm going up a mountain without having the whole hotel come after me?"

Howard, however, came up to the scratch, by welcoming the newcomers and asking them to join the party. They seemed surprised, not to say disappointed, at finding it so large, but, being English, took refuge in silence.

"This is the first mountain I've ever seen," Howard said, in an undertone, "where the top wasn't big enough to hold the crowd."

The descent was funereal. From our behavior, we might have lost one of the party over a precipice. The Misses Oppenheim found a way out of their difficulty by ignoring all but the last arrivals, who were too puzzled to follow up their advantage.

The ladies never forgave us, and the sinister Austrian bears me a personal grudge.

*J. G. Forbes.*

*TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.*

MIGNON'S SONG.—GOETHE.

**K** NOW'ST thou the country where the citrons bloom?  
The golden oranges are in the gloom,  
Indolent winds are in the azure skies,  
And the long silences of laurel rise.  
Dost thou remember? Thither, thither,  
I would, beloved, we might go together.

Know'st thou the house and the columnar halls?  
The laughter of the light is on the walls,  
And all the marble figures seem to say,  
Poor child, why have they taken thee away?  
Dost thou remember? Thither, thither,  
O my defender, let us go together.

Know'st thou the mountain and the mist thereon?  
Through the low clouds the muleteer is gone,  
The dragon's aged broods are in the cave,  
The rocks are rended and the waters rave.  
Dost thou remember? Thither, thither,  
Would God, O Father, we might go together!

"ES WAR EIN ALTER KÖNIG."—HEINE.

He was an olden monarch,  
Hoary of hair, his heart had died.  
The lonely olden monarch  
Married a maiden bride.

He was a page in Maytime,  
Yellow of hair, his sap was green.  
He bore the silken trailing  
Train of the maiden queen.

Know'st thou the olden ditty,  
So full of sweet, so full of woe?  
They had to die together,  
They loved each other so.

*Walter C. Arensberg.*

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### *THE SPIRITS THAT PREVAILED.*

CONVINCED that her old man was a "bad nigger an' needed refo'matin'," Shrena tied her woolly-grey head in a red bandanna handkerchief, secured the gaping front of her calico dress with a quantity of tooth-picks, and waddled up to the big house to talk with Captain Selby.

"It's Zal I'se come to ax yo' 'bout, marse," she began, as soon as Mandy, the house girl, having shown her into the study where the Captain sat writing, had withdrawn, closing the door softly behind her, "it's Zal, suh, de mos' wurfless nigger on de whole plantation!"

The Captain laid down his quill, and looked interestedly into the broad, black face and wide-open eyes turned towards him. It was quite evident that some disagreement had sprung up between Zal and his old woman, a disagreement which had been brought to him for settlement.

"Yo' see, marse," the old negress went on, encouraged by the Captain's attention, "Zal's got debbils, little red debbils, swimmin' in his blood, an' dey ain't no use libin' wid a nigger whut has 'em. An' so I t'ought I'd ax yo' to lemme hab a cabin by m'self, away from onery ole Zal."

To say that the Captain was surprised, would be putting it altogether too mildly,—he was "teetotally took out." He lay back in his chair, and gazed up at Shrena in speechless astonishment. Was this the old negress he had bought as a mere pickaninny, had seen grow into a strapping young woman, and had given in marriage,—happy

marriage, he had believed until now,—to his faithful body servant, Zal? And Zal, what of him? Was the rogue merely up to some old-time pranks, or was he becoming, as Shrena put it, “plumb debbilish”? As a boy Zal had been full of fun, as for that matter had the Captain himself, whose constant companion in youthful escapades was Zal, the darky. But devilment in boys and in old men is regarded very differently, and — but the Captain was forgetting Shrena.

“What’s Zal been doing, Shrena?” he asked. “How’s he provoked you?”

“Bettah ax me whut he ain’t been doin’, suh,” Shrena answered, moving about uneasily under the steady gaze of the Captain’s small, beady eyes. “Fo’ wid his rarin’ an’ rantin’ an’ cussin’ he’s been doin’ mos’ eberythin’ a no-count ole nigger kin do. But ’tain’t on’y whut I’s tole yo’ dat’s riz me again’ him — ’tain’t on’y dat, suh.”

For a brief period the “dusky Amazon,”—as the Captain now mentally called Shrena,—stood wildly rolling her eyes and noisily shuffling her big feet; then of a sudden she bounced out:

“Dere’s dat yaller gal, Delfie, marse, whut Zal’s been cavortin’ wid — dere’s her, suh.”

Quickly suppressing the smile which lighted his deep eyes and wrinkled his round, reddened face, the Captain questioned,—“Well?”

“Whut I wants is to be free ob Zal,” Shrena explained, lifting her high, old tottering voice to its shrillest tones. “We’s bofe libed together mo’ ’an thirty years, eber since de white preacher married us in de big dinin’-room befo’ all de white quality ladies an’ gemmen, an’ dey jes’ ain’t no use ob bein’ tied no longer. ’Tain’t bad daytimes, suh; but nights, when de pickaninnies is sleepin’ like logs in de wood yard, an’ I’s lyin’ still a-starin’ out at de big white moon, whut’s peekin’ in de winder by de bed, dat nigger Zal rares up an’ talks ’bout dis Delfie ob his’n. ‘Is yo’ dere, Delfie, m’ lub,’ he sez, b’tween snores, ‘is yo’ dere, m’ honey?’ ‘Yo’ honey,’ I bre’ks out, jes’ case I can’t no ways he’p it, ‘yo’ honey, is she? I’ll te’ch yo’ to hab a honey; I’ll put bees in yo’ honey, I will!’ An’ den I bangs de nigger’s hade an’ breas’ till



yo' kin hear de bones rattle and crack, an', Lawd-a-massy, how he kin cuss, an' rant, an'—"

Shrena paused, breathing hard. The night scene in the cabin had been so real to her, that she had unconsciously acted it out for the Captain's benefit, going through a wild pantomime of hits and thrusts; in the midst of which one of the tooth-picks, stuck in the front of the calico, had snapped and broken, leaving a wide gap on her bosom. It was to remedy this accident, rather than to recover breath, that she had cut off her tirade against Zal.

"If I get you freed from Zal," said the Captain, quietly, folding his arms on his chest and looking—as he was wont to look when he wished to be very impressive—through his thick, shaggy white eyebrows, "do you know what he'll likely do?"

"Reckon I care whut he do?" blurted Shrena, tossing her head and sniffing. "Jes' reckon I doan."

The Captain smiled, a brief, flitting smile; then quickly assuming an expression of profound sobriety, he observed, "It's quite probable that being rid of you, he'll—marry Delfie!"

Had Shrena been knocked down by a sudden blow, she could not have been more completely "staggered" than she now was. That freedom from Zal conveyed the right to either party, and above all to Zal, of marrying someone else, had not so much as suggested itself to her, and now that it was presented by the Captain, whose word or opinion she never thought to question, she was thoroughly disconcerted. Her private hopes of reducing Zal to misery and distress, of forcing him to cook his own hoe cake and darn and patch his homespun pants, were all at once dissipated, and yet—a recourse still remained to her. She could pray to the good spirits to enter her old man and chase out the bad ones!

"Better go home and make up with Zal, Shrena," said the Captain, kindly, "go home and make your old man love you."

"Dat's whut I'se gwine do, marse," answered the negress, sniffing between disappointment and tears, "dat's whut I'se gwine do." But

her idea of making Zal love her differed from that of the Captain. "Ef good spirits'll on'y ha'nt 'im," she murmured to herself, as she clambered down the back stairs of the big house and waddled across the long stretch of green yard towards the thickly clustered cabins in the quarters, "de bad debbils'll hab to git outen. Dat's de way to refo'mate 'im," she chuckled, delightedly, and she waddled so fast, so blindly in her excitement, that she narrowly escaped trampling one of her own "chillens," sprawled asleep in the warm June sunshine on the step of "her'n and Zal's" cabin.

It would have been fortunate for Zal had he been working in the field when Shrena returned from her visit to "ole marse." But luck for the time had deserted him, and it so happened that he was sitting in a corner of his cabin, a pickaninny on either knee and his fiddle clasped tightly under his chin. Shrena's rapid walk across the big house lawn had taken her breath, so that it was not until several minutes after she entered the cabin that she had sufficiently recovered "win' an' compos're" to remark:

"Stop dat fiddlin', Zal. Doan yo' see I'se gwineter talk wid yo'?"

A grin lighted the black, ham-shaped face of Zal; but the fiddling went on as before. Again the old woman raised her voice to demand silence, and this time her words were fairly drowned by the deep, scratchy tones Zal was "fiddlin' outen." With his head tossed far back; his mouth open and teeth showing; his long, lean body swaying from side to side in the splint-bottomed chair, and his knees, to which the pickaninnies clung in noisy delight, rising and falling to the music,—the negro scraped and sawed and fingered, till the cabin was filled with the wild jumble of sound. From where she sat on the door-step, Shrena shouted loudly, angrily; but to no purpose. For at every word from her, the fiddling grew noisier. To the tune of "Jim Crack Corn," Zal sang a lot of rigmarole, which he had learned at the many plantation "ser'nadin's" he had attended on fête days in the boys' cabin. He sang

so loud and banged his feet so heavily on the floor, that the cabin rafters, hung with strings of onions and bags of beans, began to shake and creak. Then, how the pickaninnies laughed; opening wide their eyes and clapping their fat brown hands! And all this time Shrena sat on the door-step, her chin resting in her hands, her ears closed to the jollity in the little room behind her, her thoughts — “ob dat yaller gal, whut Zal talked 'bout in de night time.”

It was near noon before Zal and the “chillens” wearied of their sport, and then Mommy Shrena had her “say.” While the others had been enjoying themselves, Shrena had thought over what she had told the Captain, and what he had said of the possibility of Zal’s marrying again in case she freed him. And the longer she dwelt on these thoughts, the madder she got. So now, as she watched Zal deposit the pickaninnies on the floor, and rise,— six feet tall and as straight as a poker, despite his gray top and wrinkled face,— she was in an angrier frame of mind than she had been when she left “ole marse.”

“Zal,” she said, turning half around and watching out of the tail of her eye, as Zal hung his fiddle on a peg in the wall, “me an’ ole marse’s talkin’ 'bout yo’ dis mawnin’—'bout yo’ an’ dat yaller gal, Delfie.”

Could Shrena have looked into Zal’s face at this moment, her suspicions as to his loyalty and husbandly affection would have been dispelled; but, of course, she had faced round again, and was staring fixedly into the sun-yellowed clearing of the quarters, and Zal’s soft chuckle was lost up his sleeve.

“I done tole marse dat yo’s e gettin’ mean an’ sassy, tho’ I’s e good to yo’,” Shrena went on, while Zal grinned with surprise. “An’ I tole him whut a lyin’, cussin’ nigger yo’s e b’commin’.” Zal’s surprise widened his eyes and lengthened his jaw till his face resembled nothing so much as a dark-brown pumpkin lantern. “I tole him,”— Shrena’s voice was high and shrill,—“'bout yo’ talkin’ in yo’ sleep ob Delfie, an’ now,”— she rose deliberately from the door-step and crossed the floor to where a pile of pine knots blazed in an open mud fireplace,— “an’ now I’s e gwinter burn dis rabbit’s tail, an’ pray fo’ yo’.”

At sight of the rabbit's tail which Shrena drew from her pocket and held up for him to see, Zal's smile slowly changed to a look of alarm and then rapidly deepened into an expression of absolute fear. He stretched out his arms entreatingly; but Shrena waved them aside with the sullen majesty of an angry Queen of Sheba. Like one spellbound, Zal watched her lower herself stiffly to her knees and saw her place the fuzzy bit of brown fur among the burning embers on the hearth. A moment of silent waiting, and a quick puff of blue flame told that the tail was ashes and smoke, and that the spirit work was begun. With closed eyes, and hands clasped tightly before her, Shrena lifted her voice in earnest prayer, prayer that awakened in old Zal all the superstitious terror of his race, terror that made itself known in a wailing "'Fo' Gawd!" that burst from him.

"Yo' ain't gwinter hoodoo yo' ole man, is yo', Shrena?" he pleaded, dropping on his knees beside her. "'Fo' de Lawd, I'se on'y been foolin' yo'. Why, we's mo' 'nough chillens to ten' an' lub — doan, doan,—"

The cry froze on his lips; Shrena was saying aloud the old-time negro charm:

"Spirits ob light, spirits ob right;  
Sabe dis ole man t'night."

Three times she repeated the sing-song chant; then rose solemnly to her feet, but Zal was no longer about. He had caught up his old straw hat, and slipped noiselessly out of the cabin and across the quarters. Shrena was standing irresolute, her broad, flat face turned towards the open door, as though debating whether or not to follow Zal, when one of the pickaninnies that earlier in the day had been riding Zal's knee began to whimper. Stooping over, Shrena lifted the child from the floor, where it had been playing with its brother since Zal had set both down, and pressing it to her bosom, lulled and rocked it to sleep.

When Zal slipped out of the cabin, leaving Shrena on her knees praying, it was with no clear notion of what he would do. He only felt that he wanted to get far away from his old woman's hoodoo. For that

Shrena meant to hoodoo him, to give his soul to the devil, Zal firmly believed. He remembered with a pang of fear how old Mommy Jane who had cooked for Marse Allen Selby, Captain Selby's father, when he — Zal — was yet a very little "nigger," had prayed "Black Torm," the foreman of the field hands, into an early grave, and that — because Tom had refused to marry her. He recalled, too, that in her younger days his Shrena had been a famous fortune-teller, and this knowledge of her having once possessed occult powers did not serve to assuage his dread as to the consequence of her "spirit prayin' again' him."

Zal was shuffling along, his head bent down and the broad brim of his straw hat flapping loosely in his eyes, when he suddenly bumped into someone, and was startled by Captain Selby's voice calling out sharply :

"Look where you're going, nigger; where's your eyes?" Then perceiving that it was Zal who had doffed his hat and was respectfully waiting further reprimands, the Captain relented, and asked with a half chuckle, "How's Shrena?"

To this query Zal answered low, as though fearing lest spirits in the air around him should hear his voice and immediately pounce upon him, "She's pow'ful rantank'rous, marse." Then in still lower tones, he added, "She's — she's hoodooed me."

Accustomed to negro ways and superstitions, the Captain knew the fear that lay behind the words, "she's hoodooed me." "Pshaw, Zal," he said, sympathetically, "too bad!" For a moment he was at loss what next to say, but only for a moment. In that brief interval he had determined on an experiment which he hoped would reconcile Zal and Shrena, and would put an end to the "yaller gal" episode, and its sequel, the "hoodoo business." Drawing a silver dollar from his pocket, he handed it to the amazed negro, remarking, "Buy Shrena a new dress, Zal; reckon that'll make her let spirits alone." Gratitude shone in Zal's large black eyes and he bowed such humble thanks for "de gif'," that he trailed his old straw hat on the ground. A moment later the Captain had sauntered towards the big house, leaving Zal with permission to visit Westport, two miles distant, and purchase the peace-offering for Shrena.

The walk into town was over a rough, winding road, up a short, steep hill, and down a long, gentle roll on the side beyond. Ordinarily Zal disliked walking, but this day, with a dollar bumping about in his pocket for company, he found it not unpleasant, despite the great heat of the June sun. It is just possible that he hurried too much over the last half-mile of his journey; was, perhaps, too eager to procure the dress which was to restore him into Shrena's good graces and protect him from her hoodoo; for when he entered the main street of Westport, he was very tired and very hot.

Passing the town inn, he saw a lot of white men lounging comfortably in the cool shade of the porch, and, of a sudden, he felt an irresistible longing to lie down in some shady corner, where he could stretch his legs and arms, and refresh himself with a "tin" of cold water. Back of the inn he knew there was a grassy knoll, under a big apple-tree which shaded the rear door. On several visits to town with the Captain, he had sat on this knoll and drunk iced ale, while his "marse" was sipping and chatting on the front porch or playing penny-cribbage within doors. He made haste to the knoll, where he was lounging contentedly, when the idea came to him to have one, just one, glass of ale. Certainly, there would still be enough money left to buy Shrena's "calico."

Shambling to the back door, he poked his small head and large hat into the ale-room, and in this position he waited patiently for one of the inn servants to see him and "fotch him a bumper." When he had exchanged his dollar for a brimming mug and a handful of small silver,— "Golly 'twas a heap ob moneys he got back!"— he returned to the knoll; where he tasted and shut one eye, and tasted again and shut the other eye. Then suddenly, opening wide his mouth, he "cleaned de bumper" at a guzzle. "Gee—munney—split, 'twas de nice'n'est!" With one more, just one more, such drink he would surely be content.

Within three hours Zal had spent a large part of his dollar and was become too thick-headed to think of anything but himself. He remembered himself well enough; for just as he was starting home at dusk he spent the last of his, the Captain's, no, Shrena's dollar for a

bottle of corn whiskey, and with this tucked under his arm he set out on his more or less circuitous journey. As he left the village, the round, ruddy moon was climbing slowly from behind Blue Hill, bathing the turnpike in soft brown light; and from overhead, myriad glittering stars winked down.

Half a mile out of town Zal came to a tree, fallen by the roadside, and seating himself on this, he uncorked his bottle and took a deep draught. "Mighty good, dat is," he thought, smacking his broad red lips "jes' like ole marse alluz did after a nip"; then tilting back his head he took a second and then a third drink. Before he had covered the second half-mile of his walk home, he had rested four times and had drunk six times, taking two long swigs between resting points. By the end of the third half-mile, he was stopping every few minutes for a sip from his bottle, and between sips he tried jig steps in the road and lifted his cracked old voice in snatches of plantation song.

About a quarter of a mile from the Captain's place there was a slightly elevated point, from which the ground sloped abruptly downhill, and here Zal squatted on a patch of road-grass and emptied his bottle. He had stretched himself comfortably on his back, and was looking up at the moon high overhead, and searching his bewhiskied brain for the plantation song, "De Moon's Risin' o' de Cabin," when he suddenly reflected how nice it would be if he had his fiddle with him and could play and play "widouten no Shrena to bodder him." "Shrena,"—what recollections the name called up! Until that moment Zal had utterly forgotten Shrena and her hoodoo; had forgotten them since—well, since his fifth drink on the grassy knoll behind the inn. Now the whole morning scene in the little cabin flashed vividly across his mind, and he struggled fearfully to his feet, determined to hurry home, and tell Shrena all about his tricks to make her think he loved Delfie. For they had been tricks, and he regretted them, and, moreover, he feared Shrena.

He had taken only a few steps, glancing nervously from side to side, before him and behind him, as he advanced, when he was startled to

behold over his shoulder two, four, six, eight, a dozen fiery balls swimming towards him through the half gloom, and at this identical moment he found himself repeating the words Shrena had whispered up the dark-throated chimney :

“Spirits ob light, spirits ob right;  
Sabe dis ole man-t’night.”

She had meant, of course, that the spirits should punish him, punish him terribly, and they were coming to do so. Again he glanced behind him ; again he saw the gleaming eyes — he knew that they were eyes — coming steadily towards him, drawing nearer and nearer, and all looking so bane-fully greenish-yellow. His feet were now “hittin’ de pike” as rapidly as he could manage them ; every nerve in his body was strained ; and his face and neck and hands were dripping with perspiration. As he listened intently, he could make out a faint patter-patter. “Gawd !” now he knew ! “Hadn’t he druve Marse Selby’s cows to paster ever’ mawnin’ fo’ years ; didn’t he know the foot-beats ob cattle ?” The sound which was falling distantly on his ears was a patter-patter of cloven-hoofs,— the hoofs “ob debbils from hell” !

Straining as he had never strained before, Zal forced his weak, trembling legs to trot with his body. Yet, though he urged himself on faster and faster, the beat of the cloven-hoofs fell more and more distinctly. To look back, would be but to waste time ; so with his woolly head bent forward and down, he pressed on and on, stumbling over loose rocks, slipping on smooth places in the road ; now cursing like a mad “nigger,” now praying like a plantation Methodist. On, on, he rushed, wildly and blindly, with no idea but that of reaching the quarters, his cabin, Shrena, and — at this moment there rushed through his mind the recollection of a cross he had carved one day on the door-step of his cabin. If he could reach that cross, place his hand on it, and pray, perhaps — yes, he was sure that God would protect him.

Already he was at the edge of the quarters, the still, deserted quarters lighted by the ruddy moon ; and the hoof-beats of the pursuing



devils were ringing like hammer blows in his ears. Behind him, so close behind that they scorched his already hot head, were the eyes, the scores of flaming eyes. Before him, fifty feet, thirty feet, ten feet,—was his cabin. With a last mighty effort the old negro hurled himself headlong across the ground, his “top” grinding in the dirt and jamming heavily against something hard. And he lay,—a huddled heap before his own door-step.

When Zal next opened his eyes, he was conscious of a splitting sensation in his head, and putting up his hands he found that his woolly poll was bandaged. He was lying in his little cabin, which was strangely dark and quiet. Rolling his eyes, he perceived Shrena squatted before the fireplace and murmuring inaudible words up the chimney. While he watched her, she began to cry :

“O Lawd, mek m’ ole man well; mek him well, Lawd, an’ I won’ say no mo’ ’bout yaller gals or nuffin, an’ I’ll be a good nigger alluz.”

“Ole woman,” Zal called, and he was surprised at the faintness of his voice, “whut’s — whut’s de matter?”

Waddling quickly to the bedside, Shrena bent over and put a loud smack on Zal’s cheek.

“Hush, honey,” she said, softly, “doan yo’ talk.”

“Whut’s — whut’s dis beah?” Zal’s hands went up slowly to his head.

“Dat’s de bump yo’ got when yo’ stumbled on de do’-step, day ’fo’ yest’day.”

For a moment there was silence, then :

“Shrena,” piped Zal, weakly, “I wuz on’y foolin’ ’bout dat yaller gal, I wuz,—”

“Dere, honey, de doctor sez yo’ mussen talk,” Shrena interposed, putting another smack on her old man’s cheek. “Yo’s done tole me all ’bout it in yo’ fever ravin’s, an’ dey ain’t no mo’ to say.”

Zal opened his lips; Shrena laid her finger gently across them.

“Reckon I know dat yo’ alluz lubbed jes’ me,” she said, “dat yo’s

lyin' 'bout de yaller gal to fool me an' mek me jealous, an' dat some cloven-foots stole de dollar you'se gwinter buy me a peace-offerin' dress wid, an' old marse — but dere, honey, I'se talkin' yo' into anudder fever."

"No, no, yo' ain't," contradicted Zal, earnestly. "Whut 'bout ole marse, whut,—"

"Ole marse done foun' yo' hat an' a little bottle down de road a piece de udder mawnin', whar dey's a lot ob scuffin's and foot-marks round, an' he 'lowed dat mebbe it's de bottle de debbils pizened, fo' to gib yo'."

For a period Zal lay perfectly still, blinking dazedly up at the rafters, at the strings of onions and bags of beans; then his eye lighted on his fiddle; then passed on to the fireplace. He was beginning to remember things. Shrena stood by watching him, her head cocked to one side, her arms akimbo, her nut-brown face "shinin' an' peaceful."

"De — de spirits," began Zal, feebly.

"Dey ain't no mo' spirits to bodder yo', honey," Shrena cut in, reassuringly, coming quite close to the bedside and patting Zal's bandaged head. "Dey's jes' clean outen yo', dey is!" She was thinking of the "little red debbils" and the "foolin's 'bout dat yaller gal."

"Yes, spects dey's mos' outen me," murmured Zal, with a feeble little chuckle. But *he* was thinking of the "pizened" bottle "ole marse" had picked up down the road.

*B. B. Lee.*

*MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.*

“THIS journal is the most useful and the most instructive of all the books that ever have been or ever will be written. It is the transcript of a woman’s life—her thoughts and hopes, her deceptions, meannesses, good qualities, sorrows and joys. I am not yet altogether a woman, but I shall be. One may follow me here from childhood to death. For the life of anyone—one’s entire life without concealment or disguise—is always a grand and interesting spectacle.” This journal, which in her lifetime Mlle. Bashkirtseff had offered, guardedly and with many extorted promises of secrecy, to M. Edmond de Goncourt, has for half a generation, now, been common property. Here, she has recorded with relentless exactness all the ambitions, anxieties, and spiritual struggles that crowded into her short lifetime of twenty-four years;—her pampered bringing-up in the doting Russian household at Poltava, her precocious mingling in society at Nice and Paris and Rome, her art studies at the *atelier Julian*, her exhibitions at the Salon, her cruel failure of health aggravated by deafness, and her fatal consumption. Grand and interesting the journal certainly proved: for eclipse of faith is not in the least fatal to the instinct of confession, and the world is always eager to be endowed with vicarious experiences and egotisms. What is rather more admirable, this document of human nature, in spite of its self-conscious purpose, contrived to preserve a pious sincerity of expression unique in deliberate, self-revelatory confidences.

In most memoirs, the idea of publication places an embargo on candor. Sophistication stirs the dramatic instinct in the diarist, manipulates his motives, transfigures his feelings, forcing unreal and overwrought effects. In illustration, there rises the vainglorious figure of Rousseau, swaggering into “an undertaking which never had an example, the execution of which will never have an imitation,” boasting to show his fellow creatures a man in all the truth of his nature, and that man himself; and then, as Lowell unkindly remarks, “opening his waistcoat

and making us the confidant of his dirty linen." Even gossipy old Pepys could indulge his irresponsible loquacity only in cipher. How Mlle. Bashkirtseff retained spontaneity and transparent honesty of self-expression when the idea of publication was constantly before her, she has explained in the preface: "It is precisely because I hope to be read that I am altogether sincere; not only do I write what I think, but I have not even dreamed for a single moment of disguising anything that was to my disadvantage, or that might make me appear ridiculous. Besides, I think myself too admirable for censure."

This invincible conviction that she would seem too admirable for censure if only she could completely confess herself, redeems her journal from theatrical quality. Her very serenity of assurance—an unlovely trait when occurring in less heroic proportions—seems to save her from diseased self-consciousness. Self-expression she considered a remorselessly honest business: "I express my thoughts only by fragments," she complains. "It may not be a misfortune for posterity, but it prevents me from being able to make myself understood." George Eliot's dictum, that all autobiography should have an incompleteness even at the risk of false effect, never had a place in Mlle. Bashkirtseff's scheme. The omission of a single detail seemed to her prevarication; and to avoid that dreadful possibility she drew a picture of herself on the generous scale of Brobdingnag.

For, after all, the most wonderful thing in the world to Marie Bashkirtseff was herself. Her journal is the record of an unremitting attempt to know herself better. Her clothes, her figure, her esurient longings, her unlovely revelations, her hopes of future glory,—all were scrupulously observed, judged, and recorded. "I am so peculiarly constituted," she explains, "that I regard my life as something apart from me, and on this life I have fixed all my ambitions and all my hopes: if it were not for this, I should be indifferent to everything." This rare separateness of the *Me* from the self-centred *I* afforded Mlle. Bashkirtseff a startling clearness of vision; every new sensation was another opportunity for self-analysis. When her mother's life was despaired of, Marie gauged

her emotion with dry exactness, and found it just equal to the pain she felt on hearing that the Duke of H—— (who, without having met her, had excited her vagrant fancy) was about to be married. "I have been touched by the hand of death," she wrote when she learned that her malady was fatal; "there is a certain fascination in this — it is a novelty in the first place; and then to be able to talk in earnest of my death,— that amuses me, that is interesting." This habit of constant introspection, however, was not without its inconveniences. Once, when it occurred to her to throw herself in her mother's arms and ask forgiveness for her unkindness, the thought that followed this unusual impulse was so favorable that, to the finical Marie, all its merit seemed at an end; "besides," she soliloquises, "I felt afterward that to have carried out my intention would not have benefited me; for in spite of myself I should have done it a little cavalierly or awkwardly: a genuine, serious expression of feeling between us would not be possible, and mamma would think I was acting a part." She constantly subjected her motives to the most searching examination. She was conscious of every inward movement of her soul, every generous or ignoble impulse; faithfully she registered them, calculating their energy and direction, and anticipating their effects in her experience. The click of the human machine was the sound for which she constantly listened; and her record never ceased to be authentic and human. The cosmic vehemence of her narrative testifies to the accuracy of her observation; it was only because she held her ear so close to the mechanism that it sounded so shrill.

The same curiosity that induced her to examine herself so narrowly compelled her interest in the vivid miscellaneousness of life. Like a comic spirit, she sometimes sat aloft, amused at the fussy, fretful world below. "My only purpose in life," she declares, "is to observe, to reflect, and to analyse. A glance, a face I see by chance, a sound, a pleasure, a pain, is at once weighed, examined, verified, classified, noted. And not until this is accomplished is my mind at rest." Society she regarded as a solution set for analysis, and herself as a reagent in that solution. Her business was to distinguish the elements of human char-

acter, to fix their actinic possibilities, and to docket her impressions as so many memoranda that might one day prove useful in establishing the formula of life. Part of the experiment was to introduce into the equation herself, her beauty, her conversation, her gowns, her attainments, in order to note the reaction. There is a startling deliberateness in her manner of preparing effects: "I must accustom this man to my society," she says in one of her rare allusions to her father; "I must render myself agreeable and necessary to him." To whatever concerned herself, however, she brought along with this analytic interest a sound, humanising zest; and in matters most intimate to her this healthy, human sympathy quite determines her attitude. "No one," she exclaims, "takes so intense a delight in *all things* as I do,—art, music, painting, books, society, dress, luxury, gayety, solitude; tears and laughter, sadness and rejoicing; love, cold, heat; the solemn plains of Russia and the mountains that surround Naples; the snows of winter, the rains of autumn, spring with its intoxicating joys, the calm days and glorious star-lit nights of summer,—I love them and delight in them all. Everything in nature presents itself to me under an attitude either interesting or sublime; I long to see everything, to grasp everything, to embrace everything, to enter into the heart of everything, and to die—since die I must, whether in one year or in thirty years, I care not which—to die, exhaling my being in an ecstasy of joy at solving this last mystery of all, the end of all things or the beginning of things divine." This dualism of motives—the predilection for analysis and the impulse to sympathy—explains the inconsequence of her character. Hers was a Slav nature, with French civilisation grafted on to it. She had the Russian sensitiveness for quick, acute distinctions in experience; and the French indiscriminating delight in life. She felt these tempers incompatible: "It is impossible that I should live long," she complains; "I am not constituted like other people; I have a great deal too much of some things in my nature, a great deal too little of others, and a character not made to last."

The strife of these wrangling elements is best seen in her passionate

search for affection. Love affairs she had, plenty of them; but it was only the pleasant warmth of another's love that she sought. With conscious purpose she avoided feeling the love she inspired. She dallied with cardinals' nephews at Rome and Russian noblemen at Poltava; she graciously received their offers of marriage, toyed with their ardent professions, mischievously lured them into farcical situations, and finally turned their affection into ridicule. She measured her powers upon every man she met. After reading Zola, she instinctively wondered what effect her wiles would have upon him. Coquetry she regarded as a legitimate experiment in life, amusing of itself and invaluable for the revelation it afforded of frail human nature. Beneath all this cynicism, however, lay an ill-defined longing for a love that she might share. "No, no," she cries; "I have never yet loved; and if you could only picture to yourself how happy I feel, how free, how proud, how worthy — of him who is to come!" It was Bastien-Lepage, the painter, master of the Plein Air impressionists, and just then famous for his "*Jeanne d'Arc*," who was to come; and, like all new creatures coming within Mlle. Bashkirtseff's experience, he had first to undergo the ordeal of her unsparing scrutiny. He was the first to stand the test unscathed. "I desire to be alone," she writes after meeting him, "completely alone, so as to commune with myself regarding the impression he made upon me, which was profound and interesting; ten minutes after his arrival I had mentally capitulated and acknowledged his mastery." During the short year that elapsed before her death, the genial heat of his presence penetrated the fastidious mood that hitherto had masked her sympathy, warming in her a reciprocal love that was too ineffable for analysis, even by such a master of expression as Marie Bashkirtseff. In this last year, Bastien-Lepage parades on every page of the journal: his pictures, his fame, his genius, his sickness, all were studied, mulled over, and recorded. The nature of her relation with him — which she was never satisfied to call, indiscriminately, love — she tried to define in the anxiety she betrayed in his welfare, and the sympathy she felt in his vicissitudes. Expressed in whatever terms she might think of, however, this novel

sensation still baffled her attempts at analysis. Strive though she might, she could not define it with the exactness of her other impressions. There is, in this part of her journal, an inadequacy and reticence of confession, a blessed incompleteness of statement, characteristic, we are reminded, of all true autobiography. With reluctance she had to admit that love lay beyond the region of her critical expression; and unable to explain it, she exulted in its mystery.

The controlling motive in all Marie Bashkirtseff's dealings with the world, the unvarying element which she always found on self-examination, was passion for fame. "I make a wish in a single word," she writes in fine frenzy, "a word that is grand, sonorous, beautiful, intoxicating, whether it be written or spoken — Fame!" Nor was her notion of fame a mean one. "My name announced in any drawing-room to-night would not create the slightest sensation," she writes after her picture had received *Number Three* at the Salon. "To convince me of my success and to make me perfectly happy, that would be necessary. When my name is mentioned, every voice must be hushed, every head turned in my direction, in order to satisfy me." To the attainment of this end she directed all the means which her wealth, her talents, and her personal beauty afforded. With this in view, she determined to publish her journal, to study music, to enter the *atelier Julian*. "I am resolved to be a great artist, and I will be one," she wrote; and for two years she worked feverishly, day and night, that she might exhibit as soon as possible at the Salon. Ambition brought with it a crowd of bristling jealousies. From the very first she distrusted as rivals the most advanced students of the *atelier*, fiercely emulating them in her own work, and gloating over the generous commendation it received. With peculiar vengeance she pursued, in thought, a certain Breslau, two years her senior in the studio, whom she regarded with the most quixotic envy, and whose success she was always hungrily comparing with her own.

The persistence of this intolerant ambition in her painting suggests a comparison with the experience of Bastien-Lepage. Mlle. Bashkirtseff and Bastien-Lepage both belonged to the Plein Air school that sought



absolute fidelity to nature. Bastien-Lepage in his "Jeanne d'Arc" and Mlle. Bashkirtseff in "The Meeting" display an extreme sensitiveness to impressions of mood and a peculiar faculty for catching salient and personal traits. But they attained to this impressionistic method by processes remotely different. Bastien-Lepage was reared in a peasant's home, where picturesque surroundings called forth all his artistic powers; and as he grew up in this simple life, the purpose and aptitude for painting developed without interruption. Mlle. Bashkirtseff, on the other hand, was born into a society irredeemably artificial, her environment hopelessly unpicturesque, her every desire cloyed by luxury, having no motive for painting except a refinement of the acute Russian sensibility to impressions and an audacious ambition for excellence of some sort. Through sheer passion for fame she took up painting, after a disenchanting study of "the card-board pictures of Raphael" and "the stupid if glorious Venuses of Titian"; and by her invincible strength of purpose she attained an excellence approaching that of her master. In large measure, her fixity of intention did service for spontaneity. Not until the deep meaning of her art and the simple, disinterested absorption of the artist became familiar, did she forget herself in her work. A trip to Spain for the first time roused her out of herself to a glorious, full appreciation of art and life. And this part of her journal is illumined by a mellower light and a brighter glimpse of aspect than her intruding personality generally allows.

It is precisely this rareness of purely physical aspect, this parsimony of vivid detail interesting only for its own sake, that gives the journal its studied, apologetic quality. Mlle. Bashkirtseff recorded only such scraps of external experience as might illustrate her own character. It was only apropos of herself that she spoke of things in general. The love of commonplace detail, the keen interest in the miscellaneousness of life for its own sake that we are accustomed to expect in diarists, is all conspicuously missing. Humour she certainly had; not, indeed, the lightsome variety that glances and darts its prankish way, but the impertinent, sardonic kind. How saucy her wit could be may best be

seen in her published *Letters*. After offering M. Goncourt her journal, she sarcastically concludes: "If you think that what I desire is your autograph, you need not sign what you do me the honor to write me." In a gratuitous communication to M. Zola she flaunts her disillusion: "I do not suppose you will answer me. They say you are in private life a complete bourgeois." But most grotesque of all is her correspondence with Dumas fils. In an anonymous note she had begged leave to consult him "about a very serious matter,"—"not the romance of my life," she explains, "nor anything that would affect your nerves"; and the better to receive her confession, he was to meet her by a skilful device at a military ball. "If you are Olympic," she gibes, "if you have grown bourgeois, stay at home." Dumas answering in paternal fashion accepted her final advice; and for his pains received the most derisive taunts. "Sleep well," flouts the incorrigible Marie, "and continue to be as much of a bourgeois in private as you are an artist to the public. . . . You speak of divorces. Apropos of divorces, I announce to you that of my admiration from your person." In the journal, on the other hand, except for occasional lambent wit that plays in a phrase and is gone, the characteristic note is extravagantly serious. Her manner is that of a chemist soberly analysing a new substance in the interests of science. She cannot chaff her purpose; her mission of self-revelation oppresses her too heavily. Where we look for delicate subconscious humour underlying the narrative, we find ponderous solemnity.

Perhaps, in this very obliquity of humour is explained the vehemence and completeness of her confession; for it is only the sense of the ridiculous that prevents many of us from exposing bruised hearts to the world. Nature had ungenerously denied Marie Bashkirtseff this protecting scruple; and so the world is free to pry into the recesses of her character, and loot the very *penetralia* of her soul. Unwittingly, she caught herself in the journal at an unfair advantage; and now she stands before us in a light fiercer than that which beats upon a throne.

G. H. Montague.

## THE INTERLOPER.

## CHARACTERS:

MRS. BLOCKSAM, a widow.

PRUDENCE, Mrs. Blocksam's daughter.

HAMILTON TYLER.

MAJOR ADDISON EVANS, a Southern gentleman.

[*The scene is a library, handsomely furnished. Candles are lighted, and a wood fire is blazing. Before the fire is seated MRS. BLOCKSAM, a round, dark little woman about forty years of age. She holds a book open in her lap, but her eyes are fixed on the burning logs. She rocks slowly back and forth.*]

MRS. BLOCKSAM. Mrs. Addison Newgate Evans, Mrs. Major Addison Newgate Evans,—no, I believe I like the plain Mrs., without the Major. Oh, what will Prue say when I tell her that I am to marry again! I wonder [*reflectively*] if she'll like it? She has always been such a strange child,—not a bit like me, but so like her father, poor, dear Paul! Oh, dear! if Paul were only alive to advise me, to guide me. He and the Major were *such* friends, that I am sure [*she speaks with charming innocence*] he would be glad to see me [*sobs*] happy again. [*A moment of silence, then MRS. BLOCKSAM resumes.*] The Major was so, so thoughtful of Prue. "When your daughter is ready to wed," were his words to me to-night, "I wish to be her best friend, her best friend next to her mother. I want to give her away, and then fill the place she vacates in your life and heart." And after telling me that he loved me, he placed this [*she bends forward, examining a ring in the fire-glow*] on my finger. [*A pause.*] If Prue were only engaged, only going to be married! I am almost sure the child likes Hamilton Tyler, and he—why, he takes her everywhere, to all the dances and parties and—

[*There is heard the sound of short, quick steps; the portières are brushed aside, and a slender, deep-eyed, golden-haired girl enters, dressed in*

*a low-cut, white evening gown, which is partly hidden under a trailing opera cloak. She lays off the cloak and advances to the fire, laughing musically.]*

MRS. BLOCKSAM [*glancing up*]. Back so soon, Prue, dear? Surely you can't have enjoyed the evening! And Ham, where is he?

PRUE. [*Stands before the fire, her hands extended toward it.*] Paying the cabman, mother. The horrid creature wouldn't trust him, and as the poor boy hadn't any change, he was obliged to accompany Mr. "Driver" to the corner drug store, where it is to be hoped they can change ten dollars.

MRS. BLOCKSAM. And you enjoyed the dance, dear? Won't you tell mother about it?

PRUE. [*Turns from the fire to seat herself on the side of her mother's chair, her arms thrown round the older woman's shoulders.*] Certainly, sweetest *mater*; for I had a simply splendid time. I danced, and danced, and — oh, mother! Mr. Ty — Ham is such a perfect gentleman. [*Cuddles closer, her face buried in her mother's thick, black hair.*] Why, mother, you are actually getting gray. [*Counts playfully.*] Here's one, two,—

MRS. BLOCKSAM [*interrupting gently*]. Why does my little girl call Ham, Mister? Is it necessary for two such old friends to be so formal? Unless [*she smiles up into the girl's face, now held before her*] he has asked to be addressed so; then —

PRUE [*earnestly*]. Indeed he has not, mother. It's perfectly foolish in you to suggest such a thing! The idea [*reproachfully*] of thinking that he could be so snobbish. [*Rises, and withdraws to the fire.*]

[*During the interval of quiet which follows, MRS. BLOCKSAM alternately rustles the leaves of her book and smooths the wrinkles from her skirt. When she speaks again to PRUE her voice is low and sweet.*]

MRS. BLOCKSAM. Darling, there is something I have wished very much of late to ask you, something every mother expects her daughter to confide. [*Appealingly.*] Won't you tell me — this — something, dear?

PRUE [*laughing a bit hysterically*]. Why, why, mother, what is it? What do you mean? [*Then, after no other answer than a meaning glance, she crosses to her mother's side, and drops her head on the widow's shoulder.*] Yes, mother, Ham does love me, and has asked me to marry him. And I — I — mother, —

MRS. BLOCKSAM [*helpfully*]. Yes, dear.

PRUE [*softly*]. I — I —

[*The portières are lifted and a maid servant enters, followed by a tall, sharp-featured gentleman in evening clothes. Framing his thin face are thick, gray curls, and bristling under his big, red nose is a combative moustache. He carries a folded opera hat.*]

MAID [*in shrill, piping tones*]. Major Evans to see yo', ma'am. [*Smirks, then disappears, drawing the curtains.*]

[*MRS. BLOCKSAM and PRUE have both risen, and are standing apart. The expression of disappointment which overspreads the older woman's face at first is quickly changed to a look of pleased surprise; PRUE shows only astonishment.*]

PRUE. What a surprise, Major!

MAJOR [*taking the girl's hand and carrying it to his lips*]. Won't you add "and pleasure," Miss Prudence? [*Turns with a low, sweeping bow to MRS. BLOCKSAM.*] I came back in seach of my overcoat, madam, [*glances round the room*] which I now perceive on your rack in the corner. You will pardon, I trust, the inexcusable carelessness which caused me to forget it: but the charm of an evening in your company, madam, —

PRUE [*cutting in quickly*]. You were calling upon mother this evening, Major?

MRS. BLOCKSAM and the MAJOR [*as one voice*]. We spent the evening together.

MRS. BLOCKSAM [*continuing*]. The Major chanced in, and finding me alone he was kind enough —

MAJOR [*hastily*]. To grant himself the pleasure of your delightful society, madam. [*Another bow, low as before.*]

MRS. BLOCKSAM [*mockingly*]. Major, Major, what was it you promised if I'd, I'd — [*breaks off shortly and draws away from the Major, who is about to embrace her*].

PRUE [*regarding her mother severely*]. You were saying, mother?

MRS. BLOCKSAM [*weakly*]. Nothing, dear, nothing.

MAJOR [*with an obvious effort*]. Your mother and I, Miss Prudence, have a little secret, which is [*he holds out his hand to Mrs. Blocksam, who places her own within it*] that we — love each other.

PRUE [*having started back in mingled anger and amazement, rushes to her mother with outstretched hands and tearful voice*]. And you told me nothing, nothing of this! I, whom you have pretended to love above all else. I—I — [*presses a handkerchief to her face, sobbing*] I'm — so — unhappy!

MRS. BLOCKSAM [*embracing PRUE*]. There, there, dear, how could I have told you, when it was only to-night that the Major told me how he — [*steals a look at the MAJOR, who is fumbling a book he has picked up, but nevertheless has an air of listening*] loves me.

PRUE [*drawing herself away, roughly*]. To be sure, I forgot! [*Sarcastically.*] For what am I, your daughter, to you, when he, [*stamps her foot at the MAJOR*] your lover, is concerned? [*To the Major.*] You interloper!

[*She turns from the confounded mother and MAJOR and rushes blindly into the arms of HAMILTON TYLER, who is being ushered into the library by the maid servant.*]

TYLER [*astonished, yet sensible enough to cling tightly to PRUE*]. Oh, I say, Prue, what's wrong? [*Anxiously, in lower tones.*] Has your mother refused to let us marry, eh? [*PRUE sobs loudly; TYLER clutches her firmly, defiantly.*] I'll marry you [*he looks stealthily at the weeping MRS. BLOCKSAM and the amazed MAJOR*] despite the deep sea and the devil.

MAJOR [*with recovered composure*]. Miss Prudence, do you think it is generous to deprive your mother of what you yourself enjoy,— someone to love and be loved by?

*[There is a period of silence, broken only by PRUDENCE's sobs; which become gradually less frequent and less audible.]*

PRUE *[lifting her head from TYLER's shoulder, and letting a smile glisten through her tear-wet eyes]*. Mother, Major,—I—I'm a very weak, foolish girl; I see it all so differently now. Major, *[she draws slyly near the old man, glancing meanwhile over her shoulder at TYLER, who watches her smilingly]* I—believe—that—I'll kiss you.

*[THE MAJOR catches her in his arms, kisses her warmly, and then places her hand in that of TYLER, and turns to MRS. BLOCKSAM.]*

[CURTAIN.]

---

### Editorial.

THE position of Harvard to-day upon the Cuban question is quite as characteristic as was her general attitude two years or more ago on the matter of war with Spain. Then, opinion was divided, and individuals expressed their views frankly and forcibly, with little regard to the current of conviction or prejudice in the country at large. But as soon as the nation was committed to a definite course of action, and vigorous service was demanded, Harvard men past and present stepped forward eagerly in large numbers, and, as commanders or as privates, did the work that lay before them, often at the cost of life itself. To-day, without the urgency due to fervid manifestations of patriotism or the excitement of conflict, Harvard comes to the fore in acknowledging the responsibilities assumed by the country with the possession of the island of Cuba, and in accepting a very large share of the burden of meeting those responsibilities.

It is recognized that one of the greatest needs of Cuba is a wide-spreading among its people of practical and enlightening education — education that will demonstrate to them their own needs and resources, and give them some comprehension of the genius, nature, and institutions of the nation with which they are now connected. Teachers in large numbers, the best that can be secured in the island, are now provided by the government. These teachers, themselves, need training and broader education. To this immediate need Harvard makes generous response. President Eliot has, in the name of the University, undertaken to care completely in the Summer School for fourteen hundred and fifty Cuban teachers (the number being limited by the seating capacity of Sanders Theatre). These teachers will be instructed, lodged, and boarded at the expense of the University. The nine hundred women of the party will lodge in private houses near the college, and take their meals at Memorial Hall. The men (five hundred and fifty in number) will occupy rooms in college dormitories and eat at Randall Hall. The provisions for instructing this large body of aliens has been conceived in a sane, practical spirit. There is nothing chimerical about the plan. Professors and instructors of the University who speak Spanish, and students of Harvard and Radcliffe who have studied the language sufficiently, will constitute the main part of the teaching force. Instruction will be given in the English language, in the history of the United States and of the Spanish Colonies, and in geography; and there will be some lectures on subjects of general importance, presumably on educational principles and methods.

The simplicity and modesty of the plan of instruction argues strongly for its practical value to those who will be taught. And the cheerful promptness with which graduates are subscribing the funds necessary to the execution of the project, and with which students have



offered the use of their rooms and furniture, and money for any necessary fittings, is abundant evidence of general belief in the undertaking. No exact prediction of the result of the proposed visit of these Cuban teachers is possible, but an experience such as they will get here must surely be stimulating to the teachers themselves, and the visit may prove an event of national significance. In any difficulties or misunderstandings that may naturally arise in our efforts to govern the island, the influence of such a large number of intelligent people, who have experienced American hospitality and have comprehended even slightly American institutions and customs, will be of immense importance in averting serious complications. But whatever be the practical outcome, Harvard shows by this unselfish undertaking a patriotic zeal and an energy in national duties that is more significant than any ostentatious demonstration of patriotism.

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### **Book Notices.**

“INTERPRETATIONS OF POETRY AND RELIGION.” By George Santayana.  
New York: Charles Scribner’s Sons.

It is impossible for one with the limited leisure of an active college student to review with any approach to adequacy Mr. Santayana’s *Interpretations of Poetry and Religion*. A single reading, and even one re-reading, will not suffice to reveal the depths of thought and the beauties of form and style that mark every stage of the work. The style itself, in its perfection of simplicity and lucidity, is worthy of distinct attention. The subjects treated are of universal and profound interest. Although the treatment is not comprehensive and final, it is in a very high degree illuminating, and endlessly suggestive. The light shed upon the subject is none the less welcome because some aspects are still enshadowed, nor the vistas into which we may peer a whit less delightful because in the distance they fade into dim, uncertain outlines.

The central idea of the ten papers composing the volume is clearly stated in the preface: "This idea is that religion and poetry are identical in essence, and differ merely in the way in which they are attached to practical affairs. Poetry is called religion when it intervenes in life, and religion, when it merely supervenes upon life, is seen to be nothing but poetry."

In the course of the reasoning that is to lead to this conclusion, Mr. Santayana offers a discriminating account of the spheres and functions of the understanding and the imagination. Through the operation of our senses, aided by the faculties of understanding and imagination, the human mind endeavors to "construct a picture of all reality, to comprehend its own origin and that of the universe, to discover the laws of both and prophesy their destiny." The different faculties are always intruding one on another. When one fails, another is ready to attempt the uncompleted task,—a task which the mind while true to its instincts cannot abandon. The distinction between imagination and understanding is seen to be, after all, ideal, a discrimination in "functions." Those explanations which by our senses we can verify, we attribute to the understanding; those which we must take, as it were, *on faith*, we call the product of the imagination. The ideas of the imagination must furnish the wider views and deeper harmonies which the soul craves; they are the intuitions which science could not use, but which are the inspiration of poetry and religion. The imagination has a noble and, indeed, an indispensable part to play in human life; a reasonable trust in it is our surest salvation from the enervating influence of mysticism, a principle of dissolution. The soul's ultimate demands can be satisfied only very gradually through the faithful exercise of the imagination, guided and supported by the understanding.

The idea which is foreshadowed in the preface and prepared for in the first paper is fully exemplified in the papers that follow. Imagination, acting upon our sensations and resulting conceptions of the material world, produces poetry, poetry that varies in its relation to morals and the ideals of reason. "Yet religion," we are told in the chapter on "The Homeric Hymns," . . . "differs from a mere play of the imagination in one important respect; it reacts directly upon life; it is a factor in conduct. Our religion is the poetry in which we believe. Mere poetry is an ineffectual shadow of life; religion is, if you will, a phantom also, but a phantom guide. While it tends to its own expansion, like any growth in the imagination, it tends also to its application in practice."

As Mr. Santayana's expressed idea of religion is neither fully comprehensive nor strictly fundamental, it cannot readily be compared with other views on the subject. It seems, however, capable of being brought into accord with some views of religion which aim to determine psychologically the foundations of religious faith. It would harmonize with the conceptions, say, of Dr. C. C. Everett, who considers feeling as the essential element in religion, the feeling toward the supernatural that is guided and developed by our instinct for unity and harmony. The imagination, then, would be in the service of this feeling so far as it was in search for unity, and would be especially active and fruitful when the mind had reached the point of desiring explanations of phenomena hitherto unexplained, of making affirmations about realities, and allowing those affirmations to take immediate effect on conduct. Such an adaptation of the author's view of religion renders more acceptable the connection he would establish between religion and poetry; it does not strictly admit his assertion "that religion and poetry are identical in essence"; but there is identity of faculty employed by both in their natural development.

Through all these papers there is a consistent emphasis upon the need in poetry and religion of complete and reasoned ideals, and upon the place of intelligence as "the highest form of vitality,"—an emphasis that will make many of the author's soundest conclusions untenable for those who approach the subjects with totally different pre-conceptions. Yet this insistence on a manifestation of ideals, this protest against incompleteness of conception and lack of effort for finality in the expressions of the imagination, is of great practical service. Mr. Santayana's standard for poetry is very high. Judged by it, our modern poets are unsatisfying, even barbaric in their incompleteness. They are, he tells us, "incapable of any imaginative rendering of human life and its meaning. Our poets are things of shreds and patches; they give us episodes and studies, a sketch of this curiosity, a glimpse of that romance; they have no total vision, no grasp of the whole reality, and consequently no capacity for a sane and steady idealization." He would assert that poetry at its best is an *expression of the ideal*, rather than an *expression of life*. In its literary form, it "is metrical and euphonistic discourse, expressing thought which is both sensuous and ideal; . . . but if we drop the limitation to verbal expression, and think of poetry as that subtle fire and inward life which seems at times to shine through the world and to touch the images in our minds with ineffable beauty, then poetry is a momentary harmony in the soul amid stagnation or conflict,—a glimpse

of the divine and an incitation to a religious life. . . . Poetry raised to its highest power is then identical with religion grasped in its inmost truth."

W. M.

"PRACTICAL AGITATION." By John Jay Chapman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In his latest book Mr. Chapman has only emphasized with greater range of illustration the philosophy that underlies all his previous work. The title-essay of his first volume is an important and effective attempt to expound Emerson; and throughout the rest of the book his critical judgment runs in the trail of Emerson's formula. In his second collection of essays, *Causes and Consequences*, he traces political corruption to the temporary distortion of character by the forces of commerce;—a vital application of Emerson's familiar principle. And in this latest book he attempts to follow in movements of political reform the track of personal influence across society.

Mr. Chapman finds in the instinct of religious feeling the motive of all political agitation; he projects into politics Emerson's insistence upon individual identity. About these two ideas he arranges his theory of reform. In his opinion, reform, like religious feeling, must be taken as a whole; since what is wanted is all of virtue, every issue must be used merely as a symbol. To make concessions to evil is to suppress disastrously this instinctive, religious love of truth. In attaining this reform, the agitator should be content with converting a few friends. His efforts may be despised as trifling: but it is just this prejudice against the individual and against single effort that he is fighting. Party bonds have worn away the irregularities of personal feeling and opinion, and it is precisely this absence of individuality that the reformer must remedy. Formal machinery he must avoid, knowing that if only his group of sympathisers is spiritually and unmechanically united, it will grow into a center of influence.

Such are the ideas at the basis of Mr. Chapman's theory. His aggressiveness of statement, his sweeping generalities, and his atomic mode of expression—bristling, incisive, and somewhat inconsequential, like Emerson's—make his ideas pregnant and stimulating. The very sparingness with which he illustrates from example his bare propositions enlarges the region of their suggestiveness. Occasionally, he vouch-

safes a clue to the practical working of his method of reform: "There is not a town in America where one single man cannot make his force felt against the whole torrent. He takes a stand on a practical matter. He takes action against some abuse. What does this accomplish? Everything. How many people are there in your town? Well, every one of them gets a thrill that strikes deeper than any sermon he has ever heard. He may howl, but he hears. The grocer's boy, for the first time in his life, believes that the whole outfit of morality has a place in the practical world. Every class contributes its comment. Next year a new element comes forward in politics, as if the franchise had been extended."

Mr. Chapman's outlook is hopeful. The growing power of the individual in politics he finds illustrated in the consternation that overcame the Republican machine in New York when half-a-dozen reformers nominated Mr. Roosevelt on an independent ticket. In certain other recent events he discerns promise of reform. Throughout the book his note is characteristically manly, impatient of prevalent abuses and confident of eventual reform. Whatever we may think of his diagnosis and his remedy, we must find in both something vital, and instructive, and suggestive.

G. H. M.

"THE BENDING OF THE BOUGH." Comedy in Five Acts. By George Moore. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone and Company.

In *The Bending of the Bough*, which has recently been produced with success by the Irish Literary Theatre, and is published by Mr. Stone in his quaint Green Tree Library, Mr. Moore has more than fulfilled the promise of his *Strike at Arlingford*. Mr. Moore's first play contained many brilliant things. It had also, as Mr. Archer pointed out, the "large simplicity of really great drama." It did not have, however, the one requisite of a play—emotional grip. Very different is the case of *The Bending of the Bough*.

One is glad to find that Mr. Moore's connection with the Irish Renaissance has not affected his style. Instead of the greyness which is the special characteristic of the young Celts, Mr. Moore retains his crispness of phrase. Take the delicious remark of his sharp old maid, "Whenever people shrink from saying what they mean, they call it a symbol."

Mr. Moore also retains from *The Strike at Arlingford* his method of characterization. This is very important, as nowhere does Mr. Moore show more strongly the influence of the French. In the English drama we are accustomed to characterization which leaps out at one from the very surface. In the French drama, on the other hand, the surface is far more smooth and the characterization underneath. One cannot, to be sure, at first reading comprehend Hamlet or Macbeth; he can, however, much less understand Agamemnon in Racine's *Iphigénie*. This method is also that of Mr. Moore. Take his two old maids. At first sight they are very much alike, exceedingly conservative provincial aristocrats. Upon study, however, one finds that Mr. Moore has very cleverly and very completely differentiated them.

The symbolical treatment in *The Bending of the Bough* of the relations between England and Ireland has been so widely advertised that some may consider the play purely local. Nothing could be more unjust to Mr. Moore. Mr. Moore has a great deal of penetrating political satire. It is, however, very largely general satire. The play is summed up politically in a sentence,—“The shallow and the light-souled are always the chosen of the people, and the shallow and the light-souled betray the people, because they are as God made them.”

One feels, moreover, that the political side of the comedy has been exaggerated. The prime thing is the history of the “Bough” himself — Jasper Dean. Here Mr. Moore has given us a soul-state no more peculiar to Ireland than to Boston or Honolulu. Jasper Dean perceives clearly the right course. He cannot, however, break away from his past. He is also in the snares of a dilettante Delilah. So he chooses the “world without us,” not the “world within.” Most pathetic thing of all, he sees clearly his own tragedy. The last act is a lament over the impotence of the will. Mr. Moore has written, in short, a play of

“Infinite passion and the pain  
Of finite hearts that yearn.”

J. P. W.

“LAMB AND HAZLITT.” Further Letters and Records Hitherto Unpublished. Edited by William Carew Hazlitt. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

To any lover of Hazlitt and Charles Lamb who delights in a presentment of scattered and ill-assorted biographical facts, this volume will

doubtless afford a fair degree of pleasure; but for those who care chiefly for a sense of the personality and significance of these authors, the satisfaction will be rather slender. The introduction and the "explanatory gloss" are thickly strewn with references to former works by the same editor and are of little value to one not acquainted with these works; in this explanatory material, moreover, the personality of the editor is unduly obtrusive. We see him quite as often as we see the figures with whom he is ostensibly concerned.

The early letters of William Hazlitt are interesting only because they show that even in precocious boyhood the great critical essayist displayed an unusual judgment and evidence of literary discrimination. The papers under the title "Liber Amoris" are a puzzling contribution to a puzzling question. But the group of letters that passed between Hazlitt and Joseph Hume, and between Hume and Charles Lamb, in connection with a long-drawn-out practical jest arising from a false report of Hazlitt's death, is an excellent instance of friendly banter and good-natured fooling, in which the characteristics of each man are well displayed. The letters of Charles Lamb which complete the volume are the most pleasing of all. None of these letters stands out as distinctly noteworthy, but all are marked by that strain of gentleness and tender, capricious wit that is so charming in the larger collection of his correspondence.

*W. M.*

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### **Books Received.**

- "POOR PEOPLE." A Novel. By I. K. Friedman. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.
- "THE PRELUDE AND THE PLAY." By Rufus Mann. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.
- "THE ESSENTIALS OF FRENCH GRAMMAR." By C. H. Grandgent. Boston: D. C. Heath and Company.
- "THE HARVARD CLUB BOOK, 1899-1900." Containing Historical Sketches and Lists of Members of the Social, Literary, and Athletic Organizations of Harvard University. Edited by Carleton R. Metcalf, '02. Cambridge: The University Press.

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# THE HARVARD MONTHLY.

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VOL. XXX.

MAY

No. 3.

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THE HARVARD UNION.  
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THE disappearance of the Harvard Union during the past three months has not meant extinction or lack of interest. After a thorough examination of the preliminary plans, during which all interests of the University were considered, the architect required an interval for the preparation of drawings and the completion of all details in connection with the plans. The location had to be surveyed and a topographical drawing made for the purpose of locating the building exactly. The Warren estate, on the corner of Quincy and Harvard Streets, had been selected as the site. Inasmuch as there has been more or less controversy on the subject of location, it may be well to state some of the reasons which have led the friends of the Union to fix upon the Warren property.

As a preliminary, all of the available sites in Cambridge were investigated, and nothing within the reach of the money subscribed could be found. It was suggested that more money might be raised, but even on that supposition it was a question if the various other sites proposed would be as good in the long run. In the first place, the corner of Quincy and Harvard Streets is not distant from any part of the University, and it is close to the car lines. Although at present it may seem to be a little out of the track of students, there is no certainty about the direction of the University's future growth. It is likely to render Quincy Square more central in the course of another generation. This is an important consideration, as the Union will be part of student life

for many generations to come. Another consideration is that the Warren property cannot be closed in by large buildings or rendered otherwise objectionable by an elevated road. Its proximity to the Square will always afford a good outlook from the windows, and the surrounding trees will make it a beautiful place in the spring and fall. The students who have suggested other localities hardly realize the additional expense of a suitable lot. It would probably cost as much as the building. This is the important and deciding factor that ought to settle the whole question.

In placing the building on the ground, the main entrance faces towards the north, and the large living room and balcony will be on the Harvard Street side. This will afford a good outlook and plenty of sunshine on the side usually occupied by the members of the Union. The balcony will thus have the shade of the elm trees along the front of the property in the late afternoon when it is agreeable to sit out-doors. In working up the design, the architect has made the large living room a main feature of the building. It is similar in shape to the Reception Room of the University Club of New York. When it is finished in old oak and comfortably furnished, the students will find it very habitable and useful. There they may gather during the evenings to meet their friends. The room will also serve for memorials of Harvard men. It will be remembered that the Committee for the building of the Harvard Union has also had in mind some memorial for those who died in the Spanish war. There is no reason why tablets to the memory of Stanley Hollister and others should not be put up. Certain trophies could also be placed in the living room, and it might seem desirable to put all of the athletic trophies there. If it is desired to have a mass meeting at any time, where undergraduates and graduates may come, the large room would be available for the purpose by moving out some of the furniture or dropping it through a trap-door into the basement.

The question of a restaurant has been fully considered, and while it has not seemed advisable to provide accommodations which would convert the Union into another eating hall, a large room has been set apart

for a grill, where members may obtain lunch or a light supper. Two or three rooms can also be used for dining-rooms, where dinners can be served if ordered beforehand, or if arrangements are made to have them brought in by caterers. A small dining-room has been set apart, where students may take ladies for lunch. The whole question of the restaurant has been left open to the House Committee after the building shall have been constructed and the organization completed.

A billiard room large enough for sixteen tables occupies the entire floor of one wing. It is entered from the main hallway, and yet is separated from the living room in such a way that the noise will not be objectionable.

The library will become one of the important features of the Union, and it also occupies one entire floor of a wing. It is separated into three divisions by partitions, and can be made as private as necessary. Students will find ample opportunity to study, and to refer to such books as they may wish to consult. The books to be purchased for the library will form a subject for consideration by the Library Committee. It has been suggested that only the periodicals and current publications should be regularly purchased, after the library is once stocked with standard works and the reference books which would be useful outside of the main library.

It seemed evident to the Committee which has had the project in charge that separate rooms could not be provided for the exclusive use of societies. The debaters and other groups of students can obtain rooms large enough to seat a hundred persons by notifying the steward, and the rooms can be allotted in the order of application. There will be three or four such rooms.

There seems to be no reason why a society should not have a locker provided for its property. In fact, the basement hall can be devoted exclusively to lockers for all students, especially those who live in the neighborhood of Cambridge and come to the University as day students.

The basement of the building is divided up into a number of small and large rooms, provision being made for bicycles, a barber shop, and

for dressing. The Athletic Association will have its offices in the basement of one of the wings. It has seemed desirable that some of the college publications should be located in the building, and some arrangement may be made towards that end, which would undoubtedly be for the benefit of both the students and the Club, as all interests should be there represented.

The subject of bedrooms aroused much discussion, and it was finally decided to put in only enough rooms to accommodate a few servants, leaving the rest of the question open. The upper story of the building will be available in case the House Committee should some day wish to put in a few bedrooms for graduates staying over night in Cambridge.

When the project of a University Club was first proposed, some doubt was expressed by graduates and students as to its usefulness. Many thought that the smaller clubs would be a serious interference with its popularity amongst the students. It has, however, obtained its principal support from the members of the smaller clubs, and there is no doubt that it will grow in numbers and strength as time demonstrates that it can fill the need of a great meeting place. The social life of Harvard has seemed to be unattractive as the number of students has increased; and the club idea has therefore a great future before it if it succeeds in drawing the men nearer together. It is, however, only by bringing all of the different interests under one roof that we can make a great success, and it is the duty of every student and officer of Harvard to make this Club the most wholesome and inspiring side of our social life.

*I. N. Hollis.*

*THE HEART OF THE BRAVE.*

*A*MENO *Kisheswa*, the moon that summons together the white-tail deer in droves, had been born but a night and a day; and as she hung at twilight in the western sky, she reddened like an up-turned buffalo horn on fire. The flowers, our grandparents, had hushed their glee; and drooping their foreheads, they waited without so much as a whisper of complaint the coming of *Takwaki*, the cruel frost. But the leaves and the grasses were happy, gay in the varied colours of their garments. *Nutenwi*, the big, hollow-mouthed wind, was abroad; and above him, far up, flew quacking geese that strung themselves in lines, bow-like, one after the other, across the heavens, as they journeyed merrily toward the *Shawaneki*, the regions of warmth and sunlight.

It was on a morning of one of these days that Wakamo and a hundred Osakies set out for the Comanche country, the land of plains and home of the buffalo and prairie wolf. Old and young thronged the banks of the Mississippi and watched them paddle across. Women waved and children hallooed as the men in twos, in threes, and in single file passed over the sand bars and disappeared in the shadow of the tall wood beyond. Many of the men were young, only braves. They wore their hair long, letting it fall in two braids each over a shoulder in front. The rest, who had been on a raid before, wore the hair shaved, leaving only a tuft, like that of the blue jay, upon which nodded the feather that marked them off as the warriors. Few were the burdens they took. All were in leggins and moccasins; and over their naked backs were slung the quivers of arrows. In the hand they carried their bows; and at the belt, on the side away from the knife, hung a small bag of dried jerked venison and pounded corn of the season before. At the head of them all, and by the side of the old councillor, Kewanat, went the youthful Wakamo.

The name, Wakamo, only the moon before, had been that of a young man who thought more on the hang of the blanket from his shoulder



than on the dangle of a Comanche scalp-lock at his belt. Ever since the day that Sanowa lay down to sleep—that was early in the spring soon after the bluebirds came—our fathers, the bent old gray-heads, kept debating before the Council fire in words like these:

“Yes, look at the son, that thin-nosed, woman-eyed youth with always a smile or a happy look for those he meets. No, the shoulders are not those of a strong man. They never will grow so broad as the father’s. And he is not a runner,—no, not even a wrestler. Besides, he stands no taller in his moccasins than a woman. The hands, and even the fingers, are but those of a woman. And yet, shall the youth become a chief of the Osakies?”

“True,” others of them gave answer. “True, he is not big, not tall, and not so strong as was the father. True, he is not this, and he is not that; but hush, mark what the people think and say. One day we see that his mother and sister have beaded an oak-leaf upon his moccasins. In the next few days we behold the oak-leaf on the moccasins of other young men. They even plait their hair of a braid same as his. They watch his gesture, they catch the sound of his words; and all that he does, they do, and wherever he goes, they go. Look also at the women, the younger women. Why do they lift their eyes from the sewing when they see him pass? And why do they slacken step in the path from the spring with their vessels of water, and glance from the corner of their eyes at him stepping by?”

Thus back and forth over the Council fire, our fathers talked of the son of Sanowa. But there came an end of it all at last.

One day in the *Nepeni Kisheswa*, the moon that ripens the corn, most of the men and women and even children were in the fields, down in the valley, gathering corn. Suddenly at midday, when the sunshine came down whitest, runners burst through the lodges yelling, “Comanches over the river coming this way! Comanches over the river coming this way!”

Now the story would be long to tell of the alarm spreading among the harvesters; how the braves and the warriors flew to arms, and how

as they met the Comanche in the valley, on the banks, and in the water of the river itself, our fathers back yonder among the lodges gathered about the sacred drum, and beat upon it a measure to which the women kept time as they sang the war songs of the nation; how in the evening by the firelight, our fathers put up the scalp-pole, at the top of which they had hung the Comanche scalp-locks newly won that day in the battle; and how as they seated themselves by it, they watched warrior after warrior step slowly out of the dark and stand before them to receive an eagle feather from his gens; and how finally, by the aid of their canes, they pulled themselves to their feet on hearing Sanowa's old warrior, Kewanat, say, as he stuck an eagle feather into the hair of a youth who came up last of all the warriors, "Wakamo, your gens gives you this because you were first at the river and the last to leave off fighting the Comanches."

While the embers of the scalp-dance fire were flickering low, while the people were silently filing off to their lodges, and the warriors on guard were signalling to one another the calls of animals and birds of the night, Wakamo busied himself with persuading the elders to let him go at the head of his father's warriors into the country of the Comanches. There, in the stillness of night, they gave him his father's war bundle, telling him solemnly, as they gave it, to keep it as became an Osakie and a son of Sanowa.

Our men had been in the Comanche country ever since the morning, and as the scouts went spying ahead, they scattered themselves far enough apart to catch a signal one waved to the other. The sun was half way down the western sky when a scout near the top of a prairie hill far in advance gestured with arm and hand that buffaloes were feeding beyond in the plain below. From scout to scout behind him flew the message to Wakamo, who was coming up with the main body of our men. Back in the same manner flew the gestures of Wakamo, signalling for the scouts to hide on the hill where the farthest scout was, till he and the rest had caught up. Then up the hill went our men, silently and

stealthily picking their way. But hardly had half of them reached the place where the scouts lay, when suddenly a rumble, like the grumbling of the Thunderers, rolled over the plain where the buffaloes were browsing. Instantly all who had come crawled to the ridge and peered over. Behold! the buffaloes were making away from the hill on a wild stampede; and as the men straightened their backs and rose from their knees, they caught sight of wolves emerging from hollows and out of patches of reeds. Wakamo yelped. Instantly they sprang to their hind feet, and lo! Comanches stood before them. For as fast as they stood erect, they flung back from their heads and shoulders the wolf-skins with which they had covered themselves to decoy the buffaloes.

At the sight of them slapping their breasts, waving their bows and their arrows in air, and defiantly whooping a challenge to battle, Kewanat touched Wakamo upon the shoulder, and both stepped out in front of and apart from the rest. Each then took from a buckskin knot at the wrist a pinch of *natawinona*, the powdered dust of a sacred herb that grew in the shades and unfrequented retreats of the forests and valleys on the Mississippi. Facing the north-east sky, towards the land of their lodges, they sprinkled the *natawinona* to the wind, and muttered a prayer to Gisha Munettoa and to the spirit of Sanowa. Then Wakamo faced about, and whooped the *Wawakahamowina*, the battle yell of his father's warriors. They at once yelled it back, and all pushed down hill on the run; and as they went they strung their bows and whipped out their arrows from the quivers they had fixed under the arm at the side.

On reaching the foot of the hill, they found that they were three or four to one of the Comanches. But so fast and thick and sure whizzed the Comanche arrows that our men were brought to a standing fight at arrow range. The Comanches fought like buffalo bulls, and it looked as if they would drive the Osakies back up the hill.

By and by a lull fell over the fight. The Comanches were falling short of arrows, and so began to run to one of their number who was calling aloud to them; and as fast as they put into his quiver and hand

what arrows they had, they whirled into the buffalo trail and ran at the top of their speed.

The Osakies at once pushed forward in pursuit ; but no sooner had they started than they stopped, amazed at the sight of the armed Comanche who, standing in their way, pulled his bow back as far as the point of the arrow, and drew a sweeping aim at their whole front as if to fight them alone. And as they stopped, he let fly the arrow, bringing down an Osakie. Instantly he turned and was off as fast as he could go after the other Comanches. Again our men pursued ; and, once more, when they pressed the Comanche close, he faced about and pierced another Osakie, bringing, as he shot, all of our men to a stop. The next instant he was off, and another time our men pushed after him. On and on over the plain our men chased after the Comanche, stopping when he faced about and leaping after him when he turned his back. And as they ran, they stuck arrows in the ground at his heels, sent them whirring and hissing past every part of his body, but never did they once graze his skin. And all the while his friends were getting farther away out of the reach of our men.

Why it was the Comanche shot so well and our bowmen were unable to hit him, is not for us to say. Who knows but that a *munetoo*, a divinity, gave him courage to fight so many alone, turned aside our arrows, and guided the course of his? It was a strange fight, wonderfully strange. Feeling somehow that they could not hit him, our men coaxed and cajoled and yelled to one another to fling themselves with all their might into the pursuit with the hope of capturing the Comanche. And, at that, they shoved on all the harder, puffing as they went.

The Comanche's knees got to wobbling and his body to swaying from side to side as he ran. Then he got to drawing and aiming his bow without letting go the arrow. He did this once, twice, three times, and then Wakamo caught sight of the feathered tip of only a single arrow sticking out of the Comanche's quiver.

"Only one arrow he has, my men!" Wakamo yelled aloud as the

Comanche shot away the one in the bow: "Don't stop when he shoots, but rush upon him and take him captive alive!"

As the Osakies rushed and closed in upon him, he faced them like a warrior. He drew back the bow with all the strength that he had. But when he aimed, it was up at the sky. And lo! when he let go the arrow, and it flew over the heads of our men, his legs gave way beneath him; and at the very instant that Wakamo was about to lay hands upon him, the Comanche sank to the grass dead.

Panting and all in a sweat, our men crowded in a circle about the Comanche lying there young and tall and sinewy, without even a speck of a wound upon his body. Their eyes rolled with wonder as they looked him over from head to foot. For a while at first the wail of the wind only might have been heard. Presently Wakamo whispered, "A fighter!" "Yes, and like a hawk!" mumbled Kewanat. Instantly, "A man!" "A warrior!" and a multitude of other such words fell to buzzing from the lips of the men leaning upon their bows. Suddenly a hush dropped over them all, bringing again the silence. Kewanat knelt at the side of the Comanche, and as he wiped the blade of his knife on the palm of his hand, said:

"My young chief, and my kinsmen, here is a man who was truly a warrior. For you see what he has done. He has kept us from capturing him; he has kept us from slaying him with our own hands. More than that, he has enabled his own to escape and flee out of our reach. I shall not tell you that you are good warriors, nor that you are not. But *here* lies a warrior. I shall take out his heart, and show you the heart of a brave man. And after you have seen it, eat of it. You will then be brave, too."

Kewanat then cut open the flesh over the left of the breast along the hollow between two ribs. Spreading apart the ribs, he reached in his hand, and when he withdrew it, the eyes of the men were filled all the more with wonder; for between finger and thumb hung a heart no bigger perhaps than a sandhill plum. It was small, too small it seemed, for the heart of a man. It was like gristle and as tough as gristle.

"No," muttered Kewanat, shaking his head as he held the heart out at arm's length. "No, we will not eat of it. It is too small to go all round. But that is not all. The Comanche fought us like a warrior when he was alive. Let him then in death keep his heart. It tells us, besides, that the heart of a brave man is small, small like this."

After Kewanat had replaced the heart within the breast, he bent over, and fingered the Comanche's scalp-lock.

"Oh, my young chief," he said, looking up at Wakamo who stood thoughtfully beside him, "that hanging in your lodge would be worthier by far than any your father ever took from Sioux, Osage, or Cheyenne. But your father never would have scalped a warrior like this. We are leaving him his heart, shall we also leave him the scalp?"

Wakamo nodded and slowly replied, "Yes. Let him keep it. There will be wailing enough in a lodge of the Comanches, and it may gladden the hearts of those in that lodge to know how bravely he fell."

Our men then dropped in behind Wakamo and Kewanat, glancing over their shoulders as they filed away for a last look at the Comanche. The bodies of their dead they took to the top of the hill from which they had first seen the Comanches. There they buried them, piling over them a mound of earth and stones.

While our men were resting and spying for a stream where they might camp, the sun was nearing the banks of the Great River in the west, the river that plunges and roars and foams between this world and the next. And as they were beholding the glow that lit up the western sky, their eyes fell upon three men leaving the spot where the Comanche had died. Their course was westward. One of them went ahead; the other two followed behind, carrying a burden upon their shoulders.

Our men came home before the first fall of snow. They said little about Comanche scalp-locks at the dance and the feast that welcomed them home. But by the fire of the lodge, the kin seated closely about and listening with open ear and expectant look, each told of a heart that makes a brave man, a little heart like that of the young Comanche. As our fathers one after the other heard the story, they rose and told it

to others. When they had all heard it, they went to the Council lodge. And there they joyfully smoked their long red-stone pipe; joyfully, because the young Wakamo had seen with his own eyes what made a brave man, and because they felt that the son would now surely grow to be the chief that his father was.

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ON BLACK ICE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.—MR. RICHARD HALLAM, *a middle-aged man of business, who takes all things seriously.* MRS. HALLAM, *his wife, much younger, whose mind moves faster than her husband's.*

SCENE.—*A cosy dining-room furnished in dark oak. MR. and MRS. HALLAM are seated at table; their dinner is over, the servant has left the room, and only the coffee-cups and candelabra remain upon the table. The door is directly behind MR. HALLAM.*

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MRS. HALLAM. Do you know why they broke their engagement, Richard?

MR. HALLAM. Yes, Isabelle, I do. I know all about it. Pierce himself told me all about it at the club.

MRS. HALLAM. *Where, Richard?*

MR. HALLAM. At the club.

MRS. HALLAM. So you still go there?

MR. HALLAM. Occasionally. I go there once in a while to see how sordid and lowering it is, compared with home — *home*.

MRS. HALLAM. Why do you repeat it?

MR. HALLAM. Because I like the sound of it; don't you, Isabelle?

MRS. HALLAM. Yes, I do. [*They are silent for some moments.*]

MR. HALLAM [*after the pause*]. I am surer than ever that we understand each other. We can say nothing and yet be happy, very happy.

MRS. HALLAM. Of course we can, Richard. But I thought we were talking of Reggie Pierce and Ruth Carstairs.

MR. HALLAM. Certainly, my dear. I had quite forgotten them. Let me see. Where was I?

MRS. HALLAM [*with some asperity*]. At your club, I believe.

MR. HALLAM. Oh, yes. Well, as I was saying, Pierce told me all about it. He said, "I feel like telling you, you know, Hallam, because your wife is such a sensible sort of a woman that you can appreciate how very unreasonable Miss Carstairs really was—"

MRS. HALLAM [*interrupting*]. But I don't care about Reggie's words. I want to know what *happened*. Can't you get on?

MR. HALLAM. I beg your pardon, Isabelle. Well, Pierce said that it was at the Estcourts'—Mrs. Estcourt gave Miss Carstairs a bit of a house-party.

MRS. HALLAM. Which we missed by going on our honeymoon.

MR. HALLAM. I never looked at it in that light, Isabelle. Well, anyway, they were there, and one day after luncheon he and Miss Carstairs were in the library alone. Everyone else had gone walking or driving.

MRS. HALLAM. As *usual*: just as though an engaged couple didn't have brains enough to get rid of other people through their own efforts. I think it's insulting—the way people have of treating their engaged friends as though they were children.

MR. HALLAM. I don't know about that. I always thought it very pleasant and very obliging in other people. But I thought you wanted to hear about Reggie and Ruth?

MRS. HALLAM. Oh, I do. Go on.

MR. HALLAM. Well, they were in the library alone, and Miss Carstairs was looking at a picture some artist chap had painted about a beautiful woman who threw her glove down into an arena full of wild beasts and then asked her lover to jump down and get it.

MRS. HALLAM. Just like Browning's "The Glove," wasn't it?

MR. HALLAM [*somewhat bewildered*]. Eh? What's that? Oh,



yes; of course, very much like it. Well, as I was saying, Miss Carstairs was standing before the picture. Pretty soon she said, "No wonder he loves her enough for that — she is so beautiful!" Pierce told her that he didn't believe it was the lady's beauty that made the knight love her enough to jump down among the lions, but that he thought there must have been something in the lady higher than beauty; and that, after all, beauty was the last thing for which a man really loved a woman. And then Miss Carstairs said that she didn't agree with him. So Pierce went on and told her that he could prove it in his own case; that of course she must know that a dozen of his friends were more beautiful than she; and that he loved her not for what she looked like but for what she was.

MRS. HALLAM. Didn't Reggie Pierce know any better than to say things like that?

MR. HALLAM [*vaguely*]. Didn't know any better?

MRS. HALLAM. Oh, never mind. What did Ruth say?

MR. HALLAM. I don't know just what she did say — Pierce didn't seem to have much accurate knowledge of what happened. He said that he tried to explain what he meant, and tried to make her see that all he had said had been prompted only by his deep love for her. But it was no use — he kept on getting deeper and deeper, and making things worse and worse, until things became as bad and as hopeless as they now are. Gad! I pity Pierce. And yet I suppose it is better to find out before it is too late.

MRS. HALLAM [*in amazement*]. To find out — *what?*

MR. HALLAM. Well, in the first place, to find out how superficial and shallow Miss Carstairs really is. For I think that any sensible girl ought to be willing to hear from the lips of the man who loves her the truth which she learns a dozen times a day from her mirror. And I think that she ought to be glad and proud to think he loves her for something deeper than mere beauty, something which will last and develop, instead of something which will fade and die away. Don't you agree with me, Isabelle?

MRS. HALLAM. No, Richard; I most certainly do not. And I think that Reggie Pierce was a clumsy, stupid, tactless booby. The idea of telling a girl to her face that she isn't good-looking! I never heard of such a thing. I think that Ruth is well rid of such a fool.

MR. HALLAM. Reggie Pierce is not a fool, Isabelle. I don't believe that you quite realise what you are saying. Look at things as they are. You believe that *I* love *you*; don't you, Isabelle?

MRS. HALLAM. You've mentioned the fact a good many times during the past year, Richard.

MR. HALLAM. And you believe it, don't you?

MRS. HALLAM. Yes. Of course. What of it?

MR. HALLAM. Well, I love you because I cannot get on without you, because you understand me and help me in every way. Of course, it pleases me to think that you are popular with my friends; but I should love you none the less if you were not. And as for your not being beautiful, I never give it a thought; I recognize and accept the fact, and —

[*Mrs. Hallam rises and sweeps towards the door.*]

MRS. HALLAM [*with piercing coolness*]. Mr. Hallam, I am going to my room. I shall be writing letters all the evening. You had best go to your club. Perhaps you can play cards with Mr. Pierce. If I were you, I shouldn't try poker: poker requires some skill and a certain insight into human nature. Good evening. [*She passes out, closing the door with great firmness.*]

MR. HALLAM [*slowly recovering his senses*]. Well — I'll be damned. [*He rings for his coat.*]

THE END.

*M. Churchill.*

*THE CASE OF MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES.*

THE recent production of *The Manœuvres of Jane* has brought to its annual prominence the case of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. No one seems quite so much of a puzzle as that voluminous English playwright, who is not so much a modern as a tempered Elizabethan. The American critics seem inclined to make little of him. The lamented *Chap-Book* once spoke of him as "that Arch-Philistine and Charlatan"; a far more important person, Mr. Norman Hapgood, recently declared that he never attained distinction; the general opinion seems to be that he is the Miss Corelli, or at best the William Black, of the modern English drama. Far different is the opinion in England. Mr. Max Beerbohm, in speaking of this very *Manœuvres of Jane*, called him the most interesting English playwright. Mr. Bernard Shaw, too, whose ideals are so different from those of Mr. Jones, has often warm praise for him. In speaking of *The Triumph of the Philistines*, Mr. Shaw declared that, unlike other English dramatists, Mr. Jones' characters were real people. Mr. Shaw also declared, at the time of *Michael and His Lost Angel*, that the author had a real knowledge of spiritual history. This disparity of opinion makes one pause to formulate one's impressions.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones was born in Buckinghamshire in 1851. His father was a small farmer, and Mr. Jones was brought up in the midst of lower-middle-class Philistinism. There doubtless he acquired the fierce dislike of Philistinism which pervades all his plays. When he grew up he became a traveling-man for a Manchester firm,—fancy the disciple of Matthew Arnold, the author of *The Triumph of the Philistines*, a "drummer"! His dramatic instinct, however, could not be killed. He wrote a number of plays, and finally captured London in 1882 with his melodrama, *The Silver King*. While making money by melodrama, he wrote a play to satisfy his own intellectual ambition—*Saints and Sinners*. The play is by no means a good one. Mr. Jones retained the melodramatic habit—which in fact he has never lost—of

making his good people impossibly good and his villains unspeakably wicked. No one would dream of calling the play literature. At its time, however, it was a tremendous artistic advance. Mr. Jones actually introduced real life to the stage. *Saints and Sinners* even promised a more broadly national drama than modern England has given us. The play treated the middle class in their humdrum, every-day life. The new movement had not yet been turned by the society craze for the stage into the narrow, if strong Mayfair drama it has become. *Saints and Sinners* finally settled down into a brilliant success. At first, however, the play seemed a failure. In discouragement, Mr. Jones made a contract to write melodramas. This kept him tied for several years, but he devoted his leisure to the study of the Elizabethans that has colored all his works.

Thus actively reading, Mr. Jones was preparing for a break away from melodrama. Finally in 1889—the year of Mr. Pinero's *Profligate* and of the first English production of *A Doll's House*—he produced two attempts at serious drama—*Wealth* at the Haymarket, and *The Middleman* at the Shaftsbury. *Wealth* was not as successful as it was ambitious and *The Middleman* seems to me particularly screaming melodrama. Very different was the case of his next play, *Judah*. There were many faults in the play, but in its spirituality of treatment of a state of conscience it was a very great step forward. Still further progress was made by him in *The Dancing Girl* (1891), a really powerful study of a Scarlet Woman marred by one of Mr. Jones' conventional endings, and in *The Case of Rebellious Susan* (1894). Encouraged by the artistic advance of the public, he returned to middle-class life in *The Triumph of the Philistines*, and *How Mr. Jorgan Preserved the Morals of Market Pewbury under Very Trying Circumstances* (1895), and wrote a genuinely great play in *Michael and His Lost Angel* (1896). Unfortunately he went too far in advance, and both plays failed. Since then he has confined himself chiefly to society comedy with great success. It is announced that his new comedy, to be produced in London and New York next season, is of a more serious nature. Let us hope it is a return to the manner of *The Triumph of the Philistines* and of *The Case of Rebellious Susan*.

In the account of Mr. Jones' life I said that his whole work is pervaded by his study of the Elizabethans. That seems to me the necessary point of view from which to regard him. His whole attitude toward the great public, to begin with, has been affected by their example. The Elizabethan drama was primarily a great popular movement. It often gives one cause to remember that some of Shakspeare's most masterly plays were not written as literature. Often not publishing their plays for years, the entire aim of the Elizabethan dramatists was to please their essentially popular public. Nowadays, as art becomes more and more subtle, the really good drama seems to appeal to ever fewer people. Dramatists are beginning to write exclusively for the smaller public that gathers around the various Independent theatres. This tendency away from the great public Mr. Jones, however, does not share. He is always thinking of his public, and apparently deems himself an apostle to convert England to the higher drama. He seems often inclined to doubt the value of *The Triumph of the Philistines* and *Michael and His Lost Angel*, because they did not appeal to what Mr Archer has contemptuously called the "hundred thousand." This eternal writing-down to the crowd would in itself keep him from attaining the art of Mr. Pinero.

Mr. Jones' style must, I fear, also be attributed to the Elizabethans. Much of his "highfalutin'" prose is really an attempt to do what the old dramatists are constantly doing in verse. Take the speech of the consumptive Lady Eve in *Judah*:

"I dreamed we were drowning together. Professor Jopp, have you ever been nearly drowned? It's enchanting! At first we tried to swim, and it was hard work to keep up; and the waves dashed over us, and took away our breath; and then I caught you in my arms, and I said, 'Don't let us try to keep alive any more. Let's sink, and see what it is like.' And I felt so strong. I dragged you under the water; it was delightful! Down — down — down — I felt like a mermaid dragging you down to my home; and we kept on sinking, and the deeper we got the clearer and sweeter the water was; it was full of lovely gold and silver fish, and they swam round us; and we went through the gardens of

waving purple seaweed, and all the little bubbles in the water turned into diamonds and hung round our necks, and dragged us deeper still, and we kept on falling for hours; and at last you wanted to leave me, but I clung to you and pulled you down, and said, 'How can you want to go back to that hateful world? Come down and drown with me, drown — drown — drown!' And you said, 'Let me go — I want to get back to life. There is some one who loves me up there.' And I said, 'There are two who love you down here — Death and I. Stay with us and die. You don't know how sweet it is.' But you kissed me and said good-bye; and I tried to keep you, but you faded out of my arms; and when I tried to hold you, there was no one there, and I cried out, 'Stay with me — stay with me!' And then I woke, and I was crying, and it was just daylight!"

That is virtually an Elizabethan monologue turned into jolting prose. His not particularly fortunate love scenes, I fancy, may be traced to the same source. Judah and Vashti Dethic attempt to make love in the manner of Rosalind and Orlando, Antony and Cleopatra. Unfortunately they are not dwellers in the land of romance, but a Welsh Dissenting parson and a faith-cure impostor. Their love-making, too, in Mr. Jones' rather wheezing style, becomes not romantic but farcical. The influence of the old dramatists is also, I believe, responsible for his carelessness of phrase. An instance of what I mean will be found in *The Crusaders*. In the midst of a serious love scene we are told that Philos "tumbles" at Cynthia's feet. Mr. Jones, I think, might search the dictionary in vain for a word more grotesquely impossible in a love scene. There is nothing would do him so much good as to devote himself for a play or two to the Pater-Flaubert *mot propre*.

Mr. Jones' tendency, derived from his early melodrama, to make impossible saints and demonic villains, was also unfortunately increased by his study of the Elizabethans. The yellow-haired heroine, created especially for Miss Ellen Terry, may have existed in the Elizabethan period, the "devils incarnate" like Richard III and Iago may have been plausible in the abominably vicious Renaissance. Nowadays, at least, we do not see them. Unfortunately, Mr. Jones still clings to them. The long class of his heroines, for example, that Mr. Walkley has classified

as "the Misses *Dénouement*," and that stretches from Sybil Crake in *The Dancing Girl* to Ellice Ford in *Carnac Sahib*, springs directly from the old heroines. It would be a shame to leave his heroes unconsolated, and the dear public without its happy ending. So we have these charming virgins — Cordelias in modern dress — whose innocence has been carefully preserved for the occasion in cotton batting. How are we to believe in them in the age of Mr. Meredith's women, and cheek to jowl with Drusilla Ives and Olive Arnison? His villains are even more inconceivable. To-day we believe in more subtle evil. There are the self-deceiving villains we have seen this winter in *El Gran Galeoto* and *Les Tenailles* and *The Storm*. How true they are — villains in the sacred cause of respectability. Even in the less tempered villains we see more complications. Characters like Phil Keen in *Grierson's Way* and Nikita in *The Dominion of Darkness* interest us by their growth. Mr. Jones' villains, on the other hand, have no growth; they set about their crimes in malice prepense. That sort of thing runs counter to our sense of evolution. Such characters as Sir Bryce Skene in *The Masqueraders* are very clearly not men, but ogres of lath and pasteboard that have strolled in from the Bowdoin Square.

Bred up in Philistinism, as Mr. Jones was, nothing could be more natural than the long series of attacks on middle-class fanaticism that runs from *Saints and Sinners* to *The Manœuvres of Jane*. Here, too, he met the Elizabethan influence. In *The Alchemist* and *Bartholomew Fair* and *Measure for Measure*, he found his models. Doubtless he got much good out of them, but unfortunately in this class of his plays his melodramatic training was confirmed by Elizabethan reading. Let me quote from Mr. Archer, as one always must be quoting, in regard to an interesting play, *The Fanatic*:

"We all know that the fanatic is not necessarily, or indeed normally, a hypocrite; but it has been a tradition among our playwrights to ignore the fact. Here again Puritanism has been the curse of our theatre, in this case from the literary point of view. It made itself so hated in the seventeenth century that the dramatists (whether before or after the Civil War) did not dream of studying

it seriously and fairly. By a summary process of polemical psychology, they made 'zealot' synonymous with 'rascal'; and the half-deliberate error, the superficial and narrow convention, has come down uncorrected to our own times. Through all these three centuries the Puritan class — the class which was capable of social, moral, or spiritual idealism — has held aloof from the theatre, and has left unthinking playwrights to babble over the old, unmeaning commonplaces of character to equally unthinking audiences. There has been no effective demand from without for the correction of these traditionary truisms and libels; and for two at least out of the three centuries we have had no playwright of sufficient insight and originality to set about correcting them of his own motive. Now the case is altered. Whatever the defects and limitations of our present school of playwrights, they are looking at life for themselves, and gradually getting rid of the old stereotypes of character. Following in the wake of fiction — of Balzac, of George Eliot, of Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy — they are acquiring a psychological competence undreamt of by even the most brilliant masters of the comedy of manners. But the hypocrite-zealot is a conception so ingrained in the popular mind that no one has ventured formally to impugn it, until Mr. Day, with the courage of inexperience, advanced to the attack. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, indeed, had got the length of showing us fanatics who were sincere enough in their convictions; but he has always (if I remember rightly) made them break down notoriously in their practice. Now this is not the typical, not the essential, aspect of the case. It throws little light on the real nature or secret of fanaticism to show a temperance orator suffering from dipsomania, or a social-purity zealot enthralled by a French demirep. Mr. Jorgan, of *The Triumph of the Philistines*, is a direct descendant of Angelo in *Measure for Measure* (though no doubt he has '*diablement changé en route*'), and neither is a typical zealot. The fanatic who is best worth studying is he who is sincere in theory, benevolent in intention, consistent in practice."

Granting what Mr. Archer says, there is still much to be argued for Mr. Jones' plays. Mr. Archer, I think, goes too far in objecting to the subject of *The Triumph of the Philistines*. The idea, which is also of course at the bottom of *The Manœuvres of Jane*, of the snaring of the prig by an adventuress, seems to me decidedly good. The trouble is that both Mr. Jorgan and Lord Bapchild are not made plausible, are not delicately enough done, have not enough complexity of action. As to



the minor characters of the type,—Palsam in *The Crusaders* and Professor Bostock in *The Manœuvres of Jane*,—they seemed to have strayed in from *Bartholomew Fair*. In time, however, one forgets the rudimentary psychology. Then he can find much intellectual stimulation in the plays—even as he can in the comedies of Ben Jonson and in *Measure for Measure*.

Even more important than Mr. Jones' religious plays are, perhaps, his plays about women. Here, too, he is romantic in an age of realism. His women are often the same type as that of the modern realist. Lady Skene, for example, in *The Masqueraders*, is an ever variable victim of moods like Hedda Gabler. But at the end she has become a self-sacrificing creature of romance. Lady Jessica Nepean in *The Liars*, too, starts as "a creature of frocks and furbelows." Her only interest in Edward Falkner is a natural desire to flirt with the lion of the season. Gradually, however, she perceives in contrast to her world, his integrity. Then passion awakes, and she is ready to sacrifice everything for him. Sir Christopher Deering, however, convinces her that she would be ruining her lover's career. So she returns to her husband. Lady Susan Harabin, in *The Case of Rebellious Susan*, differs from Lady Jessica in being essentially a weak woman. Bred in the same moral miasma, she does not react like Lady Jessica. For a moment she is carried away by passion. But the moment is soon past, and once more her whole idea is to be, if not virtuous, at least respectable. What one feels most strongly, however, is the tragedy, the pathos. Mr. Jones has, to be sure, given us studies of *La Femme-Bête*. One of these, moreover, Olive Arnison, in *Carnac Sahib*, seems to me in her shallow amorality his nearest approach to realism. Drusilla Ives, in *The Dancing Girl*, on the other hand, is not a realistic figure at all. She has the heightening of romance—Cleopatra taken to the Music Hall stage. Mr. Jones' aim, in short, is not to reproduce reality, but to give life illumined by romance.

It is impossible, however, for anyone in the late nineteenth century to be completely Elizabethan. Particularly is it so for a man of Mr. Jones' keen curiosity. He certainly has not the unconsciousness of

Elizabethan art. One has only to read his volume of essays and addresses to see how persistently he has been considering the needs of the drama. He has all the seriousness of purpose of our end of the century. Thoroughly light work seems quite impossible for him. All his comedies are, to use his own phrase, tragedies "dressed up as" comedies. *The Manœuvres of Jane*, for example, seems light. Yet could anything be more tragic than the priggish little idiot, firm in the grasp of the calm adventuress? Or think of that really masterly *Rogue's Comedy*, played here several times by Mr. Willard. *The Rogue's Comedy* is as light as gossamer. It would not, however, be the unique play it is without the tragedy of the father's sacrifice for his son. It is this intellectual quality that makes Mr. Jones, in spite of all his faults, almost inevitably interesting. Whatever else he may or may not do, he always sets one's brains to work.

The gospel preached in these steadily thoughtful plays by Mr. Jones' favorite characters — the Mayfair guardian angels and the middle-aged women of the world — is derived not from the Elizabethans but from the great comic writers that he has studied — Mr. Meredith, Fielding, Molière. Like these writers, Mr. Jones is a prophet of moderation. Do not set yourself above your neighbors, or pretend to be better than the rest of mankind. If you do, you will have, if you are Mr. Jorgan, the arms of a French model firmly fastened around your neck, or, if by chance you are Lord Bapchild, you will fall into the hands of the first hypocritical adventuress. Let the world go its gait, and you go yours. It is no use to attempt to push it. Meanwhile one has endless material for comment in the follies of one's neighbors. As to the future, let us trust to "the not ourselves which makes for righteousness." Mr. Jones' *laissez faire* principle of life is summed up in the passages from Ecclesiastes and from Emerson that he has prefixed to *The Triumph of the Philistines* and *The Crusaders*. The first is: "Be not righteous overmuch; why shouldest thou destroy thyself?" The passage from Emerson is "Rely on the laws of gravity. Every stone will fall where it is due. The good globe is faithful and carries us securely through the celestial

spaces. We need not interfere to help it on. We need not assist the administration of the universe."

The intellectual quality of Mr. Jones' plays is strengthened by their elemental nature, which is his principal characteristic. This is the great service that the Elizabethans have rendered him. He has never been content, as Mr. Pinero too often is, with the surface of life. He always tries to reach bed-rock. He is not as great an artist as Ibsen or as Herr Hauptmann; he does not even approach them as nearly as Mr. Pinero. He has, however, the same qualities as they, qualities that Mr. Pinero has not. His work, even in social comedy, is essentially that of a poet. *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith* is a far more perfect piece of art than *The Triumph of the Philistines* or *The Case of Rebellious Susan*. This very deepest of Mr. Pinero's plays does not, however, plumb the human soul like the imperfect plays of Mr. Jones. This elemental quality comes out most strongly in his best play, *Michael and His Lost Angel*. I should not go so far as Mr. Joseph Knight, who calls the play one of the great love stories of the world. It has, however, many qualities of the greatest love-plays. It has the depth of passion, the irresistible rush of events. Michael Feversham and Audrie Lesden are not so far, after all, from Antony and Cleopatra. Their story, moreover, is thoroughly modern. The tragedy moves with that irony which is the characteristic of contemporary literature. In *Michael and His Lost Angel* Mr. Jones produced a genuine masterpiece.

When one has thus analyzed one's impressions, what remains of Mr. Jones? It is clear, I think, he is not a dexterous artist. But had we better insist on perfect art? Neither Mr. Meredith or Mr. Hardy is by any means impeccable. Their greatness depends on other qualities. So in a less degree with Mr. Jones. He has a strong dramatic sense, observation, above all, a brain. Whatever their faults, his plays are full of thought, of keen irony shot through with passion. Nor can any analysis take from him his historical position. The situation which confronts Mrs. Craigie and Mr. Esmond and their fellow-dramatists of the younger generation is surely difficult enough. It is, however, infin-

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itely better than the situation in 1870. This change has been brought about preëminently by Mr. Jones, pioneering always, yet keeping the great public steadily in mind. An imperfect artist, but an author who has performed as great a service as any living English writer,—such, I take it, is the case of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones.

*James Platt White.*

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GABE.

**I**T was after supper and the sun had just gone down, leaving the little valley nestling there among the rugged peaks of the Coast Range calm and cool as if resting from the heat of the long summer day. There was hardly a sound except the occasional bleat of a sheep far down in the lower pasture. As I sat on the bench against the side of the Gilbert ranch house, pulling infrequently at my cigarette, Jackson, the foreman of the ranch, came through the open door and seated himself on the steps. Pulling from the pocket of his blue flannel shirt a little white cloth pouch with a round paper tag on the end of its yellow draw-string, he shook the Durham out into a brown paper. Then rolling the cigarette skillfully he bent up one end and lit it, and blowing great clouds of smoke into the cool air, watched them contemplatively as they faded slowly into the evening.

"Where d'you think we'd better go, Jack?" I asked.

The foreman continued to pull at his cigarette, studying the matter deeply, after the manner of ranchmen.

"Well," he finally said, "I can't exactly say. Depends on Gabe. He's been over to the Martin range for three days, lookin' after his coyote traps. If there's plenty o' water over there, so's we can make a good camp, we'll find deer enough. If it's too dry, I guess we'll have to strike over towards Redwood Valley. Looks like Gabe's mare comin' up the road now. He can tell us about it."

Looking down the road I saw a horse and rider coming up the rise toward the house. The horse, a lean gray pony, approached with that half-walk, half-canter, peculiar to ponies used for sheep and cattle driving. The rider, like his mount, lean and ungainly, was tall and strongly built. He rode carelessly, his broad shoulders bent and his long legs hanging loosely in the stirrups of the big Mexican saddle. At intervals he swung one spurred heel gently into the mare's flank, simply to remind her of his presence. A battered black felt hat flopped down over his dark, sad eyes, and above the black beard his cheeks were thin and leathery. He wore a dark flannel shirt, "overall" trousers stuffed into his boot-tops, and a belt full of long rifle cartridges. Under his left leg hung a rifle scabbard, the stock of the gun sticking out beside the horn of the saddle. With a diffident nod he rode past us to the watering trough. Here he dismounted and thoughtfully removed the bit from the little mare's mouth that she might drink more easily. He hung the bridle over the horn and led the pony into the stable.

The spiritless and regular actions of the man were entirely in keeping with his face and figure. His treatment of the pony revealed to me a part of his nature. A man who loves his horse must have other good qualities, and Gabe treated this scraggy pony as carefully as an ailing friend. For some minutes we smoked meditatively. Then I observed,

"Gabe's a strange looking man, Jack."

"Yes, queer cuss — Gabe. Been here a long time an' he's always 'bout that way."

"What's his last name?"

"Thompson,— Gabriel Thompson. Father was a white man an' his mother was a Mexican. Guess that's how he came to have the Gabriel tacked on to the Thompson. Used to ride for the Miller cattle ranch down South."

"How'd he ever give up cow punching and come way up here to drive sheep?"

"Well, I guess Gabe don't know himself how he happened to light on this partic'lar ranch. The reason he left the South, though, 's a pretty

long story, an' I guess I'm about the only one in these parts that knows it. He's always been a silent sort o' cuss, an' never got friendly with any of the boys round here as far's I can make out. First two years he was here he never said 'bove half a dozen words at a time to me, but he was sober an' steady, an' knew more 'bout sheep than any other two herders on the place, so I was willin' enough to keep him."

"How'd he ever come to tell you about himself?"

"Well, I guess he'd never have done it, except that we kind o' got friendly by accident. One spring, a big colt fell with Gabe an' broke his leg. He was all by himself down in his cabin by the corral there, 'cause he'd never got friendly with the boys an' didn't want to live in the quarters. Well, the boys were kind enough to him 'cause he was sick, but they were workin' pretty hard an' couldn't go out o' their way to set up with Gabe, so I kind o' took pity on the poor cuss, an' went down there 'most every night an' tried to make it easier for him. He's always been a quiet cuss, an' I can tell you it was pretty dam' hard work at first to cheer him up at all. But after quite a spell o' settin' by him, he braced up an' used to talk some. Then one night, when he couldn't sleep, an' the fever had hold of him a bit, I guess, he began to tell me 'bout what he'd been doin' 'fore he came up here. Told me all about Ventura County an' how he'd come to leave.

"I guess Gabe wasn't always so quiet an' mournful lookin' as he is now. He used to be the average sort o' cow puncher,—gambled an' drank an' raised hell with the rest of 'em when he got into town. Well, one day down in Santa Barbara, Gabe an' his friends were ridin' round the streets enjoyin' 'emselves—all pretty drunk, I guess,—an' Gabe's horse knocked over a little Spanish kid that was playin' in the middle o' the road. He's an awful soft-hearted cuss an' it sobered him right down. He got off his horse an' picked up the little boy an' carried him into a house. Well, the kid's folks lived in the house, an' Gabe worked with 'em for a long spell till they got him back to life. But he was pretty sick for a week or two, an' Gabe was so sorry for the poor little devil that he stayed in town an' hung round that house most o' the time tryin' to help

him. An' I guess maybe he didn't mind stayin' so much anyway, 'cause he did most of his settin' up by the boy 'long with the kid's pretty sister. You know, those Spanish girls are most of 'em dam' good lookin'. Anyhow, Gabe got stuck on the girl."

"And I suppose she threw him over, so he left and came here?"

"No; that wasn't it. She liked him enough, I guess. They got married anyway. He gave up his job with the Miller outfit an' came to live in town with his wife. They lived there quite a spell,—Gabe workin' hard in the railroad stock yards,—an' I guess they were a dam' sight happier'n most married people ever get. Leastwise Gabe was, 'specially after they had two little kids,—a boy an' a girl. He told me all about how they used to take the youngsters an' go down on the beach on Sundays, an' the little ones used to go in wadin' an' build sand-houses, an' Gabe an' his wife just sat back and watched 'em. But after awhile Gabe began to feel the want o' more money. His pay from the railroad wasn't enough now, 'cause he had the two kids to feed an' keep in clothes. He was a generous cuss an' couldn't bear to see 'em pinched for things, an' he wanted to give his wife a house of her own 'stead o' livin' along in the rented one that he didn't think was good enough for her. He concluded he'd make a change, so he left his wife an' kids at her mother's place with all the money he had, barrin' railroad fare, and started for the Arizona mines.

"Down there he worked in a mill long enough to buy his outfit; then he an' another fellow struck out with a couple o' pack-mules into the desert. Well, from what Gabe said, I guess they had a hell of a hard time. They kept at it for about two years, gettin' out to God's country only 'bout every six months to get grub, an' then goin' back to dig in that red-hot sand again. Lots o' times they couldn't find any water for days an' came near dyin' o' thirst. But they kept at it like dogs. Gabe said every time he felt like givin' up he thought o' the wife and babies waitin' for him in Santa Barbara, an' so every time he swore he wouldn't go back beat. Finally they struck pay dirt an' enough water to get the stuff out with, an' in two or three months they had a pretty

good start ; but they needed machinery an' men to make the thing pay big money, so they staked the claim an' made for the nearest railroad station. But somehow they got their bearin's twisted an' missed the first water hole, so they chased round in the sand for 'bout a week without a bit o' water. That country's hell anyway, nothin' but sand an' sagebrush an' cactus, an' the sun's hotter'n hell-fire. Pretty soon Gabe's partner went loco from the sun an' thirst, an' put out over the sand till he dropped dead. Gabe was younger an' stronger an' lasted better, so he dug a hole in the sand for his partner, an' then kept on. Next day he was picked up an' brought out by a couple o' prospectors. I guess that trip's what gave him the wide-open look in his eyes an' took the color out of his face. You can always tell a man that's been starved.

"Well, 's soon as he was strong enough to move he took the train for home, an' he was just about crazy to see his wife an' kids. He kept thinkin' all the way o' how the kids must have grown, an' o' the things he could get 'em now with his money, an' how tickled his wife 'ud be to have a house of her own. He'd been through two pretty tough years for 'em, an' now all he wanted was to see 'em happy. He's got a lot o' heart in him,—that man. It kind o' made me choke up when he told me 'bout his pretty wife an' the two smart little kids. He's a rough-lookin' cuss, but, by God, he's got feelin's as tender as anyone's.

"When he got to Santa Barbara he couldn't get to the house quick enough. He hurried up to the door an' knocked, expectin' to run right into his wife's arms, but instead they kept him standin' on the steps, an' told him she'd been gone from there 'bout six months,—gone off with another man to Los Angeles. I guess Gabe dam' near went off his head. You see, he'd been thinkin' o' this meetin' night an' day for more'n two years, an' havin' it turn out like this hit him like a crack on the head. His wife prob'ly was a good enough woman, but those Mexican girls are pretty changeable, an' I guess she thought Gabe was dead or had left her for good. Well, he took the next train back to Los Angeles. Didn't remember a bit o' the trip,—just kept thinkin' over an' over how he was goin' to kill her an' the man both. But when he got in front o' the



house where they lived, he found a couple o' little kids playin' in the street. They were his own kids. He knew 'em in a second, but o' course they couldn't recollect him. He stopped an' began to talk to 'em, an' they were afraid o' him at first. I guess he wasn't just the kind o' lookin' man that would draw little kids at first, but finally he got 'em to talk an' asked 'em where their dad was. Then the little boy up an' said their old dad was dead, an' he'd been a bad man, an' their new one was the best daddy in the world an' gave 'em everything they wanted. Well, that broke him all up. 'Stead o' goin' in an' shootin' hell out o' the man, he just leaned against the fence an' tried to make it all out, an' then he started 'way. But first he stooped down an' tried to kiss one of his little kids, but both of 'em ran away from him. That finished him, an' he just cleared out. Said he never recollects how he left Los Angeles or why he came here. All he could think of was how maybe it was his fault an' how he ought to go 'way an' not bother 'em. He rode in here one evenin' in the same sort o' way as he did to-night, an' asked for a job. I was short-handed, so I hired him, an' he's been here ever since."

It had now grown dark, and the chilly breeze from the distant ocean crept over the mountains and into the valley. Our cigarettes out, we moved inside to the sitting-room before a bright fire of big pine logs. I kept thinking of the story Jackson had just told us.

"Does Gabe ever brighten up at all, Jack?"

"No; never changes a bit. Always looks just about the same. I've tried lots o' times when we've been out on the range to cheer him up, but men like Gabe don't cheer up. He's been hit hard, an' it's gone 'way down deep into him. He's never stopped thinkin' the trouble was his fault, an' I guess he thinks of it a lot."

"Has he ever talked to you again about his wife and children?"

"Not much since he was sick that time. Once in a while —"

Jack was interrupted by the entrance of the big herder, who came in quietly, his battered black hat held awkwardly in his hand. Without looking up he took my hand with a mumbled "Glad to know ye." Then he backed up in front of the fire, facing us, still fingering his black slouch

nervously, and turned his big dark eyes on Jackson as if waiting for him to speak. There was no sign of animation in his worn face, but as he gazed at the foreman, there came into his eye the look of a hunting dog waiting the command of his master, only it was deeper and less bright.

"What luck with the coyote traps, Gabe?"

"Pretty good. Four sprung. Got three."

"Any water at the Martin cabin?"

"Plenty."

"See any deer 'round there?"

"Saw five big bucks feedin' there this mornin'."

"Well, I guess we'll go over there to-morrow for a day or two. I want you to come along an' look after the horses. We'll start 'bout daylight."

With a nod of acknowledgment Gabe bade us a low "good-night" and shambled out into the darkness.

*O. F. Cooper.*

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*LADY BARBARA'S SONG.*

THE twilight is over the hilltops,  
The laboring oxen are free,  
The thrush from his glen in the upland  
Calls over the meadow to me.

Away from the walls of the ivy-grown manor,  
Where shadows fall sombre and still;  
Away from the sweet-bowered walks of the garden,  
And out over meadow and hill.

O soft is the lingering night-wind,  
And fair shines the full moon for me,  
And red is the rose I am bringing  
From over the meadow to thee.

*R. M. Green.*

**Editorial.**

**A**MONG the youthful ideals and notions most difficult of adjustment to the conditions of actual life are those of the student with literary tastes and ambitions. He has lived in surroundings in which his tastes could be gratified, in which his energies were allowed full scope, and his achievement given sympathetic appreciation. He suddenly finds himself in a wider sphere, in which conditions are adverse, and opportunity and appreciation but sparingly granted. Such a student is now in a position exactly similar to that of all his classmates of active mind and breadth of interest, who carry, often unconsciously, from college to their broader life a range of ideals and standards: much of their later difficulties arise in efforts to adjust ideals to conditions often unfavorable. For the man of literary taste and aspirations there are several possible solutions: he may surrender his beliefs and standards or adapt them fully to the demands of the time; he may rigidly adhere to his ideals and rail at the existing state of things; he may accept the conditions and strive to realize his ideal in accordance with them; or, finally, he may try to force a place for the ideal in the very face of untoward circumstances. This last was the method selected by two Columbia graduates of last year who were eager to continue the literary and editorial pursuits begun on a college paper. In October they issued the first number of *East and West*, a Monthly Magazine of Letters. The first few numbers, it should be frankly admitted, were in tone youthfully dogmatic and unpleasantly academic. But the advance steadily made in later numbers is as remarkable as it is gratifying. In some of the critical articles and editorial comments there is evident a depth of thought, a wideness of sympathy, and a loftiness of standard, that are

full of promise. Measured by the highest example of a literary magazine, *East and West* is still slender and incomplete ; but viewed in the light of the desires and aims of its editors, and judged with regard to its rapid improvement, it suggests brilliant possibilities. Its editors have given an earnest of future accomplishment, and shown a steadiness and sanity of purpose that should ensure them the sympathy and support of college men of literary taste and interests.

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### Book Notices.

"THE TOUCHSTONE." By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The same artistic conception that distinguished *The Greater Inclination* is evident in *The Touchstone*. The eight stories included in Mrs. Wharton's earlier volume had an external shape and coloring strikingly reminiscent of Mr. Henry James. And in her latest book the resemblance may still be noted, but not to such a degree: Mrs. Wharton has wrought out a style distinctly her own,—firm, delicate, and finished, with a pleasant crackle of epigram; and her theme, if it be imitative at all, must suggest only Mr. James at his very best.

Glennard, a struggling young lawyer, is engaged to marry, but is withheld by poverty. In his extremity he is tempted to sell the love letters of Margaret Aubyn, a famous woman novelist, who until her death, three years before, had given him unreturned affection. The surreptitious publication of these letters is the touchstone which tests the characters of Glennard and his wife. The secret is disclosed to his wife, but not confessed; and for a time it almost alienates her from her husband. In the conflict of motives which she undergoes—indignation against her husband's deed, and shame for her own culpability as object of the crime—her character is sifted of all its crudity and mediocrity, and comes forth strong and beautiful and lovely. In Glennard the feeling is, first, one of remorse: "To have been loved by the

most brilliant woman of her day, and to have been incapable of loving her, seemed to him in looking back decisive evidence of his limitations; and his remorseful tenderness for her memory was complicated with a sense of irritation against her for having given him once for all the measure of his emotional capacity." And then, the hideous ignominy of his act, the hopelessness of reparation, and, most dreadful of all, the sense of the contempt in which he stood in his wife's opinion, utterly overwhelms him. Like a purging fire, his penitence removes from his soul his sordid purpose, his mean and limited ideals, and his sterility of understanding, and leaves him, finally, noble and enhanced. The transformation and the reunion is completed by a mutual confession; and, in the course of his confession to his wife, Glennard discovers how reparation to Mrs. Aubyn has been made:

"But for her I shouldn't have known you—it's through her that I've found you. Sometimes—do you know?—that makes it hardest—makes me most intolerable to myself. Can't you see that it's the worst thing I've got to face? I sometimes think I could have borne it better if you hadn't understood! I took everything from her—everything—even to the poor shelter of loyalty she'd trusted in—the only thing I *could* have left her!—I took everything from her, I deceived her, I destroyed her—and she's given me *you* in return! . . . What did I ever give her?"

"The happiness of giving," she said.

To subtle analysis of motive Mrs. Wharton adds a delicate impressionism, and the charm of her own glancing humor. She contrives to weave into the texture of the story a brilliancy of portraiture that flashes even in the most obvious comment: "It was so like Hollingworth to get up and look out of the window just as it was growing too dark to see anything!"

In *The Touchstone* Mrs. Wharton has made an acute, psychological study of an infinitely complex theme: at the same time, she has missed none of its elusive human interest. And such an achievement deserves no mean praise.

G. H. M.

"WHEN WE DEAD AWAKEN." A Dramatic Epilogue in Three Acts.

By Henrik Ibsen. Translated by William Archer. Chicago and New York: Herbert S. Stone and Company.

Dr. Ibsen's new play follows in the path so brilliantly pioneered by its predecessors. It has, to begin with, the same simplicity. Ibsen is

much too great a dramatist to be clever in the manner of M. Sardou. Take his opening. We have a realistic breakfast-table conversation between an elderly professor and his young wife, who has "lively, teasing eyes, yet with suggestion of fatigue." The dialogue is absolutely simple. After it, however, we know the people infinitely better than we would by any amount of Scribe stage-tricks. The simplicity of that scene pervades the whole play. *When We Dead Awaken* has also Ibsen's peculiar structure. The modern drama, following the French, has generally had, roughly speaking, a first act of exposition, a second of ascending action, a third of climax, a fourth of descending action, and in the fifth the catastrophe. Ibsen, as we already know from *Ghosts* and the rest, has thrown all that machinery overboard. His plays are purely catastrophes. Only incidentally does one learn the previous action. He thus gains a dramatic concision that often reminds one of the Greeks.

The play passes, too, in the same sphere, half way between prose and poetry, where all his dramas pass. If one is to understand this play, just as in the case of *The Master Builder*, one must forget realism as we know it in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and *La Dame aux camélias*.

Even in its subject the play reminds one distinctly of its immediate predecessor, *John Gabriel Borkman*. The theme of that drama was the ruining of Ella Renthein's life by the man she passionately loved, and its idea is clearly expressed in one of her outbursts: "The Bible speaks of a mysterious sin for which there is no forgiveness. I have never understood what it could be; but now I understand. The great unpardonable sin is to murder the love-life in a human soul."

Very similar is the idea of *When We Dead Awaken*. Arnold Rubek has used Irene's "frank utter nakedness" for his great statue, "The Resurrection Morn." Caring only for his art, he has allowed her to leave him after he has ruined her life. In the ensuing years he becomes disillusioned. So when he meets Irene again, he yearns for passion. One gets the point of the play in the dialogue at the end of the second act between Rubek and Irene:

*Rubek.* Summer night on the upland. With you. With you. (*His eyes meet hers.*) Oh, Irene,—that might have been our life. And that we have forfeited—we two.

*Irene.* We see the irretrievable only when—

*Rubek.* When?

*Irene.* When we dead awaken.

*Rubek.* What do we really see then?

*Irene.* We see that we have never lived.

The thought of the play is, perhaps, contained most essentially in Maia Rubek's song, which recurs again and again like a Wagnerian *leit-motiv* and is last heard from underneath the avalanche that sweeps Irene and Rubek away:

I am free! I am free! I am free!  
No more life in the prison for me!  
I am free as a bird! I am free!

"What is the symbolism?" is the question that inevitably pops at one about an Ibsen play. Doesn't one hear too much about Ibsen's symbolism? In *When We Dead Awaken* there is a little passage on the silence of the Norwegian Railway station. To the reviewer's surprise, the English and American critics have invented the most ingenious symbolism for that perfectly direct passage. No one, however, would deny that there is symbolism in Ibsen. Therefore let us try, keeping our eyes open for mare's nests, to see what there is in *When We Dead Awaken*. The play, to begin with, is autobiographical. As early as 1894 one finds the following conversation with Ibsen in Professor Herford's introduction to his edition of *Brand*: "I have never given up the hope of writing another drama in verse, I have often made beginnings, but never carried them out. I should like my last drama to be in verse — if one only knew beforehand which was going to be the last." It was very clearly in such a mood that Ibsen wrote this play — announced as the last of the series that began with *A Doll's House*. "The Resurrection Day" stands for *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* written in a spirit of pure beauty. The portrait-busts which Rubek has done later, and the additions he has made to "The Resurrection Day" of "Real Men and Women" represent Ibsen's later plays of the realistic-symbolistic series. One also catches glimpses of a larger symbolism. Rubek at times becomes the gigantic image of Art, Irene of Beauty or of Spiritual Love, Maia of Natural Love, Ulfheim of Nature with its struggle for existence and its survival of the fittest. The reviewer's advice is, however, to read the play for the poem. Taking the play in this manner and keeping one's mind alert for whatever significance may occur to it naturally, one is not apt to be led into mare's nests. Ibsen's symbolism is, after all, implicit. A tragedy is, surely, primarily a poem, not a theorem to be solved with a compass and a T-square.

J. P. W.

"**TALIESIN.**" A Masque. By Richard Hovey. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

*Taliesin* occupies much the position in Mr. Hovey's series of Arthurian dramas that the chorus did in Greek tragedy — it is a lyric interlude, standing by itself, and preparing the way for the action to come. The central theme of the piece is the relation of Taliesin, the poet, to his art and to life, and his development: through his communion with Nature, typified by the goddess Nimue; his training in form, given by Apollo; and his spiritual inspiration in the Chapel of the Graal. But side by side with the symbolism, though subordinated to it, runs the story of the new-made knight, Sir Perceval, and his search for the Holy Graal. The weaving of the second story into the first is very skilful, and Sir Perceval, the man of action, supplies just that element of reality which such a poem needs.

The ordinary reader is apt to look askance at all poems which promulgate theories, and certainly *Taliesin* does not court popularity, but the excellent quality of the poetry is an ample excuse for the piece. One may enjoy such a perfect lyric as the "City by the Sea" without troubling himself over what the Youth who sings it symbolizes. Then, too, Mr. Hovey has a great gift for infusing warmth and life into his creations. His Nimue, the Lady of the Lake, is not a cold abstraction, but a very real embodiment of that elusive under-spirit of beauty in Nature which he has sung so often in his former poems. *Taliesin* defines her best when he says:

"I have caught and lost  
The memory of thy passing in thrilled skies,  
Or where waves crumble their thin edges down  
In laughter of shifting line."

After all, few readers will fail to appreciate Nimue, but many may be offended by the presence of the Gods of Greece in an Arthurian story, followed, later on in the poem, by Uriel and his archangels. Both Greek mythology and Hebrew tradition are instinct with beauty, but their moods are antagonistic, and when brought together they neutralize each other. The liberty would be pardonable if it produced its effect, but it does not, without greater effort on the part of the reader than it is right to expect.

Be this as it may, the poetry throughout is of a high order. Mr. Hovey has made use of upward of thirty metres and has shown himself



a master of each. Beyond a certain general resemblance to Shelley in some of the lyrics, his diction is all his own. His blank verse is individual and of great beauty, and the whole poem shows a richness of imagery and a firmness of touch that entitle Mr. Hovey to a high place among American poets — a place that would undoubtedly be much higher had he lived to complete his work.

*L. W.*

---

### **Books Received.**

"THE CONCEPTION OF IMMORTALITY." The Ingersoll Lecture, 1899.  
By Josiah Royce. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

"THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY IN THE CIVIL WAR." By John Fiske.  
Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

"RAILWAY CONTROL BY COMMISSIONS." By Frank Hendrick. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE." By Ellen Glasgow. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

(To be reviewed next month.)

"STANFORD STORIES." Tales of a Young University. By Charles K. Field and W. H. Irwin. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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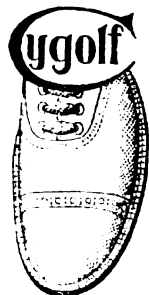
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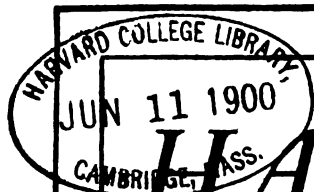
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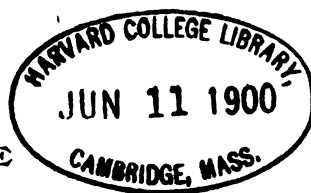
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*IBSEN'S MASTERBUILDER.*

Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow on the lea!  
And truth is this to me, and that to thee;  
And truth or clothed or naked let it be.

Rain, sun, and rain! and the free blossom blows:  
Sun, rain, and sun! and where is he who knows?  
From the great deep to the great deep he goes.

SO "in riddling triplets of old time" Merlin spoke of the Coming of Arthur. And Queen Igerne heard the wizard's voice but comprehended not the import of his words. "His riddling anger'd her."

A short time ago, a Northern sage spoke, not to one but to many, not in the mysterious British castle of Leodogran but in a modern American palace of pleasure, not in person but through characters of his own imaginative begetting—and yet the effect seems to have been not unlike that produced by Merlin's quibbles. Ibsen's *Masterbuilder* is not made up of "dark sayings," which for ages have been "ranging and ringing in the minds of men." It is no comment on a wonder-breeding tale of

The shining dragon and the naked child  
Descending in the glory of the seas—

but simply a picture of plain people following their every-day pursuits in a remote Norwegian town. Nevertheless, the play was undoubtedly bewildering to most of those who recently became acquainted with it for the first time at the Tremont Theatre in Boston. One of this num-

ber, a Harvard professor, even went so far as to declare that the chief impression he carried away from the performance was that every one of the personages of the drama was mad except the doctor, and he too was mad or he would surely have observed the madness of the rest. It is clear that if any play leaves an intelligent audience in such a confused state of mind, it is over obscure. Symbolism is futile if it is unintelligible. If unreasonably complex and involved, it is apt to lead not to truth but to error.

*The Masterbuilder*, however, is not so hard to understand as it would seem at first sight. Its obscurity is neither wilful nor perverse, but rather due in large measure to the author's plenitude of ideas, to the loftiness and subtlety of his thought. Several who witnessed the performance in Boston have confessed that they went to see it simply for amusement, thinking in their ignorance that Ibsen was a decadent and that therefore anything he wrote would be "spicy." No wonder they were bewildered by what they heard. The meaning of any symbolistic play worthy the name cannot be fully grasped the first time it is seen or read. And this is particularly the case with the one under discussion. It is far from being Ibsen's greatest work; but it is certainly true that those who have studied it most value it most highly, for they one and all discover with ever increasing amazement those treasures of wisdom and philosophy which unfortunately the author has not made evident to all. Into the fairy castles of Arthurian romance none but valiant knights were able to enter and enjoy unending pleasures, for the weak grew too readily discouraged at not immediately finding a passage through the invisible wall of air the beautiful denizens of the other world wisely placed about their domain. Even so, those in this more garish day who have not sufficient intellectual curiosity to penetrate a poetic mist will never have the joy of seeing it disappear and disclose the stately edifice of the imagination it conceals from the impatient. Vastly different from that occasioned by the vain riddling of Merlin the mage, the mist which seems to enshroud the personages of the drama before us slowly vanishes after a period of continued gaze, and the

sympathetic reader is left to marvel at the way in which what seemed to be vague, intangible shapes have been transformed into human beings of flesh and blood astonishingly like himself in motive and action.

Ibsen's dramas are closely connected not only with one another but also with the personal experiences of their author. If we would understand *The Masterbuilder*, we must therefore keep Ibsen himself ever in mind, and remember particularly the poet's peculiar position in 1892 when the play was composed. Ibsen had then reached the height of his fame. His dramatic works had already been translated into most European languages, and acted in many theatres in many lands. Everywhere he had been acknowledged as the one great master in his chosen field, and young aspirants for literary fame had zealously studied his methods and learned of him. Some of his pupils, however, were beginning to work independently and were revealing power and originality of which the master was fully aware. Gerhart Hauptmann, for example, in his *Einsame Menschen*, had recently produced a play in which Ibsen's influence was manifest but which was nevertheless new and strong, and gave promise, since justified, of still greater achievement. When at this time Ibsen decided to leave his home in Munich and return to his native land, the German papers interpreted his departure as a flight from youth, from the young men who were struggling for or against him and the dramatic principles he advocated by practice. All were intensely interested in his continued production. Those with whose personal success he interfered, or who saw with regret the old sort of play dear to them eclipsed by his brilliant dramas of a new sort, grumbled and vented their indignation, though without much avail. His many admirers, the intelligent as well as the stupid, felt that nothing was too great for him to achieve, and awaited confidently the new play on which he was known to be working. Ibsen must have been keenly alive to the disputes which willy-nilly centred about him; but he went on his own way, according to his wont, apparently heedless of criticism. When, however, *The Masterbuilder* at last appeared, it was clear that the dramatist's exterior serenity had been no indication of his state of mind: the play shows



evident traces of the turmoil of the poet's thought during this exciting period. He had already, as we shall see, passed through two distinct phases of dramatic activity. The drama before us, the first which he had written in Norway in nearly twenty years, marks the beginning of a third, which has continued to the present.

Halvard Solness, the central figure, is a man of commanding personality. A poor country boy, he began his career humbly in the workshop of Knut Brovik, the architect, where he learned the rudiments of his profession. Soon, however, he was stirred by the promptings of lofty ambition, and made plans to achieve greatness by his own independent efforts. He married a young woman, beautiful and rich, from whose parents he inherited a comfortable but old-fashioned house surrounded by a large park. This dwelling Solness longed to see burn down that in rebuilding he might have an opportunity to show his own originality. But his wife was so much attached to the old place that he dared not mention the thoughts which so largely occupied his mind. Strangely enough, what Solness wished for with eager intensity always came to pass. The house did catch fire, though not in the place or manner he had planned. All it contained was lost in the flames, and his wife suffered so much by the shock that she fell ill of a fever. She insisted nevertheless on nursing her twin children, "because she said it was her duty," and as a result of her foolish devotion both died. Gloom settled over the household, while Mrs. Solness went about, ever sad and dreary, doing her duty with painful piety.

If the burning of the house thus occasioned sorrow to Halvard Solness, it was the opposite of a misfortune to him from the point of view of his career. He "rose upon the ruins." He was equal to the opportunity that presented itself, as he felt, in mysterious response to his desire, and so successful was he in the new style of building he introduced that he forced his way upward rapidly and soon stood at the head of his profession. Lucky at every turn, he managed to outdistance his competitors so completely that there was no longer anyone to dispute his claim to the proud title of *the* masterbuilder.

Yet his escutcheon was not without a blot. His old teacher, Knut Brovik, having been forced by his pupil's brilliant success to give up his independent position, both he and his son Ragnar had become unhappy subordinates in the masterbuilder's employ. The aged father, believing his son had talent, longed to see him working for himself. But Solness, recognizing Ragnar's ability only too well, and dreading lest if given a chance the young man might take the wind out of his sails as he had taken it out of his father's, thwarted his ambitions in every way possible. To accomplish his selfish ends, he even resorted to meanness. Knowing that Ragnar was engaged to Kaia Fosli, he took her also into his office, encouraged her then by indefinite remarks to believe that he himself was in love with her, and used the mastery over her heart and will, which he readily gained by his superior manner and mysterious hypnotic power, to keep her, and therefore her betrothed, submissively working in his establishment.

So matters stand when the action begins. Outsiders proclaim the masterbuilder the happiest of mortals, successful in the highest degree, able to do anything he undertakes; but he himself is a prey to doubt, self-reproach and grim foreboding, afflicted by a sense of obligation to the past and by dread of approaching downfall. Because he has wished for it, he feels responsible in some measure for the burning of the old house, which has ruined for him all possibility of domestic happiness; and a horrible fear is gnawing in his breast lest young men like Ragnar, whom he thinks may possibly be stronger than he, shall become prominent and carry off the palm of victory which he has held aloft so long and is now less willing than ever to relinquish. He is conscious of being unfair in his treatment of Kaia and tries vainly to soothe his conscience by declaring that he is not responsible for her attitude towards him, and that even if he were, the situation is inevitable. In his anxious state of mind, eager to escape from himself and the awful dreariness of his old home with its unpleasant memories, he had undertaken to build a new house in which he hoped good cheer might have a chance to dwell. But now that the house is almost finished, he realizes that his efforts

have been futile. The old atmosphere of dull depression seems certain to pervade the new abode, and dejection lies like an incubus upon him.

Happily at this moment the masterbuilder is given a source of inspiration and comfort. A young woman, Hilda Wangel, the daughter of a physician in Lysanger, having left her "cage" in the mountains, comes unexpectedly, though not uninvited, to visit him and his wife. The reason for her coming seems fantastic at first, and her behavior erratic. Ten years before, Solness had seen her when he was building a church in her native place. He had that day shown unusual boldness and courage by climbing to the top of the lofty steeple in order to place on the vane a laurel wreath (according to time-honored custom in Norway when the practical completion of a structure is the occasion of a festival). His deed had filled the little girl with the profoundest admiration. He had achieved, as she thought, the impossible. He had, moreover, had a talk with her alone afterwards, had playfully kissed her and then promised to return ten years later and carry her off as his princess to a castle in Orangia. The incident, of course, had faded almost wholly from his mind; but Hilda had not forgotten the man who once so strongly appealed to her imagination, and now that the ten years are passed and he has not come to her, she has come to him to claim her castle and her hero. Overflowing with spirit and enthusiasm, resolute and undaunted by difficulties, she appears like a fresh mountain breeze to scatter the mist in the valley of dread where the masterbuilder is painfully groping his way. She moves him in a manner to which he has long since grown unaccustomed. Through her stimulation his courage revives, his fears diminish, his confidence returns. He dares to risk his life to prove himself worthy of her admiration, and justifies her faith in him by accomplishing what she, and she only, believes he can. His house being now roofed in, the event is to be celebrated that very day, and at her instigation he himself undertakes the perilous task of hanging the wreath on the top of the spire. Much to the astonishment of the onlookers, who have never before seen him attempt such a feat, he does succeed. But when Hilda's cry of joy reaches him, he

grows dizzy, loses his hold and falls lifeless to the ground. The result of her stimulation is a tragedy. In doing the deed to which she has incited him, he loses his life; but he nevertheless dies exultant, his honor vindicated, his bolder and better self triumphant. Through her inspiration he has again achieved the impossible.

*The Masterbuilder* is peculiarly interesting as the picture of a successful but dissatisfied artist at the summit of his career, reflecting upon the past and brooding over the future. As Ibsen once said in a public speech: "No poet can present in his works except what in some measure, on some occasion, he has experienced in himself"; or in more terse phrase in a little poem: "To be a poet is to hold a judgment-day for oneself." While of course it would be very wide of the mark to identify Ibsen wholly with the masterbuilder, it is, I think, certain that in Halvard Solness he has shown us something of himself, of his own temptations, struggles and ideals, such as were uppermost in his mind some eight years ago when the play was taking shape.

Halvard Solness "came as a boy from a pious home in the country," and, though without thorough training, "began by building churches," because he conceived it "the noblest task" he could set himself. "I venture to say," he tells Hilda, "that I built those poor little churches with such honest and warm and heartfelt devotion that — that — . . . He, to whose honor and glory they were dedicated, ought to have been pleased with me." But in this he was disappointed. The Lord soon brought him to a different idea of his mission.

*Solness.* Oh, no, He made me feel clearly enough that He wasn't pleased with me. [Mysteriously.] You see, that was really the reason why He made the old house burn down.

*Hilda.* Was that why?

*Solness.* Yes, don't you understand? He wanted to give me the chance of becoming an accomplished master in my own sphere — so that I might build all the more glorious churches for Him. At first I didn't understand what He meant; but all of a sudden it flashed upon me.

*Hilda.* When was that?

*Solness.* It was when I was building the church-tower up at Lysanger.

*Hilda.* I thought so.

*Solness.* For you see, Hilda — up there, amid those new surroundings, I used to go about musing and pondering within myself. Then I saw plainly why He had taken my little children from me. It was that I should have nothing else to attach myself to. No such thing as love and happiness, you understand. I was to be only a master builder — nothing else. And all my life long I was to go on building for Him. [Laughs.] But I can tell you nothing came of that.

*Hilda.* What did you do then?

*Solness.* First of all, I searched and tried my own heart —

*Hilda.* And then?

*Solness.* Then I did the *impossible* — I no less than He.

*Hilda.* The impossible?

*Solness.* I had never before been able to climb up to a great, free height. But that day, I did it.

*Hilda.* [Leaping up.] Yes, yes, you did!

*Solness.* And when I stood there, high over everything, and was hanging the wreath over the vane, I said to Him: Hear me now, Thou Mighty One! From this day forward I will be a free builder — I too, in my sphere — just as Thou in Thine. I will never build any more churches for Thee — only homes for human beings.

*Hilda.* [With great sparkling eyes.] *That* was the song I heard through the air!

*Solness.* But afterwards His turn came.

*Hilda.* What do you mean?

*Solness.* [Looks disconsolately at her.] Building homes for human beings is not worth sixpence, Hilda.

*Hilda.* Do you say *that* now?

*Solness.* Yes, for now I *see* it. Men have no use for these homes of theirs — to be happy in. And I shouldn't have had any use for such a home, if I'd had one. [With a quiet, bitter laugh.] See, that is the upshot of the whole affair, however far back I look. Nothing really built; nor anything sacrificed for the chance of building. Nothing, nothing! the whole is nothing!

*Hilda.* Then you will never build anything more?

*Solness.* [With animation.] On the contrary, I'm just going to begin.

*Hilda.* What, then? What will you build? Tell me at once!

*Solness.* I believe there's only one possible dwelling-place for human happiness — and that's what I'm going to build now.

*Hilda.* [Looks firmly at him.] Mr. Solness — you mean our castles in the air.

*Solness.* The castles in the air — yes.

All this is distinctly self-revelation. Ibsen too "came from a pious home in the country" and in his early youth was alone occupied with building plays as it were for Sunday use, plays of romantic history and fantastic idealism. From the very beginning he had, we know, a deep-rooted and confident belief in his divine call to write. At the construction of his early works he labored with all his heart and soul, and his chief reward was the feeling that God must have been pleased with him. Then he went away from home to a brighter land (his *Lysanger*), where he was to compose the magnificent dramatic trilogy, *Brand*, *Peer Gynt*, *The Emperor and the Galilean*, destined to be his last works in the old style. In the last of these three masterpieces, his "world-historic" drama, he had climbed to heights of prophetic vision. From the lofty summit of his own building he had surveyed the whole history of mankind, and gazed into the future "far as human eye could see." He had, as it were, communed with God Himself and learned of His Son. "Amid those new surroundings" he had been going about "musing and pondering within himself," until at last it flashed upon him that the Lord had a greater work for him still to accomplish. He was "to become an accomplished master in his own sphere." He was to go on "building for Him all his life long," — no longer churches, however, but "only homes for human beings." Having long considered why, despite the earnest strivings of good pilots and eager crews, the ship of society was not sailing ahead fairly before the wind to its desired haven, he at last became convinced that the trouble was caused by "a corpse in the cargo," which, according to popular belief, always prevents a boat's progress. This, he felt persuaded, must be thrown overboard without delay. And though himself the pilot, though he would sooner have stood in gay uniform on the ship's prow, he felt it his highest duty to descend

into the hold, search the corpse until he found it, and then try to enlist others to help him in the disagreeable task of disposing of the horrid remains. With the loftiest, most self-sacrificing motives, with heroic courage, Ibsen descended into the hold of the ship of society in order to learn why it was unable to advance, and he himself shouldered the corpse he discovered and tried to throw it overboard. Of a sudden he gave up poetry and romantic idealism and occupied himself wholly with the construction of prose dramas dealing with problems of every-day life.

Ibsen longed to see destroyed the old style of play he had begun by writing, like Solness the house in which he had first lived, and even as he wished it disappeared. By its disappearance he was able to swing himself into prominence, having thus secured a chance to show his striking originality. Like Solness, he had learnt most of what he knew by himself and hesitated therefore to call himself an architect, only a masterbuilder. But, notwithstanding, he soon became the highest in his profession. Those who had given him what little training he had received speedily lost their hold on the public, and had unwillingly to adopt his methods. Everything seemed to happen as he wished it. But now after he, like Solness, has built "a tremendous lot," when demands for new "homes for human beings" are most numerous, coming moreover not only from his friends in Scandinavia but also from foreigners, "people he does not know," he has grown to doubt the wisdom of going on building in the style he has himself introduced and by which he has come to occupy a unique position in the eyes of the world. He has disconsolately come to the conclusion that the result of his labors on his social plays is a mere "nothing." The world is satisfied with them, but he is not. He will now begin a new career and commence to build "the one possible dwelling-place for human happiness . . . castles in the air"—not, however, of the ordinary kind, but "on a firm foundation." "*His* turn" has come. The masterbuilder will continue to build houses, not revert to churches, but each house shall have a tower—"something that points—points up into the free air—with the vane at a dizzy height." It shall resemble the castle in the air which Hilda thus

describes: "My castle shall stand on a height — on a very great height — with a clear outlook on all sides, so that I can see far — far around." It shall have "a tremendously high tower. And at the very top of the tower there shall be a balcony. And I will stand out upon it. . . . Right up there will I stand and look down on other people — on those that are building churches, and homes for mother and father and the troop of children."

When the masterbuilder has listened to Hilda's words and her meaning begins to dawn upon him, he "involuntarily clutches at his forehead," and exclaims: "How can you like to stand at such a dizzy height?" "They won't have them," he says; the ordinary public won't care for such structures. But what matter? In the architecture of his own new house he has not consulted the wishes of others, and he has therefore placed on it "a very high tower." *The Masterbuilder* is Ibsen's new home for himself. When first we see it, we too "involuntarily clutch our foreheads," and feel convinced that the ordinary public "won't have it"; but like Solness, when he grasps the loftiness of Hilda's conception, we too are later filled with enthusiasm, and feel as if we could "mount hand in hand" with him to unaccustomed heights from which our present selves seem petty and mean. We too are inspired to build our castle in the air — on firm foundations, we trust, — but at all events with a very high tower. And yet we cannot forget the words which Ibsen puts in the mouth of his hero: "No doubt people will say that it's too high — too high for a dwelling-house." In this utterance the poet revealed his premonition of the attitude of the world towards the lofty symbolistic edifice he was then occupied in building.

Like Solness, Ibsen in his timorous moments may have wondered whether he had strength to maintain his supremacy against "the younger generation" who would inevitably some time "come clamoring, and shake their fists at him and shout: Make room — make room — make room!" Occasionally he may have been fearful at the prospect of being superseded by men whom he has himself taught, and prepared plans of defence against the attacks of youth. But he has seen clearly that it



would be folly to "lock and bar himself in," as Solness proposed to do. On the contrary, he has adopted Hilda's plan and gone out to meet the younger generation. He has opened wide the door of his sympathies, and bidden youth a hearty welcome. This in fact is the secret of Ibsen's uninterrupted success. "An old man's wit may wander ere he die"; but Ibsen has as yet shown no signs of intellectual decrepitude. A dramatist who could write a play like *The Masterbuilder*, so remarkable from the point of view of dramatic art and so stimulating to the imagination, had no need to fear his younger rivals. The lesson *The Masterbuilder* teaches, that youth must be marshalled against youth, is not only for artist, statesman and teacher, but also for institution, community and nation. They too must one and all form a league with youth if they are to maintain positions in the forefront of advance.

To all appearance Solness was supremely fortunate. He surely had had everything his own way in life. Was there aught for him to desire? There was, in truth. The price he had paid for his position was, he tells us, nothing less than his domestic comfort and peace of soul. "That I might build homes for others, I had to forego—to forego for all time—the home that might have been my own," he confesses sadly to Hilda, and adds: "All that I have succeeded in doing, building, creating—all the beauty, security, cheerful comfort—ay, and magnificence too . . . all this I have to make up for, to pay for—not in money but in human happiness. And not with my happiness only but with other people's too. Yes, yes, do you see that, Hilda? That is the price which my position as an artist has cost me and others. And every single day I have to look on while the price is paid for me anew. Over again, and over again—and over again for ever!"

The masterbuilder had surpassed others and won fame at their expense. He had done his utmost to succeed. But he had not the old viking spirit of reckless indifference to those whose hopes his achievement had crushed. He felt guilty. "The luck is bound to turn, a little sooner or a little later. Retribution is inexorable." "I must tell you what this sort of luck feels like! It feels like a great raw place here on

my breast. And the helpers and servers keep on flaying pieces of skin off other people in order to close my sore. But still the sore is not healed — never, never! Oh, if you knew how it can sometimes gnaw and burn." The "helpers and servers" are the faculties God has given to every man of genius by whose aid he rises above his fellows. "He who bade them to be at hand to serve me both day and night," says Solness, "gave the troll in me leave to lord it just as he pleased." The "troll" within him called to the powers outside, and forced his subject to do his will. Creative artists are rarely what the world calls happy. They have too much of "the doubt low kinds exist without, finished and finite clods untroubled by a spark." "With what they most possess contented least," they go about "themselves almost despising" for fancied frailties, ever vexed by anxious fears. Nor could it well be otherwise. Without knowing something of the anguish of self-reproach and the agony of doubt, without being at times a prey to the conflicting emotions, noble and ignoble, reasonable and unreasonable, which struggle within him for control, a dramatist could hardly make his characters live. It is all-essential, however, that a man of genius have what the master-builder terms "a robust conscience," that he may not take his moods too seriously and become "sickly" by morbid introspection.

"Who is the man among us," Ibsen once asked a great gathering of students who had just tendered him an enthusiastic ovation, "who has not now and then recognized in himself a contradiction between word and act, between purpose and will, between teaching and life in general?" Again and again he has doubtless troubled himself with the important question which Hilda insists that Solness shall answer: "Is it so, or is it not, that *my* masterbuilder *dares* not — *cannot* — climb as high as he builds?" Thus every true poet feels the call to be as great as any character he has conceived. Herein lies the chief source of the unhappiness of the high-minded, that their ideals are beyond them. In the same circumstance, nevertheless, lies their power. A man's ideals are the measure of his worth.

Unfortunately it too frequently happens that aspiring men are kept

from rising by those to whom they are bound by natural or social ties. "I am chained alive to a dead woman," says Solness in despair when Hilda suggests leaving him. "What's to become of me when you're gone? What shall I have to live for *then*?" Hilda was aware of the emptiness and desolation of the masterbuilder's abode. After conversing with Mrs. Solness a few minutes alone, she had thus described her feelings: "I've just come up out of a tomb . . . I've got chilled through and through." Mrs. Solness had herself confessed that her dwelling was in no sense a "home," that there was "never a ray of sunlight, not so much as a gleam of brightness" to light it up, and had prophesied to her husband that their new "home" would be equally sepulchral. But what was to be done? Hilda believed that for her to remain long in the Solness household was impossible. The existence of the masterbuilder's legitimate wife she felt to be an insuperable barrier to continued intimate relations with her hero. "I can't do any harm to one I *know*! I can't take away anything that belongs to her." Up in the mountains she could theorize complacently on Platonic love, or what you will; for the problem was not then real. "A stranger, yes! for that's quite a different thing. A person I've never set eyes on. But one that I've come into close contact with—! No! Oh no! Ugh!" She therefore insists, even if reluctantly, "with an indefinable look in her eyes," that Solness must continue to devote himself to his wife, not turn to her: "You have your duties to her. Live for those duties." He protests that it is too late. This woman, whom he married in his youth because of her beauty, has long since ceased to be anything but a hindrance to him. His happiness, the accomplishment of his life-work, demands his rescue from his ghastly environment. His situation is indeed desperate. And Hilda at last bursts forth with the following significant, if inconclusive, remarks:

*Hilda.* Oh, it all seems to me so foolish — so foolish!

*Solness.* All what?

*Hilda.* Not to be able to grasp at your own happiness — at your own life! Merely because some one you know happens to stand in the way!

*Solness.* One whom you have no right to set aside!

*Hilda.* I wonder whether one really *hasn't* the right? And yet, and yet—  
Oh! if one could only sleep the whole thing away!

She falls a-dreaming. But no light comes to illumine the darkness in which she gropes. We have yet to find a satisfactory solution of the problem she indicates. "If one only had the viking spirit in life." "If one had a really vigorous, radiantly healthy conscience—so that one *dared* to do what one *would*." One thing is certain. Unintelligent obedience to convention has frequently led unhappy men and women to physical and moral disaster. If the salvation of the soul be in the balance on one side, what is so heavy as to weigh down the scale on the other?

Mrs. Solness is a type of the dreary people in the world who are always lamenting what is irrevocably gone, whose every act is accompanied by regret. Proclaiming ever their devotion to duty, they make that sacred impulse seem noxious and void. To the real losses of the past Mrs. Solness was quite reconciled. She spoke of the death of her children with entire complacency: "That was a dispensation of Providence; and in such things one can only bow in submission—yes, and be thankful too. . . . No, it's the *small* losses in life that cut one to the heart—the loss of all that other people look upon as almost nothing." What she really missed, and had mourned for ever since the fire, were the old portraits, the old silk dresses that had belonged to the family for generations and generations, all her mother's and grandmother's lace and jewels,—but still more her dolls, the nine lovely dolls of her childhood, to which she had clung long after she was grown up. "No one thought of saving them." These are the inherited opinions, customs and conventions which are really worthless, but which people are apt to exalt above what is essentially important. In the disappearance of "the home that used to be father's and mother's," in the destruction of the old attitude towards religion and life, there have been serious losses; but they are not what impress the commonplace. The dolls of superstition the narrow often cherish after they have given up with humble resignation the living children of personal faith.

In the dreary Solness household suddenly appears Hilda Wangel, the personification of youth, and disperses the masterbuilder's gloom. "You are like a dawning day. When I look at you I seem to be looking at the sunrise," Solness declares full of renewed hope. If his wife's dulled gaze is always back and down, Hilda's radiant eyes look onward and aloft. She is not only inspiring; she is noble. When in his selfish egoism the masterbuilder refuses to give his pupil Ragnar the commendation he richly deserves, she denounces plainly his cruel action. To his excuses she will not even listen. If he thus debase himself, he will, she asserts, deprive her of what is more to her than life; "The longing to see you great. To see you with a wreath in your hand, high, high up upon a church-tower." And by her aid he gains a victory over his meaner self. Mrs. Solness urges him to remain on her level, "down below, only down below." But Hilda longs to see him "stand free and high up," where he has once been, at the summit of the steeple. She implores him to make the attempt, "to do the impossible" once more, and he yields to her entreaties. To the amazement of the crowd and the consternation of his wife, he begins the difficult ascent. Higher he climbs, higher still, and higher, while Hilda grows more and more exultant. At last she sees him place the wreath securely on the vane. A wonderful chorus of angels reaches her ears as well as his; and in a state of ecstatic jubilation, she utters these the last words of the play: "He came clear to the top. And I heard harps in the air. *My — my* masterbuilder."

To this woman, who is both human and superhuman, the poet did not, I believe, give the name Hilda by mere accident. She reminds one too forcibly of the wonderful personage of the same name in Old Norse mythology. The ancient goddess also fell in love with a hero because, as Saxo says, she was "kindled by his glory," and she left her father to cleave to and inspire him who had so completely captured her imagination. Every night, Snorri tells us, she went out on the battlefield where her lover was fighting for her sake, and by spells brought to life all who had fallen during the day, so that at every dawn the warriors

began the struggle anew. This famous story is interpreted in Norway as a symbol of the ever-recurring conflict of day and night: by Hilda's aid the heroes of light are enabled to keep up their courageous resistance to the powers of darkness.

May not Ibsen's Hilda be intended to symbolize youth in this regard also? The struggle for ideals the goddess of youth will never allow to cease. By her spells she will revive the spiritually dead, and embolden them to achieve the impossible. Stimulated by the ambitions which she inspires within them—ambitions which to the commonplace will often seem folly—men will go on, let us hope, eagerly endeavoring to place laurel wreaths on lofty spires. The best young men will always "see visions." When they dare to die in the pursuit of the ideal, they fulfil the noblest instincts of their nature. They go to join the glorious company of immortals who have led the hosts of truth from the beginning of the world. No wonder Hilda, the inspiring goddess, hears the sound of heavenly music when her hero places the wreath on the spire. He is then communing with the great and good of the past. He hears the Master's "Well done, good and faithful servant; . . . enter thou into the joy of thy lord." And if to ordinary onlookers he seems to die when his body is shattered, what matter? The goddess is rightly exultant, for she knows that she has inspired him to his best effort, and that his example will live on for ever.

For thence,—a paradox  
Which comforts while it mocks,—  
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:  
What I aspired to be,  
And was not, comforts me:  
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale.

In our play we have a picture of society in a period of transition. The dissatisfied Solness household symbolizes the age in which we are ourselves living. The world, every one feels, is changing front. A great gulf is already fixed between us and our fathers. The old way of looking

at life is destroyed; the new one is still incomplete. We rejoice in the disappearance of antiquated opinions of a less enlightened age, but we already suspect that those which are replacing them may prove equally unsatisfactory. The old tabernacle of faith is being abandoned for a habitation more modern and better lighted, where the religious hope to be at ease, vainly seeking comfort in change. Unwisely, however, they still reproduce parts of the old edifice which it is impossible for them to use. If the children of the past are dead, beyond man's power to recover, what folly to build in the new house empty nurseries to keep them in mournful memory. Rather let cheerful guest chambers be made ready to receive Youth and her handmaidens, the ideas of the future. Satisfaction, however, does not lie in outward appearance. The new home will be as desolate as the old if the inmates do not change. Those who would simply do their duty must not be allowed to keep down below those who would climb high. The Holy Ghost must descend upon men to purify and exalt.

Reformers rejoiced in the destruction of the ancestral religious edifice, because it gave them an opportunity to build anew on original lines; and applause has greeted their efforts to break away from the ecclesiastical customs of the past. But the greatest among them know better than their enthusiastic followers how perilous is their new position. They know they cannot of themselves satisfy the expectations of the crowd of extravagant admirers who think them competent to solve all problems, perfect guides and teachers in the popular theology they profess. Like Ibsen himself, they are better at tearing down than building up, more skilled at exposing weaknesses than suggesting solutions.

Formerly the clergy rejoiced in churches with steeples, churches which seemed in their very structure to betoken the constant striving of the religious spirit after communion with the Almighty Father in the skies. Suddenly the style changed and ecclesiastical masterbuilders became satisfied with "homes for human beings" where all could dwell comfortably in this world without worrying much about the next. Men gave up thinking of Paradise and devoted themselves to practical

philanthropy here below. But the new style, which is still applauded by many, has proved unsatisfactory to those who have had most to do with bringing it into favor. The leaders of the new movement realize that in the comfortable structures they have built for their fellow men, something more is needed if the occupants are to be truly happy—something to point them constantly upward, something to fill them with longings to lift up their souls to their Creator and be themselves lifted up. The churches of the future may be primarily “homes for human beings,” but each will certainly have a tower whither mortals may repair to see the Heavenly Father face to face and commune with Him of things everlasting and divine. Without such communion religion is vain.

The last act of the drama takes place in the evening. The clouds in the sky are illumined by rays of the setting sun. How appropriate and significant this final symbol! A Norwegian summer evening shades almost imperceptibly into the dawn of a new day. The old era in disappearing heralds its joyful successor. The masterbuilder falls, it is true, but the ideals he strove for remain. He has done his best to attain the highest. He has pointed the way to glory. Through long ages heroes have striven and fallen, and the world by their self-sacrifice has made progress upward. The struggle for ideals will, we know, continue. Men will ever be inspired to do and dare. They will continue to attempt the impossible. And truth shall in the end prevail.

*William Henry Schofield.*



*MOUNT AUBURN, MAY 30, 1900.*

“**T**HEN shall thy dust unto the earth return,  
Thy spirit unto God that gave it.” So  
The brooding granite arch in silence speaks  
To them that enter where the dead sleep still  
Beneath the open sky. Warm is the breeze  
Of May that ripples the full, bending grass  
Above their earthy graves, sweet the perfume  
Of heavy-blossomed lilacs drifting down  
The sunlit hillside; yet their mortal sense  
Is sealed forever, they can feel no more  
The joy of our fair flower-crownèd life.  
Not even the vain chatter of the mob,  
That carelessly among the dead doth make  
Its sacrilegious holiday, disturbs  
The deep, untroubled quiet of their rest.  
The soldier wakes not at the muffled beat  
That like a death-watch leads the last patrol  
Beside his bivouac, nor to recognize  
The silent honor of his comrades stirs  
In drowsy lethargy.

Yea, unto dust  
Thou shalt return, and all this shining earth  
Shall glow above thee, and the sullen tap  
Of fate's receding drum shall echo back  
Across thy resting-place. If but the fame  
Of manly deeds and deathless sacrifice  
Might garland our quick memory, we could  
With unregretting step quit this young life  
For an eternity of hoar decay.  
'Tis well with you, who gave your souls in one  
Keen pang unto immortal glory, earned  
The soldier's laurel that unwithered rests

Above your mouldering brows. But unto us,  
In the long, baffling struggle of this world,  
Comes doubt and fear and dumb uncertainty.  
Could we but see the clear, unswerving path  
That you have trod before us, we would come  
Ungrudgingly to lay ourselves in death  
Beside you. Where you led the fearless way  
Many have followed; ay, unflinchingly  
Our brothers went but yesterday and came  
Unto their homes no more. And we, who stayed  
In coward idleness, now turn our hearts  
To them, and with sweet-remembered regret  
Gaze o'er the bourn of parting. Unto them  
Wails the far-swelling funeral-march that throbs  
On the dull air. Deep from the sombre grove  
The slow-ascending pomp winds forth and trails  
Its solemn length up the long-vista'd way.  
Still at its head the free flag flutters, still  
Shines like an angel at the hilltop's crest,  
And streaming at the gate of heaven leads  
The dark memorial pageant glorified,  
Till the pure blue of that deep-bosomed sky  
Closes behind them, and the surd drum-beat  
Of the dead march becomes a pæan-chant  
Of victory.

“Then shall thy dust return  
To earth, but unto God thy soul, to God  
That gave it.”

*R. M. Green.*

*A LONE STAR RANGER.*

HE was a runt of a man, youthful looking as a boy and, as a sheriff in Fort Worth once said, "no bigger 'an a minute." Some who knew him not and saw his pitch-black hair and beardless, sun-tanned features took him at once for a Chickasaw; others made him out a Mexican from his mink-like eyes. But he was not an Indian, nor was he a Mexican. He was the son of old Zeb Allen, one of the valiant Texans that fought for the "bonnie blue flag" even a good long while after Dixie had laid it down. In those days the son, though yet a mere stripling, rode with his father and smelled his first powder. Joe, they called him in Wichita Falls, and all over Wichita and Cooke Counties; and over the border in the Territory he was Bill, Bill Allen.

By and by he became one of the Texas Rangers, and got to riding up and down the Red River with that band of jolly horsemen, raiding here a den of horse thieves, wiping out of existence there a nest of road-agents, and now and again pushing over the River into the Indian Country, hot on the steaming trail of whiskey-peddlers and cattle thieves. And wherever went the fame of that Winchester of his, that little saddle carbine, there he became known as Joe-Bill, a man who in good old Ranger fashion "stayed with his man" till he got him; and if he "quit his man," it was because, as friend and foe well knew, human strength and pony strength and powder had failed him. Joe-Bill bumped into trouble one day, he bumped his head hard. It was in this way.

He and eleven other Rangers one morning at sunrise rode upon Bud Terry's gang of cattle thieves just as they had crossed the River into the Chickasaw Country. There were five in Bud's gang; and all that saved them from a nasty mix-up with the Rangers there on the open bottom was a stampede of the cattle at the moment the "fire-works" got to cracking behind them. They scattered like a bunch of quails, each man "pulling his freight" straight through the herd and in a whirl of sand that the cattle kicked up in their flight.

The stampede ended at the foot of a sand hill that loomed up on the edge of the bottom-land. The hill split the herd into a V, the left wing of which veered off up the River, while the other swung back into the valley and, in broken bunches, bolted for the ford. The Rangers halted to let the wind roll away the dust and sand that hung in the air. In less than a minute the view of the plum bushes on the slope as well as those on the ridge was as clear as ever; but nowhere could Bud Terry or any of his gang be seen.

The Rangers were thrown clear off the track for the moment. Not even finding a single sign of a pony track, they were puzzled which way to turn. Besides it was hard travelling for the ponies. At every step they sank up to the knee in sand, and the prickly burrs of the sand hill snarled the tail into a bludgeon of needles.

One of the Rangers — Tony Owens it was, a lanky sheriff of Marysville — said afterwards that Joe-Bill was for turning back. Indeed, he had faced his pony toward the ford when instantly both he and Tony caught the flitting glimpse of two horsemen shooting like a meteor over the bank of the River a half mile down stream.

"Stay yar, Tony!" yelled the little Ranger at the top of his piping voice, his eyes flashing. "An' the rest o' you boys go like yellin' hell for the ford an' head 'em off 'fore they get over the River to 'em hills and black-jacks!"

The men were off in the snap of a finger; and in five minutes Winchester bullets were pinging back and forth over the bottom across the River like the whine of mosquitoes.

"Ha! ha!" chuckled Joe-Bill merrily at the sound of all that. "Reckon, Tony, we'll smoke 'em this time." And then the two Rangers rode a bee-line for the bank down which they had seen the horsemen vanish. Within a hundred and fifty yards of the place, a bare-headed man a-foot with a carbine in the hand popped over the bank; and, not seeing Joe-Bill and Tony coming up on his left, ran, crouching as he went, for a dense growth of plum bushes on the slope of the sand hill.

"Whoap! whoap!" yelled the two Rangers, riding at full speed,

pumping their Winchesters as they came, and digging up the sand all round him.

He jumped behind a scraggy cottonwood and dropped on a knee. He fired once, and that one time he broke the neck of Joe-Bill's pony, tumbling the animal nose first into the ground and spilling the wiry little Ranger in a double heap beyond. Tony instantly jerked his pony back on the haunches, bouncing it stiff legged in a shower of sand as it stopped. Then he pitched the reins over the pony's head and leaped from the saddle. And as he stood erect in front of Joe-Bill, who was then pulling himself together from the throw, he waited, carbine in hand, for the outlaw to poke his head from behind the tree for another shot.

But as soon as Bud Terry threw the shell of the cartridge from the carbine, he suddenly spun on the knee and as quickly jumped to his feet; for behind him came the other Rangers, scrambling over the bank, and covering him with their guns as they swore and yelled, "Throw up! throw up! Quick, quick!"

Surrounded and the odds heavily against him, and seeing nothing else to do but follow what the Rangers bade or be riddled with Winchester forty-fours, the bandit threw the carbine in the sand at his feet, and flung up both hands. As the Rangers drew near, he backed against the tree, and shot fiery glances at them from his clear blue eyes.

"Well, Bud," sneered Joe-Bill, limping up and planting himself in front of the bandit. "Sorter in hot water, eh? Where'd 'em pardners o' yourn skoot to? Quick! Spit it out!"

Not a tremor twitched between the thin hard lips of the outlaw as he pressed them together as tight as a vice.

"Whar'd 'at tother man go, the one what rode down the bank with you?" Joe-Bill put in impatiently, on finding the man would not answer the first question.

Again there was no reply. Nor was there a reply to any of the questions which the Rangers put to the outlaw. Not a whisper did he "squeal" of his men, not a sign did he make of the direction in which they went; and not for one single thing did he open his mouth, not

even when the Rangers were strangling him by the neck with a lasso as they pulled him up a low limb of the cottonwood. On being let down he simply coughed and spat; and instead of giving the confession that was expected, he stared fixedly at the captors. And in a little while the smooth but sharp, red-tanned features regained their wonted color.

Joe-Bill was not quite the kind to sit there on the grass with him and argue and coax the questions out over a bottle of Bourbon and a cigarette. He quickly wound the business up with "a neck-tie party." Then leaving Bud swinging by the neck to the limb of the cottonwood, he whipped out his six-shooter and slid down the bank at the head of his men to track up the outlaw's mate.

The Rangers had no more than reached the sand bar at the edge of the water when *pah!* cracked a Winchester from a white cottonwood log sixty yards down the River and half way up the bank. The bullet clipped the gold embroidered star from the crown of Joe-Bill's sombrero above the leather band in front, and whirled it ripped into tatters upon the damp sand.

"Hold up, boys! Look out!" shrieked the little leader, dodging; and as he dodged, he fired twice up at the log a second before a slouch black hat had ducked behind. At the last shot, the person of the slouch hat slapped both hands over the forehead and, with a scream, lunged face forward over the log.

"My God, boys, what in hell's 'at!" drawled Joe-Bill, standing amazed in his tracks as he beheld the back and shoulders of a figure dangling limply over the log on its belly, and the flood of loose brown hair that had crowded off the hat obscuring the head from view.

"Reckon you've winged the she-one by the looks o' the feathers," remarked a Ranger in a tone of disgust.

"She-one!" gasped Joe-Bill, mumbling immediately after an oath and something else to himself.

"Yes, a she-one!" repeated Tony, gritting his teeth.

"Then it's all up if that's the case," sighed Joe-Bill. "But look what the jack-pot wuz," the Ranger added, slapping the barrel of his

six-shooter on the hip and then pointing it in the direction of the cottonwood; "Texas's got one reward on that feller, Arkansas's got 'nother, the Injun Country's got 'nother—three of 'em—an' all on that Bud Terry swingin' yon'er. An' we wuz the boys to get it, yes, an' on Bud Terry, the man what's put more marshals an' sheriffs to sleep 'an any man in these parts in a good long year. An' 'at calico," jabbing his six-shooter in the air towards the log, "has to spile the whole dam' game!"

"Well, it's done bin did, an' thar ain't no use o' slobberin' 'bout it now," grumbled Tony, twirling his sandy moustache as he started toward the log. The Rangers scrambled after, with Joe-Bill lagging behind, his sombrero pulled far down over his tea-cup face. The Ranger leader joined the men as they were laying the woman out on her back. She was of medium size with coarse waxen features. She had on a pair of cowboy boots. They were wet, and her white calico basque and skirt were drenched through and through.

Joe-Bill was a bit startled for an instant at the sight of the blood that had spattered as big as a silver dollar over the left eye and was then oozing from the bullet hole.

"Wait a while, boys!" he pleaded, in a tone that for him was unusually troubled, as he beheld the Rangers starting to go. "Wait till I come back from the River."

They waited, some seated on the log and on the sand, while others stood and walked about. He returned in a few minutes from the River with the crown of his sombrero full of water. The men rolled cigarettes and smoked, but whispered never a word while their leader knelt beside the woman he had slain and washed the clotted blood from her hands, from her face, and from her hair. With his own red bandana handkerchief he wiped her dry, and with it he tied up her head, covering the bullet hole.

"Now, boys, gi' me a lift," he asked in a voice somewhat relieved, as he rose to his feet. "An' let's take her to her ole man swingin' in the tree yon'er."

They responded readily, lifting her up without letting him take hold. Joe-Bill came behind, looking now at her hat that he held in one hand and then at her Winchester that he held in the other. And when the Rangers laid the woman on her back, it was in the thin shade of the cottonwood; her head they rested near the place where the toes of Bud's boots were slightly bending over the tops of the grass. Joe-Bill came up pale. The men were then off down the bank, going to their horses across the River. He stopped only long enough to cover gently, very gently, the face of the woman with the slouch black hat.

Her Winchester he gave to a Ranger; and when he rode away with Tony, it was on Bud Terry's pony that the men had captured in the River. And when the Rangers met on the Texas side of the ford, one of them suddenly called out, "The chickens, boys, the chickens! Look at 'em a-comin' to their chuck!"

They turned in the saddle and saw a buzzard poise on the wing over the lone cottonwood across the River. They watched it circle and slowly descend and light upon the tree. A second buzzard drifted out of the steel-blue dome of the sky; and after that another, and still another, till presently the sky above the cottonwood was full of a whirl of them. Then they began to blacken the tree; and from the tree some dropped to the ground, strutting as soon as they lit along an alignment, round a circle, and now and again hopping upon a mound in the middle, upon a mound that lifted them a wing above the others.

"Ugh!" grunted Tony as the men turned into the road that led to Wichita Falls. "Bud Terry might 'a' know'd what he wuz a-comin' to when we cornered him thar this mornin'. Sandy he wuz, not to squeal. But I'm a-thinkin' the wind'll be a-whistlin' through him and his ole woman's ribs 'fore sundown."

The ride back to the Falls was hot and dry and dusty under the scorching sun. Not a blade of grass was astir. The Rangers riding two by two along the road were all the life to be seen over the broad plain. All the morning they rode and long past the hour of noon, with scarcely a mention of the event of the morning. And none was more



silent about it all than the little Ranger leader who went riding ahead by the side of Tony Owens, his old standby. Indeed, the only sound to break in upon the jingle of the rowels, the flip-flap of the saddle pockets, and the clatter of the pony dog-trot was now and again the hum of a Cow-boy melody or a Ranger song of the Plains.

It was two by Joe-Bill's watch before the hungry Rangers rode within sight of the Falls. The distant roofs gleamed white through the shimmer of heat that danced quiveringly over the brown-parched prairie between them and the town. Then Joe-Bill drew rein and turned his pony about facing the men. When they were gathered before him, he hung his head and fumbled for a while with the pommel. Then drawing a long breath, he began in that subdued tone of his,

"'Bout 'at reward on Bud Terry, boys, reckon you'd better count me out."

"What's up now, Joe-Bill?" interrupted Tony, looking surprised as he tipped backed his sombrero.

"Nothin' much, 'cept I ain't a-wantin' no money out o' this game!"

"Ain't a-wantin' no money out o' this game!" laughed Tony. "Why, it's much yourn as ourn. Fact it's more yourn 'an ourn, 'cause you're the boy what smoked 'em."

"Maybe so," answered Joe-Bill, "maybe so, 'cordin' to your way o' lookin' at it. Tain't 'at no how what's botherin' me a heap. Well — don't know ez I can tell ef I want to. You recomember, boys, that woman in the Lane Gang Gus Thomas shot last year. You know Gus got two hundred for 'at business. He wuz a good boy, 'at Gus, allus a-carryin' his heart in his hand. But somehow he wuzn't same man after he killed 'at woman. His pardners, too, his best friends, sorter turned their backs on him. Now the night Gus got the money he rolled into his bunk as well an' sound as any man yar. Gus never woke from 'at sleep, no, he didn't. He jes' shut his eyes an' slept an' slept. An' you can bet your life he'll be a-sleepin' too till hell freezes over."

Joe-Bill paused for a second and then continued in a slower voice, "It's hard 'nough, boys, to have to kill a woman. But, no, pardners,

don't talk to me 'bout takin' money for it. O' course 'at woman this mornin' wuz a heller, she wuz, you can bet your boots. An' she wuz a-huntin' me too when she cut the star off my hat. But jes' the same I ain't a-takin' no money out o' this shootin' match. Now, boys," he closed, gulping in his throat in the attempt to control his feelings, "you ain't a-goin' back on me for shootin' 'at woman, is you? No, don't do it. I ain't a-goin' in 'at town with you, boys. Now gi' me your han's. I quit you to-day, an' it's for good. I ain't a Lone Star Ranger no more."

That was the last he said; and when he had grasped the last hand, he spurred his tired pony back into the road he had been riding ever since the morning. The Rangers looked at him for a moment and then turned their ponies toward the Falls. Again and again they looked back over their shoulders at the lone rider becoming fainter as the distance between them and him widened. Before they came to the town, they dispersed each in a different direction; and no one knew of their entrance.

As the days went by and the villagers missed Joe-Bill, they got to asking, "Where's our shorty?" "When's the boy comin' home?" "Why ain't he a-ridin' the Lone Star border no more?"

The reward is still on for Bud Terry, so they say along the Red River border. And no one has yet come to claim it.

*W. Jones.*

*CHARLES LAMB AS A CRITIC.*

CHARLES Lamb was not primarily or, to any extent, intentionally a critic; yet in the matter of criticism, as of all other contributions of his genius, he was always "giving the reader so much more than he seemed to propose." He was not at all troubled about critical theories; he elaborated no principles or dogmas; he cared nothing, apparently, for the controversies that had divided literary students in the past, and were being stoutly waged in his own day. Such matters as the strife between *Ancients* and *Moderns*, the authority of the classics over modern authors, the function of reason in literary composition, and the philosophical distinction between imagination and fancy, or wit and humor, he evidently considered not worthy of discussion. He "lived more consistently than most writers among subtle literary theories," and yet was not of the theorists. Such freedom from the thralls of theory gave ampler scope for the exercise of his unerring taste; and we have, in consequence, comments and judgments always illuminating and suggestive, of vast influence in his own day, and many of them essentially final and permanent. "I never judge system-wise," he tells us, "but fasten upon particulars." His was the untheoretical criticism of a man of taste, poetic imagination, and versatile sympathy; it was genuine, springing directly from the peculiar sense of enjoyment aroused by a work of art. It was true *appreciation*.

Before examining Lamb's comments upon particular authors and pieces of literature, from which, after all, we can best estimate his contribution to the art of criticism and determine the basis of temperament and belief on which he founded his judgments, it is well to glance at the few general statements about literature which we are fortunate enough to have. Most noteworthy in this respect is the short but cogent essay on *The Sanity of True Genius*. In it Lamb maintains that the poet is simply the *greater man*, "in the admirable balance of all his faculties; . . . when he seems most to recede from humanity, he will be found

the truest to it." In this view he agrees with Milton; and is also strangely in accord with Ben Jonson and Carlyle, although in developing his thought he shows a different fundamental conception. Lamb in the remainder of this essay and in many other places asks only that the poet exercise fully a rich imagination under sane control. The product of the poet's genius he judges simply as it delights and satisfies the instincts and capacities of the human soul. Carlyle, on the other hand, emphasizes the function of the poet as interpreter and seer. Yet to satisfy each demand, fulness of manhood, clearness of intellect, and richness of imagination are required — whether the poet is to treat the world imaginatively, or morally and prophetically. Mere saneness of treatment will not suffice. Charles Lamb is constant in his desire to find in the books he reads a kindly sympathy and broad human interest (and, as I shall point out later, it is the revealed humanity and sweep of life upon which he chiefly comments). He loved humor; yet if it came unaccompanied by pity and tenderness, it always repelled him. A broad love of all aspects of human life is at the root of his enthusiasm for the works of Hogarth — an enthusiasm that, except for this reason, seems to me indiscriminating and extravagant. The moral significance of artistic work is not by any means to be neglected. He expects literature to have a moral value, but as he writes to Wordsworth about the *Beggar*, the moral teaching must not be thrust forward: "I will just add that it appears to me a fault in the *Beggar*, that the instructions conveyed in it are too direct, and like a lecture; they don't slide into the mind of the reader while he is imagining no such matter. An intelligent reader finds a sort of insult in being told, 'I will teach you how to think on this subject.' This fault, if I am right, is in a ten-thousandth worse degree to be found in Sterne and in many novelists and modern poets, who continually put up a sign-post to show where you are to feel. They set out with assuming their readers to be stupid; very different from *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Roderick Random*, and other beautiful, bare narratives. There is an implied unwritten compact between author and reader, 'I will tell you a story, and I suppose you

will understand it.” “A moral,” he writes again, “should be wrought into the body and soul, the matter and tendency of a poem,” or story, but it should not be tagged to the end, or appear to have occupied the uppermost place in a writer’s mind. For apparently the same reasons he urges Coleridge to cultivate naturalness or “*simplicity*, or rather, I should say, banish elaborateness, for simplicity springs spontaneous from the heart, and carries into daylight its own modest buds and genuine, sweet and clear flowers of expression. I allow no hotbeds in the garden of Parnassus.”

Lamb was an untiring reader, of catholic, unexcluding taste. He has left comments, often only a few lines, but always illuminating, upon a very wide range of literature. Of these the most significant for the purpose of determining his critical attitude are his fragmentary appreciations of certain aspects of Shakspeare and other Elizabethan dramatists, upon the Restoration Drama, upon such favorite authors as Fuller, Wither, and Defoe, and on the poets of his own day.

In his appreciation of the work of Shakspeare, I am most impressed by the delicacy and finality of his interpretations—interpretations that are not general but which deal with scenes frequently misunderstood, and with some of Shakspeare’s characters. His account of the inevitableness of the ending of *King Lear* is poetic in sympathy and masterly in comprehension of the conditions. His conception of the character of Malvolio—to give but one out of many noteworthy instances of character interpretation—is essentially satisfying and complete. He refused to consider Malvolio as “essentially ludicrous. He becomes comic but by accident. He is cold, austere, repelling; but dignified, consistent, and, for what appears, rather of an overstretched morality. . . . But his morality and his manners are misplaced in Illyria.” Lamb’s account of the difference in genius and accomplishment between Shakspeare and his fellows is clear, and is consonant with the best and latest conclusions regarding the great master. He points out that Shakspeare, more than any of the Elizabethans, created more human and lovable characters, and fewer that are revolting; that Shakspeare’s characters appeal directly

to the emotions and imagination of a reader or beholder, and are not portrayed in intellectual symbols, as are those of Lord Brook; and, further, that Shakspeare had the power (lacking to some extent in other dramatists) of going out of himself "to inform and animate other existences." And, finally, he recognized fully the marvellous poetic powers of Shakspeare, which put so many of his conceptions beyond the appreciative scope of contemporaries, and, as Lamb maintained, beyond the possibility of expression by acting. It was just this intense realization of the sublime poetry in Shakspeare's work that led Lamb into the fallacious reasoning of that delightful essay *On the Tragedies of Shakspeare Considered with Reference to their Fitness for Stage Representation*. In this essay he astounds us with the paradox "that the plays of Shakspeare are less calculated for performance on the stage than those of almost any other dramatist whatever"; and in defense of this position he argues on the assumption that acting is entirely mechanical, a cheap imitation, producing effects by conventional tricks. Yet Lamb is far from maintaining seriously that Shakspeare's plays have not the highest *dramatic* merit, or that an actor is limited to the physical and mechanical devices so much emphasized in this essay; for in other essays he has done full justice to the acting value of Shakspeare's plays, and to the genius of favorite actors, who really did bring out the subtle shades of emotion and characterization and meaning so plentiful in Shakspeare. This essay should rather be taken as a whimsical, crab-like method of emphasizing the poetic beauties of Shakspeare, and his accurate subtle portrayal of the depths of human nature. In this very essay, too, we have some profound observations on the relation of acting to a play, some of Lamb's most delicate appreciations of Shakspeare's qualities, and a much-needed protest against the gross liberties taken with the work of Shakspeare in the interpolation of such "ribald trash as Tate and Cibber and the rest of them that

With their darkness durst affront his light

have foisted into the acting plays of Shakspeare." Such opinions, expressed to-day, would arouse little interest. We must not forget,

however, that a sane appreciation of Shakspeare's accomplishment and genius was not common when Lamb wrote this essay: neither Coleridge nor Hazlitt had yet delivered their lectures on the great dramatist.

In *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets Who Lived about the Time of Shakspeare*, Lamb has undoubtedly been successful in selecting scenes that represent these dramatists at their best — scenes “such as treat of human life and manners, and . . . illustrate what may be called the moral sense of our ancestors.” The very selection of such passages is evidence enough of Lamb's independent and delicate taste, unaffected by the prejudice or apathy of his time. The notes that accompany these selections show keen appreciation of the detached scenes, and of certain aspects of the dramatist's genius, but since they deal usually with single scenes, and do not consider the structure, characterization, and thought of entire plays or collections of plays, they naturally lack comprehensiveness of judgment, and are apt to convey too high an estimate of a dramatist's work.

The essay *On the Artificial Comedy of the Last Century* is again a play of fancy, a clever presentment of one out of several possible views of a subject — a view impossible to men not endowed with poetic insight, and with but common artistic and moral vision. Lamb insists that the plays of Congreve and Wycherley must not be judged by the moral standards of his own day. The characters must not be translated into real life; they move in a sphere of their own, in which “there is neither right nor wrong,—gratitude or its opposite,—claim or duty,—paternity or sonship. . . . The whole is a passing pageant, where we should sit as unconcerned at the issues for life or death as at the battle of the frogs and mice.” This comment certainly illustrates Lamb's wonderful power of putting himself in the right position from which to get the best and, perhaps, the truest view of the work of an author or a school. He accepts these plays almost as the product of an age, at least of men under the controlling influence of an age having such and such characteristics. Here, as frequently, he turns his criticism of works of art into a study of human life and conditions; and, as Canon Ainger says,

"He could not keep his human compassion from blending with his judgment of every work of human imagination."

A similar ability to place himself in the exact plane of clearest vision is shown in his appreciations of such authors as Fuller, Wither, Bunyan, and Cowper. It was in his comments upon some of these favorites that he pleaded most earnestly for complete sympathy with an author's purpose and mood. "But what is not a conceit," he asks in reference to one of Fuller's fancies, "to those who read it in a different temper from that in which the writer composed it? The most pathetic parts of poetry to cold tempers seem and are nonsense, as divinity was to the Greeks foolishness." He is fond of such authors because of a natural love of quaintness, even where the quaintness is mingled with conceit; but the conceit must have something really and vitally human about it.

Lamb's criticism of Defoe shows the same appreciation of the author's purpose, the usual accurate expression of his essential excellences, and, furthermore, an adequate comprehension of the methods by which he attains his ends. That homeliness of style, minuteness of detail, and general loquaciousness which give to Defoe's novels such appearance of truth, such naturalness and perfect illusion, are all clearly set forth by Lamb.

Even as Lamb has revealed the beauties of the Elizabethan dramatists to an age that was oblivious of them, and pointed out accurately the essential qualities of other favorite authors,—to an extent far greater than I have been able to indicate,—so also his sympathetic insight and penetration enabled him to realize at once the beauties of the new poetry of his own day, and enabled him to point out the very essence of the genius of Wordsworth and Coleridge. A single extract will make this clear, and also indicate how far his view agrees with our more elaborated conclusions: "To a mind constituted like that of Mr. Wordsworth, the stream, the torrent, and the stirring leaf . . . seem not merely to suggest associations of deity, but to be a kind of speaking communication with it. . . . In his poetry nothing in Nature is dead. Motion is synonymous with life . . . the visible and audible



things of creation present not dim symbols, or curious emblems, which they have done at all times to those who have been gifted with the poetic faculty, . . . but revelations and quick insights into the life within us, the pledge of immortality."

But, although he fully enjoyed Burns, appreciated keenly the beauties of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and the good qualities of Southey, he did not find pleasure in the works of Scott, Shelley, and Byron, and appeared not to understand their significance. This must not be charged to an inability to sympathize with them and their purposes, for he has shown sympathy with minds apparently quite as uncongenial as those of the authors just mentioned—Godwin is a good example,—but rather to an unwillingness and a prejudice that he naively admits in many essays and letters. He is troubled by what he calls his "timid imagination." Moreover, in all criticism, Lamb had to be drawn toward the man in order to do full justice to the work. He had to feel a personal affection for the book or for the man he found revealed in it. But as he found good in all men whom he knew, and fastened his attention on their best qualities, one may fancy that had he personally known Byron and Shelley, he would have taken the trouble to understand their motives and ideals, and would have found something to appreciate, even though he would not have approved their philosophy and aspirations.

We have seen so far that Lamb, without theories or intellectual problems and almost without prejudice, approached works of literature with true sympathy, insight, and imagination, placing himself on the same plane as the author, and, with keen intuition, perceiving and expressing the finest and most distinguishing characteristics of the work. If his criticism did not penetrate into all corners and crannies, it shed an exquisite light over the best of an author's writings. "He flashed a light from himself upon them," says Canon Ainger, "not only heightening every charm and deepening every truth, but making even their eccentricities beautiful and lovable." His criticism is illuminating, not explanatory. It does not present a comprehensive account of an author and his work in their relations. He simply depicts in alluring colors

what he finds in books; he does not go to a writer to see what he can find. He talks books, he does not tell us *about* books.

Lamb's service to his own time, and to us who have the benefits of the work of that time, in revealing, unaided, the richness of a literature practically forgotten, and in expressing accurately and sympathetically the essential qualities of many later authors, is inestimable in value. In this work he has been of greater service because he devoted himself to practice of criticism without attempting to contribute to its theories. That service cannot, perhaps, be better estimated and expressed than by Walter Pater in his *Essay on Charles Lamb*: "To feel strongly the charm of an old poet or moralist, the literary charm of Burton, for instance, or Quarles, or Lady Newcastle; and then to interpret that charm, to convey it to others—he seeming to himself but to hand on to others, in mere humble ministration, that of which for them he is really the creator—this is the way of his criticism." In this tribute, Walter Pater has, it seems to me, acknowledged his own kinship as critic to Charles Lamb; for Lamb instinctively achieved just what Pater did later in a systematic and deliberate manner. He placed himself before a work of literature, or rather into the writer's mind, and tried then to convey an idea of the unique impression of pleasure derived from the work—interpreting and illuminating as he proceeded. His own practice and example is his best contribution to the art of literary criticism.

*William Morrow.*

*THRO' THE CASEMENT.*

ON a weed in the moat, on a bird in the sky,  
On a climbing road below,  
Out thro' the casement my lady gazed —  
Waiting for weal or wo.

Far thro' the casement my lady gazed  
When the stairway rang below;  
And stirred her hand and shut her eyes  
And kissed him that he go.

Down thro' the casement my lady gazed  
And saw on the road below,—  
With a laugh and a gay heigho,  
A rollicking knight deep-doff his plume  
To a milk-maid all aglow.

On a fleck in the moat, on a gleam in the sky,  
On a sinking road below,  
Out thro' the casement my lady gazed —  
Knowing nor weal nor wo.

*Edward Jocelyn.*

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*BEFORE THE WIND: A SKETCH.*

THE captain, the mate, and I ate our supper in silence. The Chinese steward with face graven in wrinkles stood by silently to wait upon us. There was not even the usual slow lift and drop from the long roll of the Gulf Stream, and our coffee scarcely swelled in the thick, handleless cups. All day since first he rose above a film of haze at the horizon the sun had shone into an ocean whose mirror face was clouded by no breath of wind. It was what sailors call "an Irishman's hurricane"—

all up and down. We finished our meal — gristly salt horse boiled and in cold slices, beans, boiled potatoes, and heavy yellow cake with a stratum of gritty currants at the bottom. The mate emptied his coffee-cup, drew the back of a brown hairy hand across his mouth and went on deck. I followed him. The "old man" stopped to fill his pipe, then came slowly up the after companionway, the heels of his slippers trodden down and slapping each step as he came. The fresh breeze that had sprung up filled and billowed out his pajamas till his two hundred and thirty pounds grew to mountainous proportions. The mate and I, following the man at the wheel, and the crew smoking in a group round the door of the forecastle, were gazing off to windward over the starboard quarter.

A wall of dirty clouds had risen, piled up over the edge of the ocean and now rolled across towards us, cutting a wider and wider segment from the circle of our horizon. Everything over, under, and beyond it was shut out, and the sea broke white along the line of its coming. All about us the ocean lay so blue that the sky was merely a reflection. But as the squall came it blotted out blue water and blue sky and filled the air between with a snowstorm of soot. Through this the rain cut in long, straight slashes, and the white crests beneath sparkled in the gloom.

With a glance astern the captain called clear and sharp, "Clew up your topsails." The mate repeated the order as he jumped to let go the main-topsail tack and sheet. I ran to the clew-lines. The group at the forecastle door broke and spread over the decks. We hauled on the clew-lines hand over hand, "long and strong," jumping to get the highest hold above each other's hands. Charley slid up the rigging, scarcely touching the ratlines as he went. As the topsails came slapping in about the masts he passed a stop round and round both. I remember him, dark against the dome of the world, with one foot and hand in the rigging, from which he swung while he jammed and pounded the topsail into a bunch. Exhilaration lifted me as I ran forward, till I wanted to laugh or shout. There was pleasure in the strong haul on ropes that cut into the hands which gripped them.

Before the topsails were all clewed up we got a ringing order, "Haul down your jibs," and up forward we raced, letting go the halyards, dragging aft the downhauls, and bringing the headsails down "by the run" in a clutter about her bows. George and Gus ran out the chainstays to lash the flapping jibs to the jibboom. Below them the water rushed by and dashed against the bows in a whirl of foam which swept quickly astern. I rushed aft and plunged down the companionway for my boots and oilskins. As I emerged with my feet in the uppers of the long boots that flopped clumsily about like the flippers of a seal, the "old man" sang out, "Lower away the spanker. Handsomely now." The great sail collapsed as the gaff slid down into its folds, then bellied out to leeward and thrashed violently at us as we clawed it in, with our finger nails rasping over the rough canvas. We dragged it inboard, rolling and beating it down along the boom, where we lashed it fast.

Now the schooner was running right before the squall and gathering herself like a live thing, ready when the storm caught her to bolt before it. There was a feel of life under me like the quiver of an eager horse trembling to break away in a dead run. The rush of the storm as it closed in about us was a stronger stimulant than brandy. My shoulders were thrown back and my lungs filled till the oilskins would scarcely button across my chest, and the "sou'wester" was pushed far back on my head that I might look into the very teeth of the wind as I raised myself on tiptoe and leaned forward to meet it.

With a few scattered drops like the fire of a skirmish line the squall broke on us in a volley of rain that came, not in drops, but in long, slanting streaks with no end.

I do not remember even the shortest dusk. Immediately it was night, so dark I could not see the deck upon which I felt I was shooting through the absolute blackness of space. There had been no time for a sea to get up; only the surface of the ocean broke in a myriad of little white waves. When the ragged streaks of lightning tore the blackness open, the ship slid evenly and swiftly across a sea of feathers, with streams of silver running over her decks and spouting from her scuppers.

Then the flash was gone and utter darkness fell, but the feathery sea and the white streams on the decks remained a full minute in the eye.

We drove before the storm for hours. Gradually the wind fell, and the rain came straight down, heavier than before. My "sou'wester" had "started a seam," and streams of water trickled down my neck and over my collar bones. The oilskin jacket was too short and sent the water off it into my sea boots. I felt the water creep up about my ankles, then to my calves, and slowly and chilly round my knees. The exhilaration had passed and left me sleepy and cold. With a great effort I dragged off my gurgling boots and stumbled down the companionway to the cabin, where the swish of little waves alongside and the drumming of rain on deck close above made a narcotic more potent than poppy-juice.

*R. C. Bolling.*

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### Editorial.

#### THE PROPOSED ENCLOSURE OF THE COLLEGE YARD.

THE acceptance by the Corporation of a design for a fence to be built very soon along one side of the College Yard brings into necessary prominence a question that has long been discussed in private. The project of enclosing the entire College Yard with a substantial fence or wall has been more or less in view since the erection of the Johnston and Meyer Gates, but it has received active attention only since the completion of the Phillips Brooks House. Many, to be sure, still protest indifference. Why should we have a fence or wall, they ask; isn't the present enclosure good enough? But by those who give the subject any thoughtful consideration, the value of a truly decorative enclosure is being more and more appreciated.

The question is not one of mere need or utility. It is part of the greater problem of beautifying the grounds of the University, of restoring and enhancing college associations which the present course of development seems likely to obliterate or at least to diminish. To our Yard, which is attractive not because of the beauty or dignity of its buildings, but rather because of a general spaciousness and the grandeur of its old trees, great charm might be added by a fence of appropriate and pleasing design. The effect of the vistas which are endeared to all of us would be heightened by such a fence, not spoiled. The freedom of traversing the Yard, of which so many persons not connected with the University now avail themselves, need not be interfered with; but those passing through would be more likely to realize that they were in a place devoted to special and noble purposes and not crossing a mere bit of property affording a convenient thoroughfare. To the students it would bring a sense of healthful seclusiveness that is now out of the question. On occasions when it is desirable that only college men gather in the Yard—occasions rare, to be sure, yet important—the fence would be of practical value. Under present conditions it is simply impossible to hold an open-air gathering of the students without the intrusion of many outsiders. A suitable fence will also lend to the Yard a dignity far greater than it now possesses, and will help to restore the former desirability of Yard dormitories. A fence that shall thus in itself be an object of beauty, that shall add dignity and charm to the Yard, that shall suggest seclusion without cutting off pleasant vistas—such has been the desire of those most favorable to the project and most active in advancing it. To this general conception the Memorial Society has added the suggestion that the interest as well as the beauty of such a wall or fence might be greatly increased if it were designed to afford at irregular intervals opportunity for memorials—memorials of classes, individuals or noteworthy

events. Any memorial tablets that are to be decorative as well as merely commemorative cannot be appropriately placed on or about the gates. They must be provided for in the body of the wall or fence itself and be a part of it.

The advocates of a fence that would have the merits desired have not, unfortunately, been able to exert their efforts in common support of one plan. It was generally understood that the design of the fence would be made by the architect who had already been successful in the case of the Johnston and Meyer Gates, with some consideration of the ideas of the architect who designed the Phillips Brooks House. It was proposed that a conference might be held by these architects with the President of the Memorial Society, who might represent the views which the Society held upon the matter. This proposal was not, however, carried out. The Corporation meanwhile requested Messrs. McKim, Mead and White, who had designed the Johnston Gate, to submit designs for a section of the fence to extend from the Johnston Gate past the Phillips Brooks House to the Meyer Gate on Broadway. The design was promptly prepared, and was immediately adopted by the Corporation. It is shown on the enclosed Supplement, figure I.

To this design many objections have been raised. On the part of the Memorial Society it is urged that it gives no opportunity for the insertion or addition of such memorial tablets as the Society wishes erected, whenever there may be desire and good reason for them. Those who care greatly for the appearance of the college grounds, and wish for the prevalence of artistic ideals, protest that the design is inadequate, even objectionable, on the score of beauty and fitness. They maintain that aside from the homeliness of a fence constructed of iron palings nine feet high, resting upon a granite base of perhaps a foot, between



more or less massive pillars of masonry about twenty feet apart, the monotony that would appear in the long stretches would be irresistibly oppressive. That monotony could not be sensibly relieved by the gates, which must generally be of an unobtrusive design to agree with the fence. Granting, however, that some relief may be afforded by the gates, there will still remain long stretches of fence, which under the present plan admit no diversity of treatment. A fence of such design would be suitable enough for an athletic field or the grounds of an orphan asylum, but would be wholly inappropriate for the Yard of Harvard College. We should have simply a useful enclosure, not an architectural feature that might be beautiful and interesting.

When those who felt keenly the defects in the design accepted by the Corporation asked for a consideration of suggestions that apparently had not been taken into account before the plan had been completed, they found that nothing could be accomplished except at the instance of the architect employed by the Corporation. Courteous but unavailing efforts have been made to gain his sympathy for the ideals held by the Memorial Society and by those who wish the fence to be more decorative and interesting, and to induce him to agree to certain modifications. The nature of the modifications desired may be seen in the drawings reproduced on the Supplement, figures II and III. These were not intended as finished designs, but as mere studies that might be incorporated into a well considered plan, harmonizing with the gates and other existing architectural features. Instead of a scarcely noticeable granite base, these drawings provide for a low wall, say three and a half feet high, that will not in any way interfere with the vistas in the Yard or views from the Yard; above this low wall will be ornamental iron-work. Here and there, at irregular intervals, part of the palings can be replaced

with a rise in the wall, into which can be set a memorial tablet of pleasing design. Such tablets need not be uniform, and may be of all grades of elaborateness; there would even be an opportunity for the insertion of bas-relief sculpture similar to the Robert Gould Shaw Memorial, if a work of art of such great value and beauty should ever be offered. The design already adopted will admit of no such memorials, either simple or elaborate. A fence in a design similar to those of figures II and III would, moreover, be in itself beautiful and attractive, and would harmonize with our conception of a college and its life. Wherever walls in this general manner have been erected they are extremely effective.

The objections to the plans favored by the Memorial Society and by those eager for a fence that shall be beautiful in itself, are clearly stated by the architect who offered the design which the Corporation has accepted. "The principle of the Johnston Gate, . . ." he writes, "which we have, from the start, intended to perpetuate in the general enclosure, is that of open iron panel work, extending *through the entire height of the fence* and supported at intervals by masonry posts or piers. To depart from this, in the continuance of the boundary fence or wall, to another treatment, would, we feel, be inconsistent, however interesting. To our mind, the success of the fence, as the boundary of the University, depends chiefly upon that very abstract and impersonal character to which objection has been raised, and which would, we fear, be lost by the introduction of a variety of elements, of an individual character, such as you propose. In other words, we regard the fence *simply as an enclosure*, and have sought to keep it as simple in all its parts as possible, relying upon the gates for emphasis, and concentrating memorials at these points."

In a letter written by the President of the Memorial Society to the architect before the architect's final refusal to make any change in the accepted plans, he maintains that beauty of design or general uniformity of treatment need not be sacrificed in order to carry out the desire for memorial opportunities,—“It seems to me, and it has seemed to others interested in the matter whose opinions would be of weight, . . . that a design might be made which, while its main outlines would be repeated in each section, would admit of great variety of treatment in different sections; that if a proper space were provided for a memorial, that memorial might take a great variety of form,—could be bas-relief, bronze tablet, inscription, coat of arms, or whatever else the donor of the special section of the fence might see fit to set up. I think that you can hardly fail to recognize that if this design could be carried out in a fence which, in other respects, was appropriate to the Yard and accommodated itself well to the character of the gates already existing,—that it would have an unusual interest and one that would increase with time.”

We should not forget that the problem of properly enclosing the College Yard is not insignificant or temporary. Whatever enclosure is erected will stand, in its beauty and charm, or its plainness and monotony, unalterable for a long time to come. There is now an excellent opportunity to add much to the appearance and interest of the Yard. The least that is demanded of every student and every graduate who can exert any influence is a thoughtful and active consideration of the whole matter. In the lack of such consideration and the influence that might result from it, the question will soon be settled irrevocably, and we shall be left with no resource but the useless privilege of criticism.

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**Book Notices.**

**"THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE."** A novel. By Ellen Glasgow. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Miss Glasgow's book is an excellent study of Southern life, but it is hardly a success as a novel. The long descriptions of scenery and manners, admirable as they are, weaken a story in which character should play the principal part. Nick Burr, the hero, is a self-made man in the true sense of the word—his career is shaped by his character and not by chance. The natural motive of the book is to show the development of that character under the influence of ambition and love, and a very slight setting is all that is necessary. Miss Glasgow has been too conscientious. She had the old Virginia town of Kingsborough to describe, and she has described it so thoroughly that at times one is almost led to think that the town is the real subject and Nick only an incident. This is the great fault of the book; there is not enough unity of purpose and proportion in it. If half of the description were dispensed with, the characters would stand out more distinctly, and the novel would gain greatly in power.

The action of the story falls in two parts: Nick's youth and early manhood in his native town, and the end of his political career fifteen years later in Richmond. The first part contains his love-affair with Eugenia Battle, the daughter of an old Virginia family, and his final quarrel with her over her brother, who has slandered him. Nick finds that his ideas of right and wrong are stronger than his love, and he develops a sudden hardness of character, while Eugenia, in her turn, finds her family feeling stronger than her love. The situation is effective, but Nick's sudden hatred of Bernard Battle comes as a surprise, and the reader feels that if Eugenia's love were as strong as it was represented, there would not have been such an absolute break. As it is, she marries another man, Nick's political rival, and tamely settles down into a narrow social life. Nick becomes Governor of Virginia and fights the corrupt party machine. Personally he is harder than ever, until the last, when he wins a victory over himself by pardoning Bernard, who has been convicted of forgery some years before, on rather doubtful evidence. This is the climax in the development of his character. On the eve of his

second political struggle he is accidentally shot in his efforts to save a negro from lynching. His death is dramatic, and a timely ending to a life which, in his lonely, love-starved nature, he feels to have been a failure.

Miss Glasgow has little power of outline, but she has what is next best, firmness of touch, and builds up her characters surely and consistently. Her style is diffuse but excellent. The descriptions and conversations of minor characters, which mar the book as a whole, are, by themselves, perhaps the best part of it. Marthy Burr, Nick's step-mother, and Uncle Ish, the old negro, are delightful. The two main characters, however, are hard to sympathize with, and the book is almost unpleasantly true to life.

*L. W.*

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### **Books Received.**

"FOR THE QUEEN IN SOUTH AFRICA." By Caryl Davis Haskins.  
Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

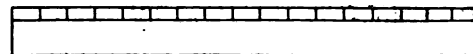
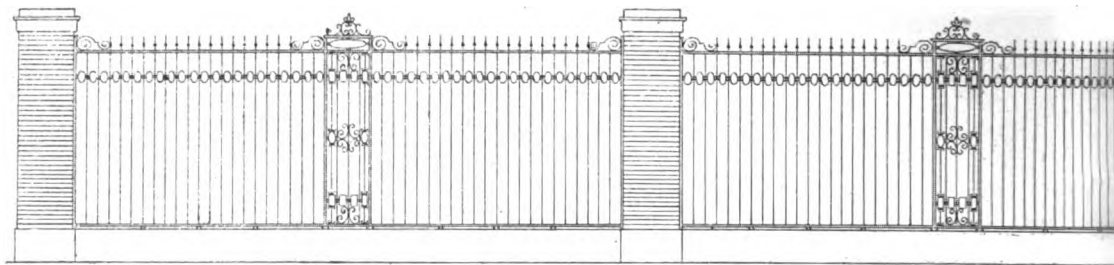
"THE GREEN FLAG, AND OTHER STORIES OF WAR AND SPORT." By  
A. Conan Doyle. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

"MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE." By Booth Tarkington. New York: McClure,  
Phillips and Company.

"THE AMERICAN SALAD BOOK." By Maximilian De Loup. New  
York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

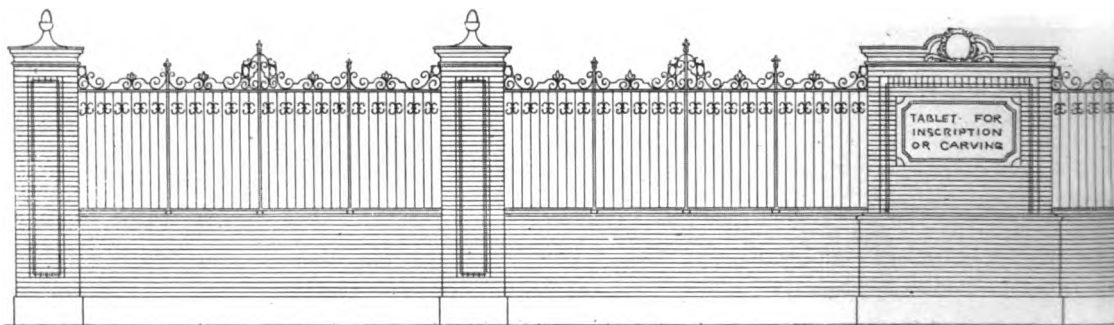


Fig. I.



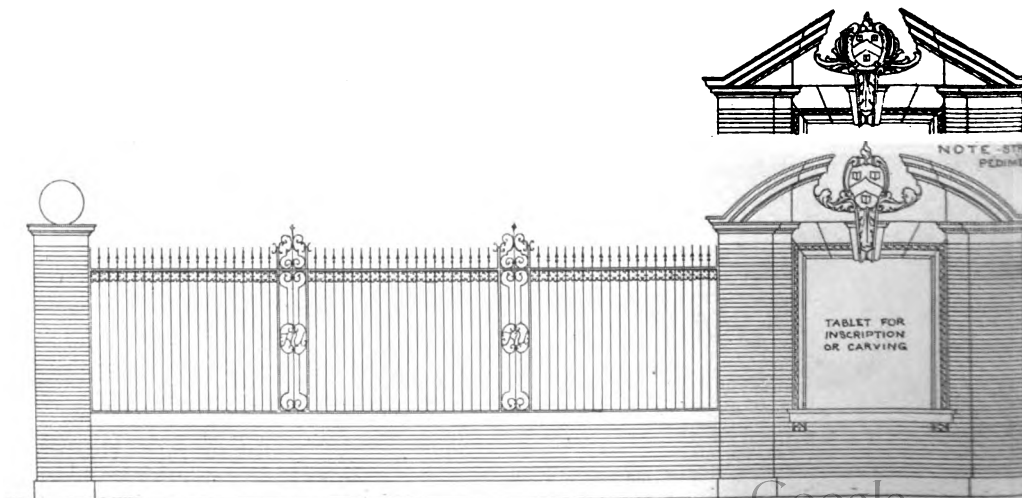
SCALE, TWENTY-TWO FEET

Fig. II.

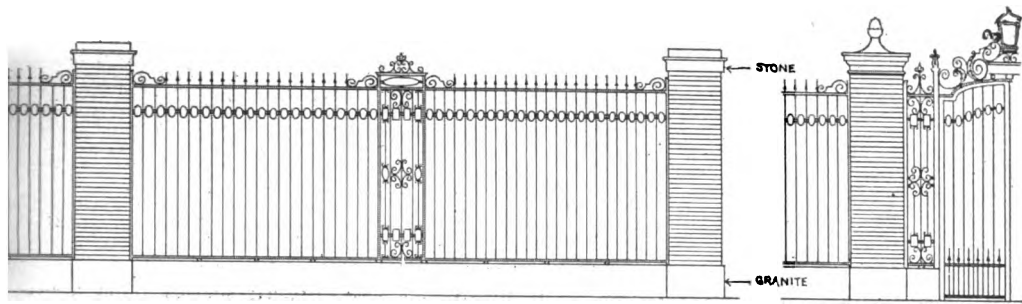


MEMORIALS, 52 FT. ON CENTRES

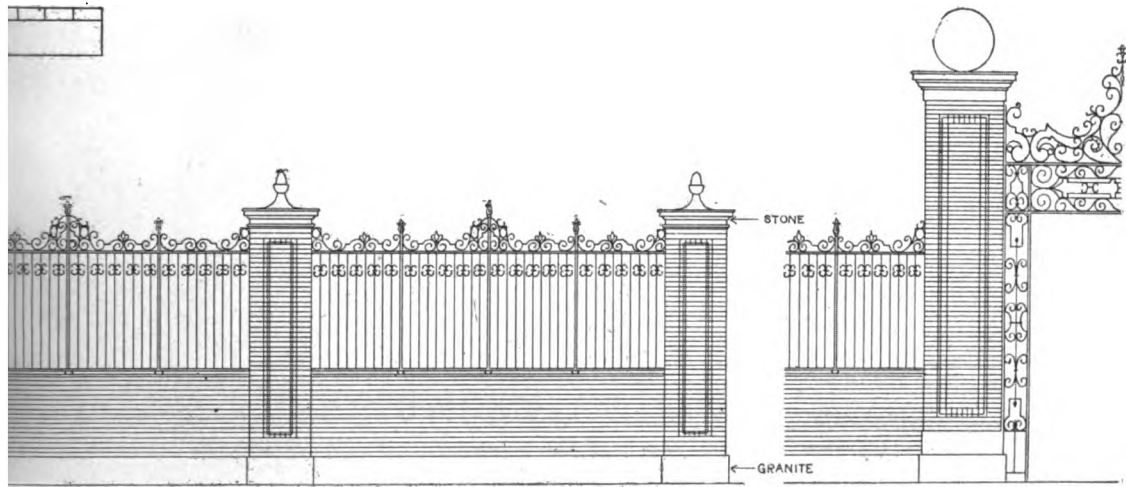
Fig. III.



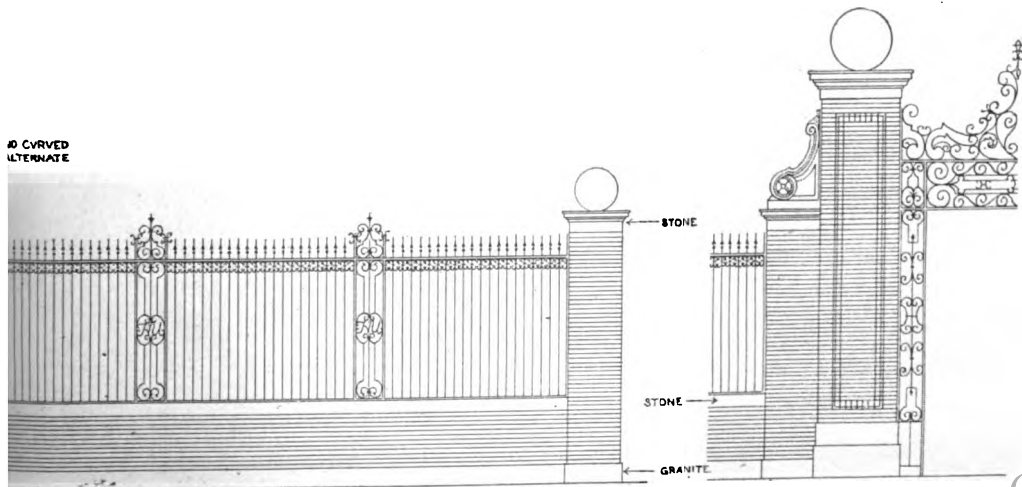
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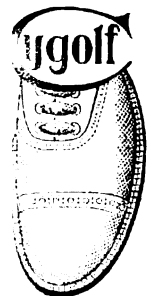
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# The HARVARD MONTHLY~



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# THE HARVARD MONTHLY.

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VOL. XXX.

JULY, 1900.

No. 5.

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## *PHILIP HENRY SAVAGE.\**

A STUDY, INTRODUCTORY TO HIS COLLECTED POEMS.

THERE is no flower so difficult to dissect, so impossible to reconstruct, as the personality of a man. It defies analysis; as fast as we pluck apart its petals, their perfume exhales and they are left withered in our hands. When I first undertook to write, for the final edition of his poems, a short memoir of Philip Henry Savage, I little realized the elusiveness of the task. It seemed easy and pleasant to communicate to others my deep and lasting impression of my friend. But soon I found that his friendship was a possession I could not share, his gentle, strong personality a presence in my life that was after all incommunicable. His feminine perception, so sensitive to beauty and so rich in tact; his courageous manliness, daring to probe the grisliest places in life; his pure ardency of spirit; his gayety and quaintness of humor; his wide hospitality of mind; his stern and yet pagan personal ideal; all these elements made up a personality that might, perhaps, be suggested, but never could be livingly reproduced. He was young when he died; he developed slowly; his last year of life, when his poetic faculty was much more perfect than ever before, was a time of distraction and anxiety:

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\*Copyright, June, 1900, by Small and Maynard. Through the courtesy of the publishers, we are enabled to print, in a somewhat abridged form, Mr. Mason's Memoir of Philip Henry Savage, a former editor of the MONTHLY. The article will appear *in extenso*, as an introduction to a collected edition of Savage's poems, to be published in the autumn.

so that even his poetry, a mirror of his very self for those who knew him, reflects him for others but brokenly and vaguely. But if I cannot hope that the most discerning reader will discover completely the man behind the poems, yet my task here must be to aid, however slightly, such a quest. I shall outline in the following pages the salient features of Savage's mind and spirit, features which, combined as nature knew how to combine them, revealed one of the best men I have known.

At first meeting, one saw that Savage was a man of refinement and of personal dignity, that he cherished ideals and respected himself. He seemed what we call a quiet man, though he always talked enough and with grace; his presence was bright and cheerfully courteous rather than brilliant. Gradually, deeper qualities revealed themselves. His steady blue eyes reassured one, his slender yet vigorous figure gave one a sense of manliness and fidelity. His face, with its rough-textured skin, well creased and of a sallow or ashen color, reinforced the impression of strength, and suggested, in spite of its mobility, a physical temperament of the melancholy type. Yet, so shifting were his moods and so responsive his features, an instant could turn sadness into expectancy, or fill the serious eyes with banter. His mind seemed to demand of his body a greater pliancy of expression than had been given it, its proper quality being strength rather than delicacy. In spite of the sensitiveness that was clearly written on every feature, it might be said that he would have been physically almost apathetic had he not been mentally so alert. And his talk emphasized the same contradiction. Though his voice was dull and unvibrant, and his enunciation indistinct, his pleasure in talking was so obvious, and his quaint doublings, and sudden interjections and apostrophes, and parentheses and self-interruptions so novel and characteristic, that one loved to listen to him. Nor must I forget his little mannerisms and airs; how he would cuff one foot against the other as he stood in the doorway, in deprecation or mock apology; how he would throw one hand into the air with a sudden exclamation; how in an evening walk he would deafen us with a wild and hollow Indian war-whoop, or convulse us by clucking like a querulous and disillusioned hen. In a

thousand ways he had a knack of making his moods real to others, of enlivening them with his curious and lovable whims.

\* \* \* \* \*

His every word and act was a revelation, now superficial, now profound, of his really feminine purity and delicacy of perception. It spoke alike in his quick sense of the moods of others and in his most exalted delight in natural beauty, though perhaps the latter was its more primal expression. One cannot read three pages of his book without seeing what a passionate disciple the beauty of the world found in him. His first word is

“ Even in the city, I  
Am ever conscious of the sky”;

and he returns to the same thought in the six lines that introduce the posthumous poems :

“ Not all the world can banish from my eyes  
The simple glories of the day’s sunrise;  
Not circumstance nor fate e’er drive away  
The clear perfection of one summer day,  
Nor blot quite wholly from my sight  
The singing tumult of the mystic night.”

The accuracy of his insight is unfailing; and whether he describes the forest which “through rain is green as it was ne’er before,” or the early winter sun which “lays by every stem a hue most sagely, delicately blue,” his page always reflects the object with fidelity and with the finest precision. Even the *First Poems and Fragments*, prosaic and diffuse as they often are, frequently charm us with a touch of this delicate observation. And his note-books and letters are full of scribbled memoranda that want only manipulation to make them into poems.

\* \* \* \* \*

As would be expected, Savage’s sensitiveness to natural beauty involved pain as well as pleasure, in so far as he was constrained to an artificial and “civilized” life. There resulted a disharmony which he



recognized now laughingly, now with sorrow. The reader cannot but have been struck with the undertone of sadness in the lines already quoted from the posthumous poems; and the same distaste of the enslaver, drudgery, is quaintly voiced in a stray quatrain:

"Brick side-walks and the stony street  
Make weary walking for the Muse.  
I cannot blame her halting feet;—  
God knows they were not meant for shoes."

\* \* \* \* \*

The same sensitiveness that made Savage so responsive to natural beauty gave him a very tender sympathy with people. All his friends remember how prehensile he was, how he never obtruded his own mood, but felt about for the mood of his companion. He had the liveliest interest for our fortunes and misfortunes, and his counsel, though always bracing and tonic, was never hard or self-blinded. His sympathy with men does not voice itself in the poems, to be sure, so eloquently as the scarcely less personal sympathy he felt with nature. He himself writes regretfully:

"I keep with loving eye and ear  
Attention on the changing year.  
I cannot bid in numbers flow  
The human passions that I know;  
Nor weave into the lyric line  
The sacrificial heart divine;  
Be mine the shame, the burden mine."

But even if the self-impeachment shadow a truth, it is a partial truth, and one far less applicable to his later than to his earlier work. In the poem, *To G. S.*, there is keen appreciation of the "sacrificial heart divine," even if the lines into which it is woven lack something of lyric fire. And in the poem beginning "Day by day along the street," written several years later, the beauty of the style matches the tenderness of the emotion. The love-poems at the end of the book, also, are an earnest of what he might have done in this sort had he lived.

But if we do not find that Savage's delicate perception failed him at any point, this does not mean that adverse criticism is not both possible and necessary. It is possible, because like others he had the defects of his qualities: it is necessary, because faults are the natural shadows that give body to virtues, and a portrait painted with high lights alone will show a mere Sir Charles Grandison, both flat to look at and unprofitable to contemplate. Savage's mind, then, like all minds that act primarily by intuition, was weak in logical power, unable to develop a long train of thought with sequence and coherence. His conversation was scrappy and unmortared; he brought out his thoughts singly, with little reference to what had just been said; minds that were strong where his was weak found talk with him baffling and unsatisfying. On the other hand, for those of us who did not demand sustained grasp, but accepted insight in its stead, he talked always with charm, and often persuasively. Like the heroine in the fairy story, his mouth dropped diamonds, and they were not less bright because they did not form a necklace. His exclamations and interjections and sudden turnings were delightful to us; we used to rejoice in his "asides," self-admonitory or abusive; "Tut, tut, Savage," he would cry, in the midst of something else, and cuff his feet together. Nonsequaciousness, however, was no doubt a more serious handicap to him in his writing. It was the infirmity which circumscribed his work to the short lyric form he cultivated with such success; every effort he made in the direction of larger outlines or more ambitious schemes was disappointing. He could not sustain and vitalize a long poem. Thoughts would not stay dissolved in his mind, but quickly formed into isolated crystals. They were perfect, but they were small. But it would be foolish to insist too much on the negative aspect. We have only to reverse our emphasis to see that even if they were small, they were perfect. And then we shall accept Savage as a miniaturist, a worker in precious stones, just as we have accepted Herrick and other kindred geniuses, not demanding of them a breadth of which they are incapable.

The reader should not infer, either from what I have said of Savage's logical shortcomings, or from my insistence upon his basically

feminine qualities of mind, that there was about him any trace of the effeminate, any tendency to the feeble or the flabby. His weaknesses were intellectual rather than sentimental. They were the negative weaknesses of limitation, not the positive weaknesses of morbidness or sentimentality. Manliness reveals itself in sanity and balance of mind as well as in the main force we generally associate with it, and his manliness was of this sort, giving his smallest poems a tone of such solidity and health that we may without paradox apply to them the word "large." If a man have healthy and governed sense, his mental processes may be as intuitive as a woman's, and we shall only admire the more that rare interaction of powers that produces an individuality at once finely sensitive and thoroughly wholesome.

\* \* \* \* \*

If Savage was feminine in his appreciation for beauty, if he was feminine also in his logical and constructive limitation, he was masculine in healthiness and normality of sense, and he was nobly masculine in that sort of spiritual enthusiasm which made him hold himself above the very gratifications that appealed so potently to one-half his nature, in order to give a perfect allegiance to its central authority.

Such is a brief analysis of the permanent and stable characteristics of the man. Now that it is made, however, we see only the more clearly that any such static analysis, especially of a personality so fluid, so evolving, so dynamic as Savage's, must be in the end unsatisfying. More characteristic of him than any trait that we can describe was the lapse, the flow, the ceaseless recrystallization of traits. His growth was not uniform, as in men of less quickness of mind, but many-sided, various, and unforeseen, like the ramifications of ice-crystals on a window-pane. So impressible was he, his development was almost as complex as the outer influences affecting him. He reacted on his environment, as the learned say, with unusual delicacy. Furthermore, he added to this native impressibility the habit of pondering his impressions. Meditation shaped his life nearly as much as circumstance. Very remarkable

was his intellectual alertness; he analysed his feelings, returned upon his experiences, and perennially chewed the cud of introspection. Whether to dwell in the country or in the city; whether to mix with people or to take much solitude; whether to be a pagan or a Christian; what to renounce, and whether to renounce anything; these were problems that he recognized and grappled with. Of the tirelessness of his thinking the jottings and memoranda in his note-books give a forcible impression.

\* \* \* \* \*

The outward events of Savage's career, again, point to the same combination of sensibility and introspection, producing his characteristic eclecticism. They were very various, and their variety resulted not from confusion or from deficient self-control, but from a deliberate desire to live sensitively, responsively. His idea was to trust the ultimate harmony of his instincts; each was to be obeyed as it revealed itself, and all were to produce an unconstrained evolution. From day to day he faced and interrogated the bewildering complex of a youth's experience: observing, comparing, recording; conversing, reading, pondering; experimenting, practising, attempting. All his doings, at first sight surprisingly diverse, fall, when looked at as illustrating this eclecticism, into the unity of a series of educative experiences. Each was dictated by some inward necessity, some craving to be satisfied, some knowledge to be supplied, some weakness to be trained into strength.

Born in 1868, he did not enter Harvard College until 1889, that is, until he was already of age, but, with the praiseworthy if quixotic motive of relieving his father of his support, spent the years from '86 to '89 in business. For these three years he was what is technically known as a "drummer" of boots and shoes. He wrote home to his family, from remote towns in Maine or Pennsylvania, long letters in which news of the shoe business is oddly mingled with descriptive bits about sunsets and red-winged blackbirds. Of course the life was ultimately impossible for him, and getting from it a good deal of experience of some kinds of humanity he gave it up and entered college. Here he was shy and quiet, studious, friendly with but a few fellows of tastes like his own. He had

developed little of the social skill which marked him later; he was thinking out the problems of the conduct of life, and of his art, literature. So seriously did he take the former that for a year after graduation he studied divinity. Several of his sermons have been saved,—compositions which afford glimpses of his courage and manliness, through an atmosphere of conventional and rather prosaic piety. It was fortunate for him that he abandoned this profession. Though undoubtedly his ethical enthusiasm would have found expression in it, his mind was both too pagan and too original to attain free play in any organization; he was fore-ordained an intellectual free-lance. His next venture was more native. Becoming what he called a vagabond, he lived a free and outdoor life, a life of loving study of sky and forest as well as of books and men. That this life agreed with him we may assume from the appearance, in 1895, of his *First Poems and Fragments*.

Yet the other side of his nature, what I may call the moral side, soon demanded that he again relate himself to society by some more recognized service than poetry. He set about discovering how he might earn bread without sacrificing that other intangible possession that we are told is equally necessary to life. He strove faithfully to combine bread-winning with ideal-winning, or, in the expressive commonplace, to “keep body and soul together.” He wished to be a worthy citizen of society, and yet he saw not how he could be without treason to his highest interests. It is a dilemma with which idealists are familiar, doubtless susceptible of solution, but not often solved. In all the rest of his life he was assaulting and reassaulting it, using against it all the ingenuity and courage and patience and hope he had, and leaving it unsolved when he died.

In '95-'96 he was an assistant-instructor in English at Harvard, carrying on at the same time graduate courses in composition and literature. The next year he was about to accept a similar post at the Institute of Technology, when he was offered the position of Secretary to the Librarian of the Boston Public Library. This he accepted, and held until his death three years later, working to such good effect that in

1899 he was made Clerk of the Corporation, and still managing in spare hours to produce the small but perfect book, the *Poems* of 1898. On the last day of May, 1899, he was suddenly taken with appendicitis, and after an illness of less than a week, died on June 4th, at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

It is easy enough to point out the disadvantageous effect of Savage's quicksilver-like mobility upon his life. He was not safeguarded by the usual limitations of interest from dissipating his energies. He cared so deeply for so many things that it was difficult for him to concentrate his forces on one undertaking. He read very widely, and blamed himself that he did not go even farther afield. All sorts of life appealed to him. At heart he desired, I think, to be at once a poet, a man of action, an athlete, a philosopher, a man of the world or of society, and a solitary thinker. He never brought himself to sacrifice all activities but one. Yet, although success is difficult to him who will not accept such a sacrifice, the very sensitiveness of enthusiasm that made Savage unable to give up anything is itself noble. It is his strength as well as his weakness. Without it he might have accomplished more; it is questionable whether he would have been as much.

If Savage's note-books and the events of his life show thus clearly the impressibility and the habit of self-consideration that combined to make him eclectic, his poetical work is a third and even more striking testimony. The astonishing improvement found on comparing his first with his second volume was the fruit of conscious effort. It proceeded from a ceaseless exercise of taste, which is a faculty dependent on permeability to impressions and the habit of reflecting upon them.

\* \* \* \* \*

The evolution in his work is of two kinds; the advance in style from diffuse prosaicism to crystalline compactness, and the advance in thought from orthodoxy and Wordsworthian homiletics to the independence and originality and courage of such pieces as "Believe in Me" and "God, Thou art Good." The advance in style he made by applying to everything he wrote his naturally keen sense for diction. How delicate

and ardent was his love for words! He notes in his journal Thoreau's passion for the crystalline words in the language, such as "serene" and "ethereal"; it was a passion he shared. One summer we ransacked the first letters of the dictionary together, and I remember well his enthusiasm for such words as "azure," "alert," "aura," "ashen." When I sent him a sprig of everlasting, with a comment on the dignity of the words "everlasting" and "morning," he wrote a new stanza for his poem *Processional* in order to introduce them. I find in his note-book a sentence that suggests the source of many of his own finest effects: "The gracious quality of beauty comes like a bloom on words simple and specific." As time went on, he adopted a more and more laborious mode of composition, bringing a rigorous self-criticism to bear upon his originally keen instincts. His later note-books are webbed and net-worked with revisions and variants.

\* \* \* \* \*

Even more important is the advance he achieved in thought. Very open and fearless must be the mind which can in a few years think itself out of a conventional orthodoxy in belief, and a shy isolation in action, into an independent, humane philosophy, and a gracious and effective sociability. Savage's invaluable habit of getting face to face with his impressions and interrogating them with unprejudiced curiosity, vitalized his entire intellectual life, and disentangled him from tradition, to found him firmly upon truth. But further insistence on a fact so obvious is unnecessary. By this time no reader can doubt Savage's originality, his mental self-dependence. What might be doubted by some is the efficacy of his beliefs, their fundamental worth for the purposes of life. Many people are fond of saying that all the results of a young man's untrammelled thinking are "very pretty, but unpractical," meaning useless in the stress of experience. Such thinking, they affirm, leads to opinions charming enough as conversational and literary ornaments, but hollow and brittle for any ultimate uses of the spirit. Savage's did not prove so. When he came to his early death, and it was necessary to leave his unfinished work and the friends he loved, he found his truth

still true, and could reconcile death with the philosophy life had given him.

The words he uttered on his death-bed have his whole life back of them. Years of effort culminated in these moments of clairvoyant sight. One sees that this was an apotheosis of the spirit. It was the passing of a brave man, who could die bravely because he had lived bravely. There is a poem of his which perfectly expresses the feeling of his friends about his last hours :

“Death has a power to fright the soul,  
And unseat courage from control.

“But when, by love and sorrow led,  
I passed your door, and looked, with dread,  
To see the symbols of the dead ;

“And found, in place of black despair,  
Which I all-looked for, hanging there  
A wreath of buds and lavender ;

“I blessed the heart that would outbrave  
For love, the terror of the grave.”

*Daniel Gregory Mason.*



*THE DISSOLUTION OF GARGAN.*

THE gnats were already at play about the hot arc-lights, and remote street-noises sounded strangely distinct in the quiet of the dreary editorial room, when Gargan returned from his afternoon assignment. In the interval between the night allotment and the turning-in of early copy, the city editor had smoked two fretful pipefuls, muttering his vexation in inarticulate oaths. Just a moment before, he had knocked the ashes from his pipe and strolled into the coat-room to remove his collar in readiness for the night's work: so that when Gargan appeared I was not surprised to hear from the coat-room loud talking and considerable profanity. Above the buzzing murmur of electric fans and the rattle of the receiver-box in the next room I distinguished the harsh, staccato voice of the city editor. Then I saw Gargan shamle out, flushed and defiant in manner but uncertain in step, and behind him the editor, perspiring and angry, his sullen lips gathering in puckers as if for a blast of abuse. In front of the telephone desk the city editor paused, while Gargan shuffled down the aisle, stumbling over typewriter tables and dropping at last into his own chair by the window; and then, slowly retracing his steps, the editor walked past the row of newspaper files and into the managing editor's office.

Meanwhile, Gargan was noisily removing his typewriter-cover and trying ineffectually to turn on his arc-light. His maudlin clumsiness struck me so irresistibly funny that I narrowly saved myself from asking railingly how he had enjoyed the clam-bake that afternoon. When he began to beat out his copy on the typewriter, groping unskilfully for every letter, only the fear that I might have to rewrite his story prevented my calling the telegraph operator to look at him. A telephone call with a half-column obituary to take down soon summoned me from thoughts of Gargan. When I had hung up the receiver and returned to the desk, I saw that he had pushed aside his typewriter and was writing his copy in pencil. It was two years since I had seen Gargan baffled by

a typewriter: the last time was one night, after he had been working over-time for two weeks on the sensational scoop that had placed the present mayor in office and Gargan in line for promotion. The city editor reprimanded him very gently, then, and the managing editor had sent him week's leave and a check, with a kind note advising him never to take stimulants and always to apply for leave of absence when over-worked. That was two years ago, when I was still on the street and Gargan was star assignment man and promising candidate for a desk-position. One year later, when I returned from legislature-reporting, he was still assignment man,—“too damned irregular for a desk-job,” as the managing editor testily remarked, when he appointed me assistant to the city editor. Since then, had come the droop of the lip and the drawn lines about the dark, roving eyes; and also fewer big assignments and more frequent “cursings-out,” which made the cubs eagerly look forward to a “bounce and shake-up,” and the desk-men bet on the time “the old man's stored-up cussedness” would be poured out upon Gargan. I was speculating on these things, and their bearing on my chances of recovering the fifteen dollars Gargan had borrowed, six months ago, when the city editor quickly entered the room and crossed over to my desk.

“Here, boy,” he snapped fiercely, “take this list of firms in the new paper combine, and look up their valuation and capital stock in Bradstreet's, down in the counting-room.” Then, seating himself at his own desk, he solemnly called out, “Gargan, come here!”

Under pretext of searching for a scratch-block, I tried to steal a glance at Gargan; but the city editor reminded me sharply that paper was to be had downstairs, and hurried me disappointed into the elevator. Although the copying did not detain me long, when I returned I found the city editor alone, slashing savagely with blue pencil through a little pile of scrawled manilla sheets.

“Take this thing of Gargan's,” he snarled, thrusting the loose papers into my hand as I approached the desk. “You'd better rewrite the whole thing, lifting what you need from the afternoon notice of

the bake, and faking a list of names from the club directory,—Gargan lost *his* list. Nobody can read his account of it: he must think we run a puzzle department."

"Or a Keely Cure," I suggested, trying shrewdly to find out what had happened.

"He's better informed now," replied the editor, gruffly. "The old man fired him for good.—Hurry up, now, rewrite that thing and then make up the Associated Press despatches."

When my version of the clam-bake was done, the reporters were already returning, and the presses had started in the basement. As the copy kept coming in I had other thoughts than of Gargan. One by one I saw our most promising assignments shrivel into stories worth scarcely a No. 2 head: a credible tip on a big cotton deal proved groundless; a thrilling runaway was irredeemably botched by a new man on the staff; and an auspicious suicide in a down-town hotel, for which we had saved a column and a half, was good for only half a column. Fortunately, early in the evening a large fire had broken out on the river front, which with generous detail and spacing we expanded to two columns. Till quarter of one I wrote head-lines, answered telephone calls, crammed copy and corrected proof into the copy-box and sent it screeching up to the compositors. And then I hurried into my hat and coat, came down from the noisy glare of the office into the cool street, and leisurely walked up-town. As I stumbled up the dimly lighted stairs that led to my rooms, in the gloomy apartment house that served several of us for lodgings, a door opened above me and the news-editor thrust out his dishevelled head. "That damned fool Gargan," he began boisterously, "was in the Warwick a couple of hours ago drinking seltzers—said he was going to swear off and go to New York—had the drinks charged, though, and wanted to borrow some money of me—" The rest I did not hear, for someone overhead was stirring, and the news-editor hurriedly slammed his door.

The next day I had off, and in the afternoon I came down-town later than usual. I was seated alone in the coffee-room of the Warwick,

waiting for a brandy-and-soda, when Gargan, looking more seedy than usual, came over and sat down beside me. I pressed the bell, and asked him to join me in something. "No, no," he said earnestly, snatching at my arm, "I just wanted to talk with you a minute." A flush overspread his cheeks, rising to the black lines beneath his bloated eye-pits.

"The old man fired me last night," he began as the waiter set down my glass. "I should have liked to stay, but it's no use—the old man said he would never take me back. All that's over now.—I haven't saved anything, and must begin earning something right away. My plans are all made: I shall do correspondence work entirely, now. You know I've always done the *New York Herald* correspondence—that's worth six dollars a week. I shall work up a syndicate of papers that will pay me more in a few months than I have been getting now. I tell you, you won't recognise me three weeks from now!" His lips drew tight and his eyes gleamed with old-time fire.

"All that I need is a fair show," he cried with a ring in his voice. "Time was when I could write around any man in the office—my stuff used to be good copy for the *Sun* while the rest of the fellows were writing for the waste-basket. I'll spend all my time, now, in that kind of thing—Sunday stories, news-letters, special despatches, and the like. To-morrow I'm going to write some newspapers in St. Louis and Chicago and the Middle West, to arrange for disposing of the stuff. I've got an idea, now, for a *Sun* story, that I shall work up to-night. I've thought of another scheme that I'm not talking about yet, but which may be worth all the rest put together." The unfamiliar lines of determination were loosened about his mouth.

"Meanwhile, of course, I shall want to be allowed to get news at the office, just as the *Globe* correspondent does." He paused, toying nervously with the match-safe; and then he added lightly, "I don't like to ask the old man for it; but if you could do it, it would be a great accommodation."

While trying to light a cigar I mumbled a stupid assent. I was

reaching for another match, and on the point of commending his resolution, when Gargan rose, thanked me briefly and hurried away.

For several nights afterwards, while the city editor was out for his midnight lunch, Gargan turned up regularly at the office for news. Till time for the editor to return he lounged about the littered desks, delighting in the familiar glare and hubbub, seeking the exhilaration that comes in the excitement and rush of events. One night I asked how his syndicate writing was coming on.

"Oh, I've got five papers already," he replied gayly. "Last week I made twenty dollars off from them, and six dollars more off the *Chicago Tribune* for a special despatch on Hinky-Dink's experience in town. But I'm working now on a little scheme that's better even than correspondence work." I thought I had never seen him clearer-eyed, or in better spirits.

Nobody in the office paid much attention to him when he came around, and I barely spared time to give him the news of the day. So that when his visits ceased I did not notice the fact till one of the younger men remarked that no one had seen Gargan for five days back. I was so busy the next week pushing the exposure of the milk trust and arranging for our sixty-page decennial number that I thought no more of Gargan till the sporting editor chaffed me, one day, for being the only man in the office who had ever risked money with Gargan. I resented his banter with appropriate dignity and resolved privately to look up Gargan at his lodgings. On second thought, however, I made the excuse to myself that he was probably trying his new scheme and would dislike prying visits from his old associates. An optimistic bias made me stubbornly resist the general opinion that he had ignominiously gone to the bad; his resolute professions had made me expect of him something startling and successful that should redeem all past disgrace and, perhaps, reimburse me for my loan. I thought of some humorous sketches he had once sold to a newspaper syndicate, and of an elaborate plan to furnish country newspapers with political plate-matter which he had devised a few months since and might now be selling to the campaign

managers. Some of these surmises I confided to the city editor when I was leaving for my week's vacation; and I suggested that he might yet beat us all out.

"Th' hell he will!" snorted the editor.

"He can write rings around the rest of us when he's not soaking," I reminded him tartly. But he obstinately persisted in his opinion.

My vacation was half over when I received a note from the city editor. "Your promising friend," the last paragraph ran, "turned up yesterday, dead broke, with only a strong breath and a pocketful of pawn-tickets to his name. He begged so hard and looked so desperately seedy that the managing editor finally took him on, at cub's pay, just to tide us over the election. Of course he protests that he has sworn off: notwithstanding, I have orders to bounce him on first provocation. The sporting editor has got up a pool on the length of time he'll be with us. Do you want to come in?"

The night after my return to town, the first person I saw as I entered the office was Gargan, hard at work before the battered old "cub-desk" in the corner, far from the breeze and the electric fans. After shaking hands with the city editor, I hurried over to see him. He looked up with a little frightened start, and then seized my hand gratefully: "I'm mighty glad to see you," he said, his lack-luster eyes striving to express his abundant satisfaction. "You don't know how good it is to get back to this boisterous old place. I think I'd rather be here than anywhere else I know of. One misses the excitement so that it is impossible to work without it. Of course," he added, lowering his voice to a quaver, "I don't get much to start on. But it won't take long to show what I'm worth and get back what I've lost." There was piteous yearning in his eyes and his hands trembled feebly; a faint flush came into his hollow cheeks and rose to the straggling hair streaked with gray about his temples. As I turned away to speak to the sporting editor I saw a quizzical smile play about the lips of a reporter who had overheard.

Two weeks later, I more than made good my loan by winning the pool.

*G. H. Montague.*

### THE SCHOOL OF LIFE: A PLAY.

PAULINE. *Est-ce à l'école française d'Athènes que l'on vous apprend ces choses-là ?*

MICHEL. *Non, à l'école de la vie.*

PAUL HERVIEU: *Les Tenailles.*

#### THE PERSONS.

MRS. WARLAND.

SYBIL WARLAND, her daughter.

MRS. SHERBROOKE, her niece by marriage.

BILLY DURWIN, Mrs. Sherbrooke's brother.

A PARLOUR MAID.

*THE action takes place at the present day in Buffalo at Mrs. SHERBROOKE'S house in Oakland Place.*

*Spring, noon.*

*[Mrs. Sherbrooke's library; book shelves half way to the ceiling filled with the brightly bound books of the "New" publishers, interspersed here and there with paper bound, foreign books. Above, the room is papered in green. The pictures include a Degas Dancing Girl, and Braun photographs of the Mona Lisa and of Fra Bartolomeo's Savonarola. In the middle of the room is a table covered with books. Right at front, a door to the hall; left centre, broad double door to dining-room; rear centre, broad door, standing open, on to the lawn.]*

*[The curtain rises on an empty stage. In a few minutes the door-bell rings. Before the MAID has time to come, another quick, nervous ring. The PARLOUR MAID enters from the dining-room, crosses the stage and goes off into the hall. In a minute she returns, showing in BILLY DURWIN.]*

MAID. Mrs. Sherbrooke is out, but I will tell Miss Warland you are here, Mr. Durwin.

*[Exit MAID into the hall; DURWIN sits down. In a few minutes he gets up and walks about nervously. The MAID re-enters.]*

MAID. Miss Warland will be down in a minute.

[*As she speaks, MRS. SHERBROOKE has entered from the lawn.*]

MRS. SHERBROOKE. Please tell Miss Warland not to trouble to come down. I shall attend to what my brother wants.

[*DURWIN and the MAID both start around; the MAID looks from one to the other for a few minutes.*]

MAID [*quietly*]. Very well, Mrs. Sherbrooke.

[*Exit MAID into the hall.*]

DURWIN. [*He is a dark man, with delicately drawn features, and with deep, nervous eyes, with many wrinkles under them.*] Damn it, Henrietta, what do you mean?

MRS. S. [*She strongly resembles her brother. Her features, however, are more delicately drawn, and suggest that she has developed her intellect. She is dressed in one of the long brown coats women now affect, and has an especially high pompadour with an Alpine perched on it. She carries a parasol, with which she is fond of weaving designs on the floor while she talks.*] Billy, we Durwins have been a mighty poor lot, but we have always been at least fair and square.

DURWIN. Do you mean to hint that I cannot honorably see Sybil?

MRS. S. My dear Billy, you know perfectly well what Aunt Mary thinks of you. You scarcely accord with her ideas of propriety. And I quite refuse to have my brother make love in my house to a girl without her mother's consent.

DURWIN [*collapsing into a chair*]. I suppose you are right, but, Heavens! I am not so bad. I have broken off, and it's no joke to break off.

MRS. S. Of course it is not. And from our point of view nobody could possibly get a better match. But unfortunately Aunt Mary does not share our point of view. A really good woman of the old school never forgets a man's past. She is eternally wielding a flaming sword.

DURWIN. I don't see how she can accept you, then. You are really not so very much better than I. And for a woman!

MRS. S. My dear Billy, you are everlastingly forgetting two things. [*Humorously.*] In the first place I really have no intention of marrying



her daughter. One has different rules of conduct for the people one asks to dine. Besides, Aunt Mary's family pride and her wish to observe the absolute respectability of the family is quite as strong as, what I am sure she would call, her moral sense. She never forgets that she is a Trenby, and lives in an old family house on Buffalo Street, Niagara Falls. She nearly killed Tom for wanting to marry me. When, however, the fatal step was taken, I was a member of the family to be handled with white gloves. [*With a smile.*] Besides, I was quite forgetting Fra Bartolomeo's Savonarola. Aunt Mary thinks Savonarola the last and greatest of the prophets. I like the picture, how can I be entirely bad?

DURWIN. You admit, then, she is not consistent?

MRS. S. Of course not. None of us are. Even the purest have to compromise with life. The only question is where one draws the line.

DURWIN [*starting up nervously*]. Anyway I must face her and get the whole matter settled. I simply can't stand it any longer. I shall go mad.

MRS. S. I quite agree with you. I agree with you so strongly that I have sent for Aunt Mary. I expect her in a few minutes.

DURWIN. [*Starts nervously away, then braces up.*] No, I will face her.

MRS. S. [*with a laugh*]. You face her? You could not face her for a minute. If there is one person you are absolutely terror stricken at, it's Aunt Mary. Let me pave the way. There, go into the garden, and read this volume of Henri Lavedan. You can think how much better you are than his men. That will brace you to face her with a good conscience.

[*DURWIN starts to go into the garden. Just then SYBIL appears at the door into the hall.*]

SYBIL. Billy!

DURWIN. Sybil!

MRS. S. [*getting between them. To her brother*]. Go on! Go on! I am wielding the flaming sword now.

[DURWIN looks from SYBIL to his sister, and after a moment goes reluctantly out on to the lawn.]

SYBIL. [*She is a rather pretty girl, with the proper amount of restraint, but with a chin expressing determination. Her hair is brown, and curly. She is absolutely without humour, and has a solemnity befitting the granddaughter of the celebrated Bishop Warland.*] Why does he go, Henrietta?

MRS. S. [*teasingly*]. He is afraid, my dear. Moral: little children should not have a bad conscience.

SYBIL. There is no reason for him to have a bad conscience. Not every man can stop being fast. He is a hero, a saint! And I will think so! Do you understand, Henrietta? I will think so in spite of everybody.

MRS. S. [*soothingly*]. Of course. Of course. But don't wait here to tell your mother so. [*The door-bell rings.*] There she is now. Go on, through the dining-room and up the back stairs. I'll follow in a minute.

[*SYBIL goes out into the dining-room. MRS. SHERBROOKE remains standing in the room. The MAID enters from the dining-room, gives a glance at MRS. SHERBROOKE and crosses to the hall. MRS. SHERBROOKE remains in the room until she hears voices in the hall, then she goes quickly out into the dining-room; as she goes out the MAID re-appears at the door from the hall. She glances around, sees that MRS. SHERBROOKE is not there, and then calls off into the hall.*]

MAID. Mrs. Sherbrooke seems to have gone upstairs. I don't suppose she knew it was you. Come in, Mrs. Warland, and I'll tell her.

[*MRS. WARLAND enters from the hall. She is a rather stately, perfectly poised woman, with thick grey hair, and a humorous mouth.*]

MRS. WARLAND. Why was I sent for? Is Miss Warland ill?

MAID. No, Mrs. Warland.

MRS. WARLAND. Then, will you tell her I am here.

MAID. Yes—but—Mrs. Sherbrooke would like to see you first.

MRS. WARLAND. Oh!—very well. Then tell her.

[*The MAID starts to go into the hall. As she reaches the door MRS.*

SHERBROOKE *enters from the hall, now without her coat, in a tailor-made gown.*]

MRS. S. [*crossing the room and kissing her aunt*]. How do you do, dear Aunt Mary. I am very glad to see you! [*To the MAID.*] That is all, Fanny. And take Mrs. Warland's wraps.

[*MAID assists MRS. WARLAND to take off her bonnet and cape, and carries them out into the hall.*]

MRS. WARLAND. Now, Henrietta, tell me. Why did you telegraph for me? The maid says Sybil is not sick. What is the matter?

MRS. S. Well! — The truth is, Sybil is in love, and I thought you ought to know.

MRS. WARLAND. I suppose I ought to look grieved, and cry. But really I am not grieved at all. Old as I am, I can quite remember being in love myself. I have long trained myself to the thought of Sybil's marrying. You see, she is not like most girls nowadays. If she were, I might worry about her choice. But Sybil has been so well trained, I feel perfectly sure about that.

MRS. S. [*with irony*]. Oh! You do! [*Returning to her consciousness of the critical situation.*] Well, you will have to know. So I might as well tell you. You won't like it at all. It's my brother.

MRS. WARLAND [*astounded*]. Billy? That's impossible.

MRS. S. [*without losing her calmness*]. And he loves her.

MRS. WARLAND. Loves? Don't use that word about him. Say he is fascinated by her for the moment. How many women has he loved in his rather short life?

MRS. S. Nonsense, Aunt Mary. In reality, Billy is about like other men. He is not so very bad.

MRS. WARLAND. Not so very bad? A man who spent three years at college in the Freshman class, conducting himself — in a way about which I quite refuse to speak — until finally even your father thought it shameful and withdrew him — just in time. No fit mother could let her daughter marry a man like that.

MRS. S. I quite admit all you say. But consider circumstances.

MRS. WARLAND. Circumstances? The cant word of the age.

MRS. S. Yes, circumstances! You know as well as I do, Aunt Mary, what our family has been. For generations we have moved through life on the line of least resistance. Oh, it's all very pleasant, but it weakens one's fibre. Just now you said "even my father"; that perfectly expresses it. It was always "even my father." He had no will, no determination. It was all the fault of Paris. The change from a pleasantly provincial American town, governed socially by the leaders in the Episcopal church, to imperial Paris, was quite too much for Papa's nerves.

MRS. WARLAND [*with a sigh*]. Ah, Paris in the sixties! The Boulevards, and the Cafés, and the Empress Eugénie on horseback, and Patti, when Patti was young!

MRS. S. That was a woman's Paris. A man's Paris was Marguerite Gautier, or at best Suzanne d'Anges. Don't grope around for them, dear Aunt Mary. You really don't know them. They were never in your set. But poor, dear Papa did know them, and the task of reconciling a developed sense of pleasure with the proprieties of American life was quite too much for him. And poor, dear Mamma was really very little use. She did nothing but putter about with her poetry books. They both had a mighty jolly time. [*With sudden intensity.*] But we are paying for it. Then, you really must remember Billy's companions.

MRS. WARLAND. My dear! Surely neither I nor the universe is responsible for your brother's choosing bad company.

MRS. S. I do not mean bad company, I mean good company, I mean our own set. The men who sit around the Country Club verandah in summer, and adorn the club windows in winter, and the women who "circle and float and fade" every afternoon,—the Darts, and the Pattertons, and the whole of that set,—what does a boy get from them? Oh! he does just what they do.

MRS. WARLAND. Precisely what he should not do, my dear. He should have more will.

MRS. S. That is just what Billy did not have, and it is not his

fault! You can't go through life on the line of least resistance and develop will power.—Oh, and you seem to think there is a moment when one deliberately gets wild. That is not the way such things happen. One drifts a little, then a little farther, finally one cannot stop drifting.

MRS. WARLAND. But according to your own story he has stopped.

MRS. S. Oh! that happened as naturally as such things always do happen. You see, we both inherit from Mamma considerable artistic taste. One night Billy happened to be in a particularly artistic mood, and saw a man on the street staggering round. The hideousness of it struck him and so he stopped. I don't think he would have stopped for long, but he met Sybil, and she has held him.

MRS. WARLAND. Yes, she has held him. But if I should consent, do you suppose, when she was sitting opposite him at daily breakfast, she would hold him long?

MRS. S. Oh! I don't know. [*With sudden intensity.*] If one could only know anything, life would be so simple.

MRS. WARLAND. All you clever people make life too complex. If you would only be like us. Take life more on faith, and do not over-develop your intellects. But Sybil, dear child, is not complex. I doubt if she has ever had an idea—certainly not what you would call an idea. Brought up at a correct school, she is as conservative as I.

MRS. S. Do you really think it is ever possible for anybody to be as conservative as the preceding generation?

MRS. WARLAND. Oh! I feel sure Sybil is. When she knows what your brother has been, she won't want to marry him. So—it's hideous—but I am going to tell her. Please send her to me.

MRS. S. [*warningly*]. Aunt Mary—

[*She stops, looks at her aunt for a moment, then turns and goes out into the hall. MRS. WARLAND steps to the table and turns over the books with an air of disapproval. In a few minutes SYBIL WARLAND enters from the hall. She rushes to her mother with a glad cry. They embrace heartily.*]

MRS. WARLAND. Sybil, dearest, Henrietta told me something about you — that you are really in love with Billy.

SYBIL. Oh! Yes, Mamma. How did she guess? [*With a sudden change of tone.*] Why, you don't disapprove, do you?

MRS. WARLAND. [*Speaks very tenderly.*] Yes, Sybil, I do disapprove.

SYBIL. You really disapprove? Why?

MRS. WARLAND. Sit down. I suppose I shall have to tell you.

[*MRS. WARLAND takes a chair, and seats SYBIL on a stool near her. During the following speech she draws her hand through her daughter's hair. SYBIL is watching her mother like a lynx.*]

MRS. WARLAND. Dearest Sybil, you are still so young. And a young girl does not really know what she desires, does not know whom she wants to marry. What do you know about men? You have scarcely seen them. You have danced a little with them, played a foursome now and then. But really you know only girls. And I know just what you have thought about them — just what I thought when I was a girl. They all seemed to you princes from fairy-land. But really men are very prosaic. They are rarely what we deem them. Often they are not what we should call nice.

SYBIL. Oh, Mamma! I'm sure Billy is nice. I've seen so very much of him.

MRS. WARLAND. [*She speaks with more and more difficulty as she gets further into her speech.*] Billy is not nice! Oh, I don't mean that he can't do the patter about horses and golf that a young girl considers conversation. But really — he — oh, Sybil, won't you take my word for it that you simply can't marry him.

SYBIL. Oh, Mamma, I'm sure you're very unreasonable to ask that.

MRS. WARLAND. Well, then I suppose I must tell you. I suppose you must know that there are women — well, the sort of women for whom one builds homes, and I suppose you know that there are men who — who —

SYBIL. Yes, I know all that.

MRS. WARLAND. But you thought that they were all toughs. But really, often they are gentlemen, men in our own set. You have probably gone out to dinner with one—if I had ever let you dine at Mrs. Patterton's, I should know you had. These men live—oh, they live in a way I hope you will never know. And then they come from—from those women to you girls! Sybil, dearest, Billy has been one of those men.

SYBIL [*very quietly*]. Mother, I knew.

MRS. WARLAND [*incredulously*]. You knew?

SYBIL. Yes, I knew.

MRS. WARLAND. And yet you loved him?

SYBIL [*rising and walking about nervously*]. Oh, yes! How could he help doing? Life is not so simple as you have always tried to make me think. The more I find out about the Durwins, and the more I see his set, the less I wonder at Billy.

MRS. WARLAND. You think that as well as Henrietta Sherbrooke, do you? When did you learn it? At Miss Thompson's.

SYBIL. Oh, no! I learned nothing at Miss Thompson's, any more than I did at home.

MRS. WARLAND [*suddenly*]. Did you learn it here, in this house, after I trusted you to Henrietta?

SYBIL. Oh, no! Nobody could have been more careful than Henrietta. She has never told me anything.

MRS. WARLAND. Where did you learn, then?

SYBIL. I should have said from Miss Thompson, for the truth is I found out life at school.

MRS. WARLAND. Then you did find out at Miss Thompson's, after all?

SYBIL. Yes. I found out from the girls. Oh, Mamma, you can't keep a person from knowing nowadays what life really is. There was Lydia Greenough, whose father and mother were divorced and both married again. They could not agree who was to take her, so she was sent to Miss Thompson's. Then there was Mary Vanning. Her mother

and father fought like cat and dog. So they broke up their New York house. He settled on a Colorado ranch, and her mother lives in Paris. They used to tell us girls things.

MRS. WARLAND [*indignantly*]. And Miss Thompson allowed it?

SYBIL. Oh, Mamma, of course she didn't know! How could she know about everything that happened? She really could not prevent us learning things. Then, too, I have been noticing things since I came out. A girl can't see much, but she can't help seeing something.

MRS. WARLAND. And everything you used to feel is shattered? Oh, Sybil!

SYBIL. No, Mamma, nothing is shattered. I only pity and understand. That is the way I feel towards Billy. And I will hold him!

MRS. WARLAND [*fiercely*]. No, you shall not hold him! There is one thing I hope you still respect — my authority, for I forbid it. [*She crosses to the door of the hall.*] Do you understand? I forbid it.

. [*Exit MRS. WARLAND into the hall. SYBIL gives a wild cry. She walks about nervously, finally goes to the window and leans her arm on it. She looks out for a few moments. Then she gives a little gasp, and calls out.*]

SYBIL. Billy, Billy.

[*DURWIN comes in from the lawn.*]

DURWIN. Henrietta told me to go away, but I couldn't. Oh, I simply couldn't! [*Starts away from her a little.*] And now you know, now you know me. I suppose you do not even love me any longer. You are so pure, how could you know? No woman really knows. Not even Henrietta,— she is knowing, but she does not really know.

SYBIL. I suppose you are right, we women cannot ever know, but we are beginning to guess, to understand. [*Going up to him.*] But listen, Billy, Mamma has forbidden me to marry you, but she has no right to interfere with our lives. So — if you will have me — oh! I will marry you all the same.

DURWIN [*clasping her in his arms*]. Dearest! You will keep me straight!



SYBIL [*fiercely*]. Yes, I will keep you straight!

[*They embrace again passionately. At that moment MRS. WARLAND enters from the hall.*]

MRS. WARLAND [*starting back*]. Sybil! Billy! What does this mean?

[*BILLY draws back suddenly, and is going off hastily to the lawn.*]

SYBIL [*quickly and with decision*]. No, Billy, wait for me in the other room. I wish to have a conversation with Mamma. But understand clearly, whatever my mother says, I shall marry you anyway.

[*DURWIN goes out into the hall.*]

MRS. WARLAND. So you intend to make a fool of yourself.

SYBIL. I am going to marry Billy, if that is what you mean. You might as well consent and let me do it in peace, for I will marry him anyway.

MRS. WARLAND. I wonder if you understand what you are doing. You speak of holding him. You can never be sure of holding a man of that type, he may get adrift any time.

SYBIL. You can be sure of nothing. I can only try. But I will hold him. Oh, I know I shall!

MRS. WARLAND [*quietly*]. Well, you will break my heart, Sybil; I thought I had saved you. I thought you so simple, so pure. You were not to be like your generation, not like Henrietta Sherbrooke. I tried to make you an old-fashioned girl, the sort of girl my mother made me. But I have lost you, I have quite lost you. You will go and throw yourself away and marry a man who—oh!—can't you give it up for me?

SYBIL. Oh, Mamma, you are asking too much! If it were only myself, I might. But I can't give him up. If I let him go he would slip right back where he was. That I cannot do.

MRS. WARLAND. Some day you will regret.

SYBIL. Perhaps, but I shall always know I could not have done anything else. It is my duty.

MRS. WARLAND. Your duty? A new use of the word. Your duty to marry a drunkard?

SYBIL. Oh, yes. For I must think of him. Even if it is only a fighting chance, I must think of him, for I may save him. It is all I care for in the whole, whole world.

MRS. WARLAND. You should think more of yourself, and not ruin your life.

SYBIL. Would I not be ruining my life if I gave up the man I loved, like a coward? Oh, Mamma, you do not seem to understand what you are asking! You want me to deprive of all hope the man I love, because I might cause myself some sorrow. That cannot be the duty about which you are always talking. [*She crosses to the front of the picture of Savonarola.*] What would your hero, your saint, what would Savonarola say to that?

MRS. WARLAND. [*She looks annoyed for a moment, then says, as quietly as usual.*] After all Savonarola lived so long ago, and he was never placed in the position I am. Besides, he really was a fanatic. One does live in the world, and one has to consider what the world is.

SYBIL. Mamma, it is you who are false to the things you used to feel. But even from your point of view you had better consent. For if you don't, I tell you now, I shall elope with him. You know what a scandal that would make, how it would be in all the papers and would smudge the Warland name.

MRS. WARLAND. [*Looks at her daughter for a moment, collapses utterly into a chair by the table.*] I consent, I consent.

[*MRS. WARLAND rests her head in her hands on the table. She sobs bitterly. SYBIL crosses the room and tenderly draws her hand over her mother's head. MRS. WARLAND shakes her off convulsively. SYBIL stands looking down at her mother for a few minutes, then she draws herself up, crosses the stage, and goes out into the hall. MRS. WARLAND sits sobbing alone.*]

[SLOW CURTAIN.]

*James Platt White.*

*THE DRAMATIC QUALITY OF LANDOR'S IMAGINARY  
CONVERSATIONS.*

IN that slowly but steadily growing body of critical work which has sprung up around the *Imaginary Conversations* of Walter Savage Landor, it has become more and more the custom to divide those *Conversations* into two groups—Dramatic and Discursive. Yet this term “dramatic,” which clings with such persistency to a part of the *Conversations*, has never been adequately explained, nor has it been closely examined with reference to the *Conversations* so named. To attempt such an examination is the aim of this essay.

In the first place, then, what do we mean by “dramatic” as here used?

Literary forms are based on human experience just as surely as systems of philosophy are, and, consequently, we find that that wave of romanticism and revolution which swept over England during the latter part of the eighteenth and the early part of the nineteenth centuries, not only broadened and deepened men's criticism of life, but also swept away or radically changed many of the old literary forms. This was inevitable. Men do not put new wine into old bottles, else the bottles burst, and the infinitely subtle and complex sensitiveness of the new generation could not express itself within the limits of the heroic couplet or Addisonian drama. The result of this general shifting of literary forms was that many of those terms which had of old a clear and definite meaning became vague in their signification. Amongst these was the term “dramatic.” From being closely connected with the drama, and denoting only those qualities which characterize the drama, it came to be applied to various forms of writing, and we find dramatic monologues, dramatic lyrics, dramatic narratives, dramatic conversations, etc.

Now the essential quality of the drama, that it should present the author's conceptions through the medium of action, is not to be found in the above named kinds of composition. They are not written to be

acted. However, if we compare, for a moment, one of the so-called "Dramatic" Conversations, "Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn," with one of the so-called "Discursive" Conversations, "William Penn and Lord Peterborough," we shall be able, I think, to arrive at some conclusions about the new use of the old term "dramatic." In the former we have a short and intensely passionate scene, in which the reader's interest is in the emotions involved, and those emotions are powerful enough to be constantly on the point of breaking out into action. The atmosphere is one of passionate activity. In the latter, the principal interest is intellectual; Penn and Peterborough pass quietly from topic to topic in their discussion, and we follow them with very little feeling involved. The atmosphere is one of contemplative repose. That quality of "the emotions involved being powerful enough to be constantly on the point of breaking out into action" which characterizes the "Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn" Conversation, I conceive to be the essential quality of "dramatic" literature as the nineteenth century critics understand it. It is because the critics find this quality in some of Landor's Conversations that they call them "Dramatic."

What I mean by "the emotions represented being constantly on the point of breaking out in action" may be illustrated by the opening speech of the "Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn" Conversation. It is as follows:

*Henry.* Dost thou know me, Nanny, in this yeoman's dress? 'S blood, does it require so long and vacant a stare to recollect a husband after a week or two? No tragedy-tricks with me! a scream, a sob, or thy kerchief a trifle the wetter, were enough. Why, verily the little fool faints in earnest. These whey faces, like their kinsfolk the ghosts, give us no warning. [Sprinkling water over her.] Hast had water enough upon thee? Take that, then: art thyself again?"

Now this speech is incomprehensible, at least in its full significance, if we do not picture Anne's emotions as being on the point of or actually breaking out into actions. The exact nature of these actions, of course, depends on the imaginative insight and the visualizing power of the

reader; but for all of us there exists "the long and vacant stare" of the astonished and emotionally stunned Anne, who has been preparing for her death and little expecting a visit from that husband whom she loves and who has condemned her. "No tragedy-tricks with me" implies the emotion breaking out into some action; perhaps the repulsion of some brutal fondling which Henry attempts, perhaps some signs of that physical collapse which later on results in Anne's fainting; perhaps a continuation of "the long and vacant stare." Then the conflict of emotions in Anne causes her to faint, and finally the petulant brutality of Henry comes out in the action implied in the phrase, "Take that, then: art thyself again?"

Besides this essential quality of "the emotions represented being constantly on the point of breaking out into action," there are many more superficial qualities which tend to justify the application of the term "Dramatic" to a number of the *Imaginary Conversations*. One of these is that Landor always forces his reader to construct an imaginary stage setting for the conversation or else only partly understand it. Thus, in the opening of the "Empress Catherine and Princess Dashkof" Conversation, we are forced to imagine the two adjacent rooms, and the excited movements of the two women as they listen to the blood of the murdered Czar dripping on the floor, and the dog lapping it up.

Another "dramatic quality" is that Landor constantly suggests action, and often embodies those suggestions, which in an ordinary drama would be put in the stage directions, in the speeches of his characters.

In order to illustrate these two points I have rewritten the first few speeches of the "Empress Catherine and Princess Dashkof" Conversation as I imagine it would be written for an acting version with full stage directions. It is as follows:

SCENE.—Room in the Imperial Palace, with double door leading into the Emperor's sleeping apartment. Enter the Empress Catherine and Princess Dashkof.

*Catherine* [crying through the double door]. Into his heart! into his

heart! [To *Dashkof*.] If he escapes, we perish. Do you think, *Dashkof*, they can hear me? [Listens.] Yes; they heard me: they have done it. [Bubbling and gurgling of blood and groans heard in the adjacent room.] Listen! his blood is busier now than it ever was before. I should not have thought it could have splashed so loud upon the floor, although our bed, indeed, is rather of the highest. Put your ear against the lock. [*Dashkof* listens at the door.]

*Dashkof*. I hear nothing.

*Catherine*. My ears are quicker than yours, and know these notes better. Let me come. [*Catherine* pushes *Dashkof* aside.] Hear nothing! You did not wait long enough, nor with coolness and patience. [Dropping of blood is heard in the adjacent room, the drops falling slowly as they penetrate the eider-down mattress on which the *Czar* lies.] There! there again! How now! [The lapping and tramping of a dog is heard in the next room.] Which of these fools has brought his dog with him? The creature will carry the marks all about the palace with his feet and muzzle.

Another dramatic quality which we find in the so-called "Dramatic Conversations" is that which is technically known as "suspense." That is, the dramatist by certain means suggests that an event is going to happen in the near future but does not allow this expected event to follow immediately on the suggestion of it. Thus he stimulates our attention and produces in us a certain forward-looking emotional tension. The most common method of producing this effect in the drama is by introducing a couple of characters who by their conversation lead us to expect an important action will follow immediately. Then a scene of an entirely different character—in Shakspeare it is often a comic after a tragic scene—is introduced. This serves the purpose of aggravating our desire for the expected event. When the dramatist considers that our emotional tension is at the highest possible pitch, he depicts the scene we desire so strongly, and so satisfies our longing.

Now, Landor, who only gives one scene, cannot employ just this method of getting "suspense." Neither does he get exactly the same kind of "suspense" as is commonly found in the drama. His "suspense"—if we may be allowed to use the old term for the new modification of the effect—looks backwards as well as forwards. We wonder

what happened anterior to the scene he places before us as well as what is going to happen after it. This effect is gained by presenting a scene which lies between two great critical events, and in that scene making the conversation refer to the event which made the scene presented possible as well as to the event which is to happen in the future. Thus, the "conversation" between Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn takes place while Anne is in prison and refers back to the moment when she was condemned to be executed for adultery—the critical event before her imprisonment. It also refers forward to her execution—the critical event which is to follow her imprisonment. This is invariably Landor's method in his so-called "Dramatic" Conversations. He presents a moment when his characters have just passed through one great emotional crisis and are expecting another; they are emotionally in a state of suspense. If the reader imaginatively sympathizes with the characters presented, it is inevitable that he should, also, be in a state of emotional suspense.

If the essential quality of dramatic writing, in its broader sense, is that "the emotions depicted are constantly on the point of breaking out into action," it is evident that in such writing we must have deep and consistent characterization; for we cannot expect puppets or caricatures to feel strongly. The demand for rounded characterization is more imperative in such "dramatic" writing as Landor's than in the regular drama; for there the situation will often, with the aid of good acting, produce the desired emotional effect. In the *Imaginary Conversations*, however, situation is made little of, and, consequently, all depends on the characters. They must appeal to the reader as real persons and not galvanized puppets.

Is Landor, then, a great creator of character? Most emphatically, yes. He has certain limitations, but if we allow for these, I do not think we shall be able to find in the whole course of English literature, outside of the pages of Shakspeare, such power of imaginatively conceiving the subtler traits of human character. Landor could not, as a rule, portray successfully the lighter and comic aspect of human nature; he

could not have created Jack Falstaff and his vagabond followers. He could, however, have given us an admirable Henry V or Richard III. The great, the majestic, the powerful; these things appeal to him particularly. He thoroughly understands the feelings of a Pericles, an Achilles or a Rhadamistus, and gives us a finished and thoroughly satisfactory portrayal of such characters.

Landor was, also, the master of a very different kind of character drawing. His women need not fear comparison with those of Shakspeare himself. Where, outside of Shakspeare, do we find such sensitive, breathing, and life-like women as Helena, Vipsania, Godiva, Anne Boleyn, Aspasia, Beatrice, Aphanasia, Rhodope, etc? The list is almost endless, and there are no two alike. Each one has her own individuality, and attracts or repels us exactly as the women we meet every day do. As soon as we attempt to placard them according to the method so much in vogue among critics of literature at the present time, we feel the uselessness of such a process. Catherine may be a human she-wolf, Helena may be a beautiful coquette, Vipsania may be an ideal Roman matron, but each of them is more than that, each is a living, breathing and inexplicable woman.

We have seen, then, that the so-called "Dramatic" Conversations of Landor are "dramatic" in so far as they "express emotions which are constantly on the point of breaking out into action"; in so far as they constantly suggest action; in so far as they make use of suspense, require a stage setting and characterize realistically. Yet many critics of keen insight who appreciate Landor highly deny that we have any right to apply the term "dramatic" to any part of his work, and, I think, a close analysis of the so-called "Dramatic Conversations" from the standpoint of style justifies their opinion. Style may be defined as "the innate principle by which an artist shapes and regulates every expression of his mind." In Landor this "innate principle" is undoubtedly restraint. He is never spontaneous. This is shown by various superficial signs, such as lack of connectives, parsimony of words for ideas, isolation of clauses and sentences, the epigrammatic quality, etc.



Now, this spirit of "restraint" is the exact opposite to that spontaneity of powerful feeling breaking into action, which is the dramatic spirit. Thus, while Landor represents his characters as emotionally on the point of breaking out into action, and is to that extent "dramatic," he is himself so under the control of this "innate principle of restraint" that he never quite gives us that spontaneous burst of emotion into action which is completely "dramatic."

We conclude, then, that while Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*, especially the so-called "Dramatic" ones, have many "dramatic" qualities in them, they are in the last analysis essentially undramatic; and, consequently, that classification of them as "Dramatic and Discursive," while it is very convenient and to a certain extent correct, should be used with great caution and a recognition of its inaccuracy.

*John T. Murray.*

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### THE BUTTERFLY.

FICKLE as a sunbeam fair,  
The butterfly is summer's toy;  
Flitting through the balmy air,  
Fickle as a sunbeam fair,  
Knowing naught of human care,  
Transient as human joy,  
Fickle as a sunbeam fair,  
The butterfly is summer's toy.

*R. M. G. .*

## CRISEYDE.

AUGUST is a long month at Sorrento. Health-seekers, pleasure-seekers, leisure-seekers, life-seekers, find time waiting for them here. Weeks drift by, nature is prodigal, and they stay on. The air is kindly, softly sympathetic and breathes a velvet over the fields. High overhead the roses hang in a lazy dream of perfume, and below, the moths flash little arcs of iridescence over the heads of the poppies, while the white spans of the little *Ponte Vecchio* stretch out over careless waves into realms of nature dreams beyond. At night the stars hang low, the incense of magnolias is about, and under the sweet influence of the Pleiades, nature sleeps without a thought of wakening. This is why the healthless find health, the lazy are justified at Sorrento.

I had been three weeks at Sorrento almost alone. I had selected a little room in my *pension* overlooking paradise on a small scale—a fountain splashing some broken nymphs in the center of terraced banks of geraniums. I had settled down to an existence of pipes and poetry when Mr. Kendall arrived. Kendall had been my tutor at Balliol, and haunted me as a kind of living memorial of possibilities that I had repudiated in my university career. Intellectually he had retired, having done most of his thinking while still an undergraduate, and had settled down to dogmatize—indeinitely. Poor Kendall, he liked me in the University and his smile at my failure was woefully ineffectual. His room was next to mine. He had come to Sorrento to arrange his notes for some lectures in classical philology for the next year, and he would gain additional inspiration by inflicting his superiority upon me between seasons of work. I had been enduring this for a week when there were signs of another arrival in our quiet little retreat. A steamer shawl was thrown over the balcony rail of a room directly opposite, porters were running across the hitherto deserted court of the fountain-splashed nymphs, and a little old lady in a lace nubia stepped out on the balcony, smiled sweetly at the geraniums, nodded with charming satisfaction at

the fountain, deferentially overlooked the nymphs, and retreated again. And then—a vision! Juliet! Thisbe! Laura! Francesca! all in one, with the graceful touch of the nineteenth century upon her. She too stepped out on the balcony, looked at the geraniums and then raised her eyes to mine for the briefest of seconds, and was gone. I locked my door, lit a fresh pipe and waited. Nothing but the splashing of the fountain and the darting of the dragon flies.

Two, three, four days, and finally, on the twenty-first of August, I saw her for one whole hour. She was leaning back in a setting of cushions reading. I had polished my field glasses four days before and I seized them eagerly—*Old World Idylls*, by Austin Dobson. My lattice protected me. She looked up. Shades of Tasso! what eyes! Peace and dreams undreamt of were in them. They seemed part of the rose-wasted air, of the languor of the sunshine, of the spirit of sanctuary and rest that was about.

There was a knock at my door. Kendall entered unbidden.

"I beg your pardon. I thought you were disengaged," he said, smiling ostentatiously.

"You wish to see me?" I replied with guilty dignity.

"Oh, a mere nothing. I'll just borrow a little tobacco if I may." He filled his meerschaum and started toward the door.

"Alas! against an adverse maid,  
Nor fosse can serve nor palisade!—"

he sang lightly. "Austin Dobson's, I believe. Well, many thanks for the tobacco," he added, turning back, and closing the door after him softly.

I began to hate Kendall.

The next morning Criseyde—I had determined on that name—finished the volume. I saw her close it regretfully, then open it again and turn the pages over tenderly. Then she clasped it in both hands, tapped the covers with her pink fingers, rested her chin upon it and gazed carelessly up at the clematis peeping down from the portico

above. Then she looked across, in my direction, at me, it seemed, and smiled. At this I smiled back in plenty. Confusion, blushes, expedition, a gathering up of lace and blue ribbons, a flash of creamy color in the window and she had gone. What did it mean! What had I done! Ah, it was perfectly plain. She had betrayed herself for a second and then had regretted it. I could have hugged that little Dobson for stimulating the romantic in her—if only for a second. And then I wondered if Kendall had seen it all. Somehow I could not shake off the old feeling of academic subserviency that I once felt toward him. I should still have felt like a schoolboy if he had “caught” me. But at last one of those little graceful schemes that ever flash across the imagination of all-demanding love came to me. I unstrapped my portmanteau. There they were,—two little worn, unpretentious, dog-eared tomes—*Old World Idylls* and *At the Sign of the Lyre*. I caught up the latter, stole out of my room, and summoned a porter.

“Give this to the *Signora* in room 7. Do not say who gave it to you.”

The porter smiled.

I dropped a *lira* in his puffy brown hand.

The porter smiled again.

“*Si, Signor.*”

I stole back to my room, fearful of meeting Kendall. He was stretched out on my couch when I entered.

“How long do you intend remaining in Sorrento?”

I could have wished him to repeat his question. I was so surprised that I was not sure of his meaning. I laid my pipe down, and looked hastily across the way.

“One never thinks of leaving Sorrento until one has gone.”

“True; I was only thinking that we might see more of each other.”

“I should be indeed charmed, only—only—”

“Well, only what?”

“Only I thought you were busy.”

“Yes, I have been; but gray work needs purple patches. Some

people emphasize the purple a trifle too much. They are means and not ends, Crawford. Ah, me! *Si vieillesse pouvait, si jeunesse savait!*"

It occurred to me that Kendall was getting a bit flippant. I awaited developments.

"You, Crawford, I fear, over-emphasize the purple patches; you divorce them from an earnest purpose, you do not allow them to subserve a higher and nobler life scheme. Life does not consist in spending one's income." He paused, clasping his hands behind his head, and allowing my anger to settle into words.

"I should be extremely grateful for your advice were I certain that it were not gratuitous," was the best I could do under the circumstances.

"There, there," he said, much as a man would pet a woman, "I did not intend to anger you. I am a few years your senior, Crawford, and should be borne with. Don't let life be delayed with dreams of arched eyebrows, white throats and blissful lips. Learn first how shallow they are, then learn their worth, and in the meantime produce and learn the measure and limits of your own worth. Youth is a crime, Crawford —"

"And maturity a burden to self and others," I added hotly. "If there is any point to this sermon you would greatly oblige me by reaching it."

"Mr. Crawford, you are in an ill mood, sir. I shall bore you no further. My final advice is — don't trust implicitly in the purple patches. You will do well to follow it." He said this with a smile that would have done credit to a melodramatic villain. "Good-night, Mr. Crawford."

"Good-night, Mr. Kendall — and go to the devil," I added when the door was closed.

Kendall knew the state of affairs, of that I was certain. And then I laughed when I realized the precious little that was to be known.

The next morning I gained my reward. I discovered her in her chair again, reading my Dobson. I followed her reading with my glasses through the lattice. She was divinely pink, even to the rose in her hair, which seemed a gift that nature had fashioned expressly in her honor. She looked up suddenly, nodded her head, and smiled. I knew she would

be grateful — but how could she see me! I was still behind the lattice. I stepped back in the room, went to the open window and leaned out in the sunshine. She saw me, started, looked at Kendall's window, and resumed her reading, pouting frankly. This was the explanation. I rushed fearlessly into Kendall's room,—he was standing by the window, his hands in his pockets.

Damn Kendall!

This was exasperating beyond measure. I could gain little headway with my delightful romance if Kendall persisted in his idiotic interference. Love makes all men equal, and I began to lose all fear for my pedagogical neighbor. Before Criseyde's eyes I would have stood up before all the dons of Oxford, robes, titles, and all, and convinced them of their microscopic smallness if they opposed my will. But what was most distressing of all was my inability to attract Criseyde's attention to the need and inevitability of a trifle closer acquaintanceship. She seemed as fugitive as a fawn at my advance, and while of course I felt that much was due to her unwillingness to let Kendall into the secret, I felt too that the greater part was due to the clumsiness and hesitation of my ardent wooing.

I reached my room late one night. I had been driving up and down the Plaza all the morning ostentatiously alone. I had sent up an appealing note for mercy, I had read at my window for an hour without turning over a page, I had smoked myself into a state of nervous prostration — I was desperate and — dangerous. The moonlight was falling deferentially in at my window with infinite softness. I looked across the way; a suggestion of a white skirt was visible in the shadows. Surely on such a night she would unbend. The magnolias were breathing up prayers to her for my sake. The little fountain in the court below was tinkling soft persuasions, and the nymphs, I am sure, broken, mossy, loveless as they were, were moved to pity at my lonely dreams. I whistled a few bars of the Spring Song with my elbows on the window sill. There was a little movement opposite, a faint laugh, then the aria was continued in the softest, sweetest little whistle that ever passed the fairest of little

lips. Bar after bar filled the air. I whistled back a hopeless chaos of notes, a threnody of despair that chilled the moonlight and made the nymphs shudder in their paradise of showers. Back then came over the court a low, enticing note of hope and promise. I stood up straight in the window. Again the Spring Song with added verve and assurance came floating across to me. Then the lattice opened, the little old lady in the lace nubia let out a flood of light on the verandah, and I saw Kendall sitting beside Criseyde, his head thrown back, his hands clasped above his hair, his lips pursed up in an ecstasy of delight as he finished the last bars of the Spring Song.

Sorrento was delicious as I drove down to the little vine-covered station. The sunshine smiled on a million colors and the shadows lay green under bending trees.

*Jarvis Keiley.*

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### Editorial.

THE organization, this year, of a Committee for the reception of the Freshman Class of 1904, is a step toward permanently establishing a system which should, and, we trust, will become one of the institutions of the college. How to get at Freshmen satisfactorily has always been a difficult problem; and the "Adviser" scheme is but a partial and inadequate solution of it. Something less formal, more suited to a Freshman's ideas, is necessary. The Class of '98 recognised this, and made some efforts to "look after" Freshmen unofficially. In the following year, an incipient form of the present system was adopted, but, on account of the failure of several of the upper-classmen to fulfill the duties imposed upon them, met with only scant success. Last autumn, how-

ever, owing to the untiring efforts of the men most interested in it, the plan was far better carried out. Each upper-classman sent out, or had sent out for him by a special committee, twelve invitations; two and sometimes three clubbed together to hold a common reception; and in every case the Freshmen appeared in very large numbers.

The possible results of these receptions may seem, at first sight, absurdly small; but we must not look for very direct or immediate benefits to come from them, nor can the full measure of good they do be rightly estimated until the system has operated at least four years. The system is intended to set the class "on its feet," as it were; to give it a consciousness of its existence, not as the mere isolated body that Freshmen so generally consider it, but as a real and integral part of the University. If we can accomplish this much, we will have much to congratulate ourselves on: other results will soon follow. And this year even, there is no reason why the efforts of the Committee should not receive credit for the large number of Freshman candidates for various college activities,—a number distinctly greater than from previous classes.

Considering, then, the rapid advance made in three years, we hope that the present Committee to whom the reception has been intrusted will carry out the system with still greater success, and with still more fruitful results.

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WE are glad to notice the appointment of Mr. Abbott Lawrence Lowell to the Dorman B. Eaton Professorship in the Science of Government. There are many reasons for which it is particularly notable. The appointee, according to the terms of the bequest, is only required to devote a certain part of his time to the work, and for this



reason it was possible to choose a man like Professor Lowell, whose legal duties would otherwise have prevented him from accepting the appointment. Professor Lowell has long been connected with public affairs in Boston, and his works on Government have made him a recognised authority not only in America but also in Europe. We have in him a man-of-the-world, a man whose knowledge is not of the academic sort, but distinctly practical and matured by a public life. As usual, in matters of appointment, the Corporation has made a wise and discriminating choice.

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### Book Notices.

"VOICES IN THE NIGHT." A Chromatic Fantasia. By Flora Annie Steel. New York: The Macmillan Company.

We have in the past few years come back to a general use of subtitles; and they are distinctly useful in giving readers a confidential hint of a writer's purpose. In the case of Mrs. Steel's latest book the information that it is "A Chromatic Fantasia," and not a novel or a tale of Indian Life, is really needed. One might have designated it as a medley — a medley at times harmonious, then smiting the ear with unintelligible chords, sometimes drifting into sweet and lively melodies, but always a medley. If *Voices in the Night* is to yield its full meed of pleasure, it must not be taken as a novel having a unified conception and producing a consistent effect. One's interest and attention are dissipated over several series of incidents. There are at least four parallel stories or studies joined, it would seem, in a purely incidental manner.

But what would certainly be faults in an ordinary novel appear under different guise in an attempted representation of the confused, conglomerate life of Modern India. All is in flux there. And the impressions one attains must necessarily be blurred and scarcely intelligible in the mass. Such impressions Mrs. Steel gives us, and with

them occasional sharply outlined dramatic scenes. Of vivid pictures, however, there are not so many as in her earlier work, *On the Face of the Waters*. Perhaps the best part of the book to a Western mind is the account of Chris Davenant (or Krishn Davenund), a high-caste Brahmin married to a rather vulgar London girl, and his struggles to blend the ideas acquired from the new civilization with his inherited instincts and notions. And from the whole book we get a blurred portrayal of a life that seems to be marked broadly by complexity, confusion, and misunderstanding.

W. M.

"ANDROMACHE." A play in three acts. By Gilbert Murray. London: William Heinemann.

In *Andromache* Mr. Gilbert Murray has all the charm of novelty. In English we are accustomed to historical plays that pass in a conventional Wardour Street. Originality is the last thing one finds. One has only, as in the plays of Tennyson, imitation of the Elizabethans. Very different is the case of *Andromache*. Mr. Murray, who is Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow, knows ancient Greece thoroughly, and has sought in his play, as he says in his prefatory letter, to treat "the real Greece, the Greece of history and even—dare I say it?—of anthropology." One of the most interesting of modern plays is the result. Instead of the conventional Greeks of English poetry, we have superstitious, sensual semi-barbarians.

Not alone in his realism does Mr. Murray show relationship with the modern school. The play, the present reviewer fancies, is symbolistic. *Andromache* has learned through the misfortunes of her life to long for civilization and for peace. As long as she lives, however, she is never able to attain them. Even her son, Molossus, she cannot hold. When, at last, however, she is murdered by Hermione, she does win. Here is the end of the play:

MOLOSSUS [*looking at Andromache*]. I will take no more. I will have peace. [*Kneels down, bending over the body.*]

ORESTES. Peace let it be! Her face seems strangely joyful.

MOLOSSUS. I never saw her looking so full of happiness.

ANDROMACHE [*half raising herself, with a radiant smile*]. Hector! Hector!

*Andromache* represents, to the reviewer's thinking, Goethe's *Ewig Weibliche*, Hermione the other Eternal Womanly of the senses, Pyrrhus

and Orestes mankind struggling between them, and Hector the ideal for which Andromache has always yearned.

In the style, also, one detects the influence of Ibsen. There are many traces of the poignant brokenness of Ibsen's dialogue. The style is principally influenced, however, by the Greeks themselves. There are many resemblances to the beautiful translations from the dramatists made by Mr. Murray in his *History of Greek Literature*. The beauty of *Andromache* can only be gained from the whole play. The reviewer must attempt to represent it by two short speeches—the first of Andromache in the second act, and the other of Orestes in the third:

"There is a sound like that in the language I told you of. Old, old men, and those whose gods have deserted them, hear it in their hearts—the sound of all the blood that men have spilled and the tears they have shed, lapping against great rocks, in shadow, away from the sun."

"It was for your passing beauty I came, because your eyes beacons me through the dark of the sea."

J. P. W.

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### **Books Received.**

"SONGS OF ALL THE COLLEGES." Compiled and arranged by David B. Chamberlain and Karl P. Harrington. New York: Hinds and Noble.

"CAP AND GOWN IN PROSE." Short Sketches Selected from Undergraduate Periodicals of Recent Years. Edited by R. L. Paget. Boston: L. C. Page and Company.

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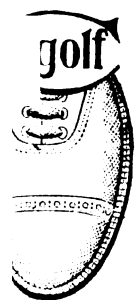
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